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NORSE PAPERS.—No. I.

BY GEORGE DOWNES, M. A., M. R. I. A.—*Author of Letters from Mecklenburgh and Holstein.*

[Under this title it is intended to insert an occasional notice of the literature, localities, and habits of the North of Europe, which was lately visited by the writer, who maintains a correspondence with the Scandinavian capitals.]

ANTIQUITATES AMERICANÆ.—*First Notice.*

THE Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries, of Copenhagen, have lately published a work under the above title, which is distinguished by novelty and research. In fostering this expensive publication, by far the most important which has yet emanated from the Society, they have been actuated by a laudable anxiety to exhibit a satisfactory earnest, both as to matter and manner, of their future labours. This appears from some letters addressed to the late Dr. West, of Dublin, by Professor Rafn, the original projector of the present work, which was, indeed, nearly half printed before it, in lucky hour, came into the Society's hands. We say *in lucky hour*, because it is to this transference of the proprietorship (as stated in the Introduction by the Professor himself), that the work is indebted for its numerous illustrations, consisting of maps, plates, and fac-similes of various manuscripts, in which the illumination, and even the colour, of the originals appear to be faithfully imitated.

But it is time to let the work speak for itself, which it does through an English prospectus:—

“ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, who, of all modern travellers, has thrown the greatest light on the physical circumstances, first discovery, and earliest history of America, has admitted that the Scandinavian Northmen were the true original discoverers of the New World; a fact which several later writers of eminence have nevertheless either flatly denied, or called in question. The above-mentioned great inquirer has, however, remarked, that the information which the public as yet possess of that remarkable epoch in the middle ages is extremely scanty; and he has expressed a wish that the Northern Literati would collect and publish all the accounts relating to that subject. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries considers it a matter of duty to comply with this wish, embracing a three-fold purpose: that of illustrating

ancient geography and history; that of perpetuating the memory of our forefathers; and, lastly, that of everlastingly securing to them that honourable station in the history of the world, of science, of navigation, and of commerce, to which they are justly entitled. This has appeared to the Society to be so much the more necessary, since the latest researches have rendered it in a high degree probable, that the knowledge of the previous Scandinavian discovery of America, preserved in Iceland, and communicated to COLUMBUS, when he visited that island, in 1477, operated as one, and doubtless as one of the most powerful, of the causes which inspired the mind of that great man, (whose glory cannot in any degree be impaired by the prior achievement,) with that admirable zeal, which bidding defiance to every difficulty enabled him to effect the new discovery of the New World, under circumstances that necessarily led to its immediate, uninterrupted, and constantly increasing colonization and occupation by the energetic and intelligent races of Europe. For this his memory will be imperishable among the nations of the earth. Yet still we Northmen ought not to forget his meritorious predecessors, our own forefathers, who in their way had difficulties to contend with not less formidable, since without knowledge of the properties of the magnet, without aid of compass, charts, or mathematical science, properly so called, they dared to navigate the great ocean, and thus by degrees discovered, and partly colonised, Iceland in the ninth century, Greenland in the tenth, and subsequently several of the islands and coasts of America, during the latter part of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century."

The prospectus goes on to enumerate the principal sources from which the work has been derived, and the measures taken to ensure its completeness. The last of the epochs just mentioned is alone brought under consideration. The "*Vinlandia*," of Torfæus, published in 1705, and now extremely scarce, is the only work anterior to the *Antiquitates Americane*, which is specially devoted to the investigation of the Norse discoveries in America. It does not, however, contain the original statements, and the information which it does contain is meagre and incomplete. To supply these deficiencies is the object of the present work, and this has been effected by amassing an immense body of information derived from ancient manuscripts, including not only the materials of the *Vinlandia*, but several other documents. Of the former class are the historical accounts of Erick the Red, from the *Codex Flateyensis*, and the Saga of Thorfinn Karlsefne; of the latter are the various accounts of Vineland, furnished by Adam of Bremen, Are Frode, and Are Marson; to which are added notices of the Icelandic hero, Bioern Asbrandson, and of the Icelandic mariner, Gudleif Gudlaugson, together with extracts from the Icelandic annals of the middle ages, ancient accounts of Greenland and America, fragments of Icelandic geographical works, and an ancient Faroish poem. To this array of early documents are annexed a recent description of several memorials, chiefly inscriptions, found in Greenland and New England, which mutually elucidate, and are elucidated by the Sagas; and the results of recent geographical inquiries, undertaken at the instance of the Society by learned Americans. A chronological conspectus, copious indices, and curious genealogical tables, conclude the volume.

To discuss the goodly bill of fare here laid before us, would be more than our literary appetite could accomplish in one month; in other words, were we to undertake even a meagre analysis of this highly interesting quarto, it would cost us a supplementary number—a piece of editorial extravagance in which we are not wont to indulge. Instead, therefore, of running the gauntlet through a whole phalanx of outlandish names, we have selected for present consideration these passages which relate to Ireland (some of which will be familiar to those versed in Johnstone's "*Antiquitates Celto-Scandicæ*"); premising that the staple of the work is in Icelandic, accompanied by a Danish and a Latin translation, with an occasional sprinkling of other dialects—English, French, Faroese—so that the aspect of our quarto is that of a profane Polyglot.

In glancing over the pages of the *Antiquitates Americaneæ*, our attention was arrested by a few words, (p. 211,) of import so direfully humiliating to the "eight millions," of whom we form an atomy, that we had rather the enunciation of them had devolved on any other than ourselves. For—hear it, ye Fahys, ye Flahertys, and ye Fogartys, ye Shanahans and ye Shaughnessys, ye O's and ye Macs—descend from your attics, subside from your iambics—and learn, that *you are not Irishmen at all*, but only *LITTLE Irishmen*; for *GREAT Ireland*, ("*Irland eth Mikla*,") must be sought in the United States of America (*Tab. xvi.*)! The same ante-Columbian territory was also called *Whitemensland* ("*Hvitramannaland*")—in contradistinction, we suppose, from the land of the aboriginal "copper rogues," or "red rovers": and, if *GREAT Ireland* was the country of the *Whitemen*, is it not with strict, though unconscious, antiquarian propriety, that the "natives" of *LITTLE Ireland* are so prone to adopt the designation of *Whitenors*?*

The notices of our "tight little island," contained in the *Antiquitates Americaneæ*, are few and unimportant. In the progress, however, of these *NORSE PAPERS*, it will assume a more conspicuous position. Meanwhile, it is interesting to us to see our native city, in which we live and write, looming, however dimly, athwart the Scandinavian fogs—a feeling which will, no doubt, be shared by many of our Dublin readers. From several of the following passages, also, written many centuries ago, it will appear that the metropolis of Ireland enjoyed a large portion of such commerce as then existed—passages which we have the more pleasure in adducing, as they seem to corroborate the well-known assertion of Tacitus, now cited for the myriad-and-first time:—

"*Aditus portusque per commercia et negotiatores melius cogniti.*"

It would appear, also, that there was some call for Limerick gloves at this remote period.† The extracts are translated from the Icelandic as

* It will appear from the first of the subjoined extracts that the *Whitefeet* are not exclusively indigenous to Ireland.

† The following extract from a letter, written by Sentleger to Henry VIII., in 1543, harmonises but too closely with the accounts which our newspapers at the present day so frequently exhibit, of depredations which materially retard the progress of our fisheries, and other local and national improvements: "Lymerike

literally as was compatible with their intelligibility, and therefore exhibit a tolerably fair view of the structure and idiom of that ancient tongue. The first six are from the Saga, or History of Thorfinn Karlsefne.* We thought that among our two-and-thirty counties, none but the odd (or rather even) two were dubbed *shires*—to wit, Downshire and *Tipshire*: Thorfinn, however, confers that title on a third—our own beautiful *Dublinshire* (“*Dyflinnarskiri*”).

“A [certain] warrior-king hight Olave, who was called Olave White; he was the son of king Ingiald, son of Helga, son of Olave, son of Gudred, son of Halfdan Whitefoot, king of Upland. Olave harried with piracy westwards, and won Dublin in Ireland and Dublinshire, whereof he was made king. He got [to wife] Audá High-minded, daughter of Ketil Flat-nose, son of Biarn Splay-foot, a mighty man of Norway. Their son hight Thorstein Red. Olave fell in battle in Ireland; but Audá and Thorstein went then to the Hebrides.”

Leif, being sent by king Olave to christianize Greenland, was driven out of his course, “They came within sight of Ireland, also they remarked birds from Ireland; then their ship was driven about on the sea.”

“A [certain] man hight Thord, who dwelt at Hoefda on Hoefdastrand; he had [to wife] Fridgerde, daughter of Thorer Lazy, and of Fridgerde, daughter of Kiarval, king of the Irish. Thord was son of Biarn Butter-crock [!], son of Thorvald Back, son of Asleik, son of Biarn Iron-side, son of Ragnar Shaggy-breeches.”†

Thorfinn Karlsefne and Thorhall engaged in a maritime expedition. “Then they sailed northward past Furdstrand and Kialarnes, and would cruize toward the west; then came against them a western storm, and drove them on Ireland, and they were there beaten and enslaved; and there Thorhall ended his life, according to that which chapmen have said.”

“Then Biarn, son of Grimolf, sailed into Ireland’s main, and they came into a snaky sea, and the ship was often sinking under them. They had a boat that was smeared with seal tar,‡ for thereat the sea-snake stickes not; they would go into the boat, and then they saw that it would not hold them all; then said Biarn, ‘as the boat admits no more than half of our men, this is my counsel, that we cast lots for the boat, for it shall not go by rank.’ This, all thought so nobly offered, that none would gainsay; they did so, and men were chosen by lot, and Biarn was allotted to go into the boat, and half of the men with him, as the boat admitted no more. But when they were come into the boat, there spake an Icelandic man, that was there in the ship, and had followed Biarn from Iceland: ‘Thinkest thou, Biarn, here to part with me?’

haven, very good, and is your Highnes; but much hindered by certen Yrishmen bordering on either syde of the same, the cytie being threescore myle within the lande.”—*State Papers. King Henry the Eighth*, Part iii. p. 447, note.

* “*Karlsefne*,” a hard word, which neither Professor Rafn’s Danish (“*den som tegner til at blive en djærv og stor Mand*”), nor his Latin (“*in quo materia viri esset*”), nor yet the English of the *Antiquitates* itself (“who promises or is destined to be an able or great man”), explains half so well as our own Hibernicism, “the makings of a man,” or Byron’s more courtly phrase, “a broth of a boy.”

† The celebrated Ragnar Lodbrog.

‡ “*Seltjoeru*.” Tar mixed with seal-oil.

Biarn answers, 'So will it now be,' He answers, 'Otherwise didst thou promise my father, then when I went from Iceland with thee than so to part with me; then when thou saidst that one [fate] should befall us both,' Biarn answers, 'It shall not so be; come thou down into the boat, and I will go up into the ship, for I see that thou art so desirous of life.' Biarn then went up into the ship, and this man into the boat, and then they went their ways until they came to Dublin in Ireland, and then they told this tale; but there are more men think that Biarn and his crew perished in the snaky sea, as there has been no trace of them since."

The next passage is nearly identical with the last but one.

"At that time Iceland was overgrown with wood in the mid-space between the fells* and shores. There were here Christian men, they whom Northmen call *Papas*; but they afterward went away because they would not live here with heathen men, and left behind Irish books and bells, and croziers; from this it might be judged that they were Irish men; but there was then a very great resort of men hither from Norway, until king Harold forbade it lest depopulation should ensue."—*Ari Frode*.

Ari, son to Mar and Thorkatla, was driven by a storm to Whitemensland. "This, some call Ireland the Great, it lies westward on the sea near Vineland the Good, that is six† days' sail westward from Ireland. Ari could not go away thence, and was there baptized. This relation Hrafn, the Limerick-farer, first related, who had long been at Limerick in Ireland."—(*Account of Ari Marson, in the Landnamabok*).

"Now, as was said, south of the Greenland which is inhabited, are deserts, wastes, and ice-bergs; then the Skrælings,‡ then Markland, then is Vineland the Good; next, and somewhat back, lies Albany, that is Whitemensland; thither [there] was navigation from Ireland formerly; there Irish and Icelandic men knew Ari son of Mar and Katla§ of Reykianes, who [a] long [time] was not forthcoming, and was then chosen there as governor by the inhabitants."—(*Ditto in a MS. marked 770^c*).

"A [certain] man hight Thorodd, he was born at Medalfellstrand, and an excellent man; he was a great trader,¶ and had a ship on service. Thorodd had sailed [on] a trading voyage westward to Ireland to Dublin. At that time Earl Sigurd, son of Loedver of the Orkneys, harried towards the Hebrides, and all westward to Man; he laid tribute on the Manx; and when they had agreed, the earl left men behind to await the tribute; but it was mostly paid in molten silver; but the earl sailed then away northward to the Orkneys. But when they were ready to sail, who had awaited the tribute, they had a south-west wind; but when they had sailed some time, the wind veered to the south-east and east, and a great storm arose, and bore them northward under Ireland, and their ship was there broken to pieces on an uninhabited island. And when they had

* FJÆLL heissen die Bergkuppen, wo keine Bäume mehr fortkommen (im nördlichen England—FELL). [FJÆLL means the mountain-tops where trees cease to grow (in the north of England—FELL)]—MEIDINGER.

† Evidently a mistake for some higher numeral, which the Editor of the work supposes to have been XX, XI, or XV, instead of VI.

‡ Esquimaux.

§ Called *Thorkatla* in the preceding extract.

¶ "*Farmadr*"—"Wayfaring-man." Thus *ἐμπόρος* in Greek, and *vector* in Latin.

arrived there, Thorodd, the Iclander, approached them as he was sailing from Dublin. The earl's men called to the chapmen to help them. Thorodd had the boat lowered, and went into it himself; and when they met, the earl's men called to Thorodd to help them, and offered money to him, that he might convoy them home to the Orkneys to meet Earl Sigurd; but Thorodd thought he could not do that, as he was before bound for an Icelandic voyage; but they pressed hard upon him, for they thought their money and liberty were staked on this, that they should not be caught in Ireland or the Hebrides, where they had harried before."—(*Account of Biærn Asbrandson*).

"A [certain] man hight Gudleif, he was son of Gudlang the Rich, of Straumfiord, brother of Thorfinn, from whom the Sturlungs are descended. Gudleif was a great trader, he had a merchant vessel, Thorolf, son of Earl Loft of Eyra, another, when they fought with Gyrd, son of Earl Sigvald; then Gyrd lost his eye. It chanced in the days of King Olave the Holy, that Gudleif had sailed [on] a trading voyage to Dublin; but as he sailed westward he thought to sail to Iceland; he sailed towards the west of Ireland, and fell in with a north-east wind, and was then driven far westward over the sea, and to the south-west, so that they wist not of the land." However, they at length saw land, and ventured ashore; and certain "men advanced to meet them; they knew none of the men, but it seemed to them that they spoke Irish." Here follow a number of details (not, however, quite new to us), which will be introduced into our notice of Great Ireland. "After this, Gudleif set sail with them, and reached Ireland late in harvest, and they were at Dublin in winter."—(*Account of Gudleif Gudlaugson*).

The two last passages, which are drawn from geographical sources, are identical:—

"Ireland (is) a large island. Iceland is also a large island to (the north of Ireland)."

There is likewise some mention of Ireland in a Faroese poem, which claims separate consideration.

Dublin, 9th January, 1839.

SONNET.—ENVY.

BY ROBERT STYLES.

THERE is a poison which the soul corrodes;
 A taint that vitiates the heart's pure spring;
 A discord jarring Love's harmonious string;
 A cloud portentous hanging o'er the abodes
 Of peace, which, with destruction charged, explodes;
 A dew from the destroying angel's wing,
 Spreading a blight o'er every lovely thing;
 A thorn which ceaselessly the bosom goads;
 A gloom cast o'er the spirit like a pall,
 Through which no ray of gladness e'er can shine;
 A bitterness that turns the heart to gall,
 Scorning all ties both human and divine;—
 Envy! first fatal curse that marked our fall,
 And stamped on Cain's dark brow the murderer's sign!

THE GLOBE-MAKER.—A REVERIE.

"THEN this globe will do," answered the master of the shop, packing up a terrestrial globe I had just purchased.

"Excellently well," said I; "and for the celestial globe, let me have that on which the constellations are drawn in a pictorial form, not that whereon the different combinations of stars are merely separated by lines."

"You are right," observed the optician; "there is a life in the former which we greatly miss in the latter; we see in them the results of that overflowing fulness which is the characteristic of the artistical man, or rather of man in general; for where is he that is no artist? The same energy which led the first sculptor to declare that the lifeless block of marble should bear the impress of his mind and his will—that it should bear in it the seal of his own life—this same energy led on the early astronomer to write, even on the unattainable skies, the pictures of his own imagination, and declare that even that expanse should be inscribed with the characters of humanity. Observe with what small regard to order,—to any real combination,—these constellations are arranged;—observe that there is no reason why the stars placed in the extremity of a constellation should not as well be assigned to the neighbouring one. Had they stood out at once in their several distinctive combinations, the work of man's imagination had been small; nature would have already sketched the pictures he was to fill up. But you see his task was one of extreme difficulty; his imagination ran along in *wild order* among a number of dots, and the whole became a combination of pictures, which have been handed down from age to age. We gain nothing by the substitution of the lines, and why therefore should we not allow the rich highly-coloured emanation of man's imagination to remain—illustrating as it does that tendency of life to develope itself—and so strongly withal, that man is ever urged on to make all nature bear the mark of his own living being?"

"The same considerations," I observed, "have always induced me to feel in a living presence when works of art were before me. They have, as you observe, the seal of life—and that not only of a general but an individual life—and when the artist has passed away, the manifestation of his energies still remains. Hence I have wondered that cities have not as many poets to sing their wonders as nature. What a picture of man's freedom and mind is a populous town! Every brick of every house bears the impress! And is not the continuous free acting of man, in whatever shape, worthy of as many songs as the *necessary* operations of nature?"

"It may be so," replied the optician, smiling; "but do not let us carry out our admiration of man at the expence of justice to nature. Leibnitz well observed, that the leading difference between the works of man and those of nature was this: that in the former we can declare where organization begins, as from a fixed point, in the latter not. Thus, in a watch, the minimum of organization is a single wheel—that is, as it were, an atom of the machine—break it up, and it is but a piece of brass,

and no integral part of the organized watch. On the other hand, take an organized work of nature, and dissect it as you will, you will come to no termination—but every part is a member of the machine—and organization begins at a point to which no human skill can reach—or perhaps does not begin at any *sensible* point at all. Here, however," he said, "is a work of art which bears no small resemblance to nature."

He lifted the cover off a small stand, and discovered a minute terrestrial globe. "Eye it closely," he said.

I looked at it attentively, and was startled to find that it was no mere painted thing, but that the land parts seemed really composed of some earthy substance, while the seas were actually fluid. I could discern little mountains and vales, and here and there several white specks situated close to each other, but which were too minute for me to discover what they represented.

The optician lent me a magnifying glass of exceeding power, and I then saw that these indistinct specks were little edifices arranged in cities and villages; and now still more minute dots were just visible, which from their motion about the streets of the towns, I concluded to represent the inhabitants. I could now also perceive symptoms of vegetation on the soil, and little ships moving across the seas.

"How," I exclaimed, "was a work so remarkable produced?"

"By a method the very reverse of that which is usually employed. We generally make a number of parts, and then fit them together, so as to form a whole. This globe, on the contrary, was made by a continuous process."

"I do not exactly comprehend you," said I.

"Follow me then," he said, "and I will show you my workshop."

I followed gladly; and after going through a passage of some length, we came into a dark ante-room, lit by a single lamp. To the right stood a number of children, decked with the most beautiful flowers, and clad in white dresses. They were amusing themselves with the fruit and flower-pots which stood on a table covered with an embroidered cloth. The flowers were of most brilliant colours, and of a kind I had never before seen, and withal so rapid in their growth, that while some of the children sowed seeds, they began to spring almost as soon as they had fallen. To the left stood also a number of children, but they were clothed in deep black, and adorned with wreaths of withered leaves; they were likewise amusing themselves with flowers, which stood on a table covered with black velvet; but their delight was to nip them short, and tear them to pieces. And a child kept running from table to table, bearing the withered leaves to the children clad in white, and the fresh and blooming flowers to those clad in black, and this interchange seemed perpetual.

"Dear children," said the optician, "thus you continue your pure and happy tasks. Both equally joyous, though your aspects be different."

Upon this the children burst out singing the following words:

Life and Death are sisters fair—
Yes—they are a lovely pair.
Life is sung in joyous song,
While men do her sister wrong,

Calling her severe and stern,
While her heart for them doth burn.
Weave then—weave a grateful wreath,
Crown the sisters, Life and Death.

If fair life her sister lost,
On a boundless ocean tost,
She would rove in great unrest,
Missing that warm loving breast.
Now—when scared by wild alarms,
She can seek her sister's arms;
To that tender bosom flee—
Sink to sleep in ecstasy.

We proceeded; and on leaving the ante-room found ourselves in a spacious apartment, round which were arranged globes in every state of progress. In the centre sat a stately woman, with that regularity of feature, and that absence of lively expression, which is peculiar to a statue. Her "neutral tint" drapery hung about her with a majestic yet formal grace. The eye was fixed, as if not directed to any particular object. At her feet a little child was amusing itself by modelling a bust of Heraclitus, and the skill with which it fashioned the clay was marvellous; the countenance of the old Ephesian sprung forth, as though the mass were animated by the touch. Every line of the countenance, every hair of the beard, flowed forth with that graceful ease as though the clay had life, and fashioned itself according to the idea of the little artist, rather than waiting for the touch of its hand. Every now and then the child looked up, as though for approval, to the majestic woman; and what an expression of love and tenderness flashed from its dark brilliant eyes—eyes that were like some concentration of fire, so flashing and so restless were they; and yet every glance was such as though it would penetrate an object in an instant. Even a faint smile played on the lips of the statue-like countenance whenever those eyes were raised.

The optician led me round the room, to show me the various globes.

"Several of them," he observed, "only stand here as records of a failure. Many of them were constructed on a wrong principle; and the globe I showed you before your entrance hither was the result of much painful thought and experience. Observe this; it is a beautiful work, but less perfect than the other."

And he showed me a bright transparent globe, which seemed formed from a fluid, reduced to a spherical shape by some singular process. In the parts representing seas, the fluid state was preserved; the continents were a sort of ice; and on looking at it through a powerful glass, I could discern no sign of motion, save in some little syren-like figures which floated about in the fluid. At the same time, from beneath the part of the floor on which I stood, ascended the sound of a low moaning voice, which sung as follows:—

I'm bow'd—I bend beneath a sullen weight,
And through my icy veins no blood can flow;
I am insensible to joy or woe:
Haste, haste, and free me from this torpid state!

Let me feel life in glowing torrents gush—
 O give me joy—yea, give me agony!
 So that from this cramp'd, sullen state I flee :
 Through all—through gladness—sorrow—I would rush.
 O breathe in me the warm vivific breath,
 That I may spread my wings and proudly fly !
 And as I still fly onwards—let me die—
 But here I wither, nor in life nor death.

Several other globes were shown to me, apparently constructed on different principles; some, for instance, seemed composed of vapour in a dense state; but it would occupy too much time to enter into a close description of all these.

"My little artist," said the optician, "the stranger who accompanies me would willingly see the construction of one of your chief works."

At these words, the child sprung from the ground with the rapidity of lightning, its eyes flashed even brighter fires than before, and I could see that in every change of light its garment took a different hue, going through all the colours of the rainbow in rapid succession. For a moment it looked up to the majestic female, as though asking permission to commence its new work: upon which the stately head bowed in solemn assent.

At this, the child took from a cabinet in the room a small substance, shaped like a heart, which it kindled by a taper. The heart gave no flame, but was merely illumined by a small dull spark, till the child who held it in its hand endeavoured to raise a flame by its breath. Presently it began to dart forth a few sparks, which grew brighter and brighter, till they were poured in a continued stream, and at last formed a bright sphere, which perpetually increased by the rushing forward of the flames. Soon the flames ceased to issue forth to the same length, and I could perceive that they formed themselves into different figures, which stood as it were on the surface of the sphere, but which, far from remaining stationary, were ever melting one into another, so that the eye could not follow them in their variations. And now I saw that the energies of the flames were not any longer directed to the enlargement of the sphere, but to the varying of the different shapes on the surface; and I perceived that every new aspect was more beautiful than that which preceded it. The sphere was already so large, that it included in its compass the child, now no longer visible. Presently several small globules of flame darted beyond the sphere, and remained suspended at some little distance from its surface; the hue of these grew gradually more white and silvery, till at last they expanded into globular mirrors, each of which, on the side turned towards the sphere, reflected the child in a very minute form, notwithstanding the concealment from my own eyes of the child itself. The voices of the children in the anti-room through which I had passed, were then heard singing, as in great joy:

Ever moving—on! on! on!
 Quick, and let the goal be won.
 Though the goal itself be moving,
 You must never rest from loving;
 And although you never gain it,
 Strive for ever to attain it.

Eros bids you onward haste,
Till each obstacle be pass'd,
Though he bids the barriers grow,
He sends you to overthrow.
Eros wages endless strife,
Conqu'ring Death, and conqu'ring Life;
And the strife shall never cease—
'Tis a strife for love and peace.

And the vanquish'd his victories ne'er shall deplore,
But the more that he conquers, they love him the more.

Soon the little mirrors began to dart forth flames from their own centre; and I could see that these acted on the flames of the sphere, bending them now this way, now that, so that the variations were infinitely increased. After they had acted thus for some time, I observed a kind of twinkling in the mirrors; they seemed to grow dimmer—

"You have not yet paid for the globe, sir," said a voice.

At this commercial observation the whole scene vanished, and I found myself in the optician's shop, with my elbow on the counter, and my chin on my elbow, face to face with the optician, who now looked a very ordinary, unimaginative, unspeculative personage—in fact, I found that all I had seen and heard—including even the optician's remarks on nature and art, were but the *reverie* of

HEPHÆSTUS.

THE PLEASURES OF GENIUS.

A POEM, IN THREE PARTS. BY JOHN A. HERAUD,

Author of "*The Judgement of the Flood*," "*The Descent into Hell*," &c.

PART THE THIRD.

ARGUMENT.

Genius and Childhood; Wordsworth—Hogarth—The Future Age—Not Nature but Spirit only equal to the realisation of the ideas of Genius—Perfected Humanity—Genius a Blessing in itself—Cases of individual deficiency—The Fall of Man—Life the Artist's Quarry—Palmyra—Philopœmen—The influence of Example—The Progress of Human Improvement—The Goth—Vasco—Columbus—America—Franklin—Indian Sports—Mississippi—Niagara—Premonitions—Necessity for a visible Type of the Absolute—Apprehended by Poets in the Purity of its Essence—Apostrophe to Britain—The Spirit of the Age—The New Dispensation of Love—Eros and Anteros—The World without, an Image of the World within—Conclusion.

"YES! Genius is a Child—a winged Boy—
Will, his strong master—his best wages, Joy—
'Scaped from constraint, the nursery or the school,
He wanders wild amidst the Wonderful;
With Nature talks beside the waterfall,
Or Echo hidden in the ruined hall;
The sportive nymphs, with more than rapture woos,
Who play in plighted clouds or rainbow's hues;

Looks from the Oak's top branch o'er verdant scene,
 Or from the cliff on Ocean's breast serene ;
 Far in the pathless forest as he will,
 If lost yet fearless, strays unwearied still ;
 Lists to the wild-wood numbers, learns the song,
 Blends with the feathered race in chorus strong ;
 By streams, trees, hills, and clouds, instructed well,
 And of their sounds the solitary spell.

—Within his soul's recesses, hidden deep,
 The treasures lie—no visions of his sleep—
 But waking dreams and influences free,
 That shape the mind, and doom what it shall be.

'Tis thus "the Child is Father of the Man,"

As sings the sage—we end as we began :—

Blest spirit he, who feels one spirit reign
 In high and low, throughout all Being's chain—
 Earth's glowworm weds with angel of the sky,
 In that strong bond of generous sympathy.

—Thus grave Hogarth, though haply over-rude,
 Great moralist, if rightly understood,
 Saw not alone in objects mean and low,
 But in things bad the soul of good could show.

Ah ! in that age to come whereof we deem,
 Things evil are not, or but as a dream ;
 The beauteous Soul shall in a beauteous Form
 Glow on the sense, more dazzling nor less warm.

O Nature ! hast thou in thy wide domain
 Such shapes, such scenes, as haunt the Muse's brain ?

Ashamed and silent, thy Perfection shrinks
 From what the Arts express, or Genius thinks—
 For of the spirit even such are they,
 Purer than air, and brighter than the day.

—No Beauty is like theirs, no Grandeur soars
 To heights like those which Poesy explores ;
 This work-day world how poor to that ideal !
 Less vast, less bright, less lovely, and less real !
 Transcending all, the Soul outstrips slow Time,
 Excels the sun, herself alone sublime.

Mountains, waves, skies, the works of plastic art,
 Are of the soul, not she of them a part ;

Hence yearns she still, however fair they be,
 For objects fairer than the things we see.

Hence ne'er on earth, so great immortal pride,
 May she find rest, or say—"I'm satisfied !"

The Age comes not, howe'er the race improve,
 That shall content desire and limit love.

Still the creative spirit shall surpass

All future, as it shames what is, and was—

Yet Man hath hope, and be that hope fulfilled !

What Fancy now projects Truth once shall build ;

And after-times, with auspice kind and mild,

Hail to a better world the new-born child.

Then Faith shall not alone in shades of sense
Seek or express the adored Intelligence,
Nor homage only sentimental pay,
Nor only in the spirit him obey ;
But, all in all, . . sense, heart and spirit, . . link
In one great chain let down from ether's brink :
Like that bright Cone of Glory from on high,
By which the sunbeams travelling from the sky,
And heaven-ward vapour rising from the earth,
Thy vision, Israel ! shadow faintly forth.
Its base on earth, with heaven its apex mixed,
The Column soars, attracted and transfixed—
There, like the sun, shall God appear above,
Angels pervade with messages of love ;
And, through the pyramid completed shine,
Consummate manhood ! majesty divine !

These sacred truths revere. Meanwhile, 'tis true,
Man's life is mixed of darnel and of rue—
To Labour born, and destined still to Grief,
For stolen fire, like that Celestial Thief.
Yet hard it were if Genius, proved a curse,
A fatal gift, life's miseries made worse.
—Hath there been One, on whom bestowed in vain,
It seemed to goad to wrong and plunge in pain ?
These great desires, these aspirations high,
Make they all tame that meets the sensual eye ?
'Tis not the more of Genius, but the less,
That forms the bard's capricious wretchedness,
Who, still to some exclusive path confined,
Rejects the wiser ways that cheer the mind.
In each estate of life, through all degrees,
—'Tis given to heighten pleasure and to please ;
As at "the Feast of Shells," in days of old,
The Minstrel's "Joy of Grief" could heroes mould,
And still shall be a blessing to the best ;
Of power to charm the mind when most distress ;
When sought, the Muse has charmed its ill away,
Which else had crushed the wretch it aimed to slay.
Such power of pleasure in the gift is given,
As had redeemed a Chatterton to heaven.

Yet blame not him, o'er whose domestic care
Hangs the black shadow of unchanged despair,
If save in song, of station or of place
He fail to serve in each laborious grace.
Enough if each one trust for life fulfil ;
Who more performs, 'tis true, is greater still,
Does more than man from fellow man can claim,
And merits praise ; who less, deserves no blame.
More strength of mind, more fortitude of soul,
Might, haply, nature's, fortune's, freaks control ;
Nor leave defect in him we fain would praise—
Yet censure not—heed rather thine own ways ;—

Some faculty laid waste, in each—in all—
A wreck, remains remembrance of the Fall.

So in the dwelling of the alien Jew,
Some ruined wall or chamber still to view,
Of thy demolished Temple, mournful sign,
Memorial sad presents, lost Palestine!

Life's quarry rude awaits the Artist's power,
And teems with Shapes for his creative hour—
Who from the mass the fairest shall produce,
Best Artist he; best, Genius! knows thy use.

The appointed work, with labour and with pain,
Must man evolve ere he may sleep again—
Exalted act, whence Art, whence Science flows,
And conquered Nature leaves to man repose.
The martyr's blood shall not be shed in vain,
Nor throb with glorious thought the sage's brain,
But o'er the Chaos spiritual Form,
Wake with the Light, and still the haunted storm.

Thus where swept desert erst its barren range,
Arose that central City of Exchange,
Where Tyre and Afric, Babylon and Ind,
With Israel met in commerce more refined;
Majestic Tadmor, by the royal sage
Built in his wisdom, wisest of his age.

What is Palmyra now?—and, Greece, thy son,*
Who drank with joy his death since thou hadst won,
Thy last of heroes, was he idly brave,
Whose land became the country of the slave?
Nay; great example lives, and passes o'er
Whither it lists, to embreathe and cherish more,
Rousing that ray of heaven, the Soul, to be
Partaker of its fame's eternity,
Which shews a genius then, that may awake
The Muse to sing her actions for its sake.
Or should it not—should great example die,
Forgotten, spurned, disdained ingloriously—
Yet it that Spirit raised wherein it dwelt,
Yet by that Soul was Inspiration felt—
Let this suffice thee: One immortal Soul
Outsums the myriad worlds that star the pole.

The Man by whom mortality's attire
Was once cast off, unstained though proved by fire,
Was still divine, his work was still complete,
Even when Religion spurned him from his seat—
Forgotten soon, while, in his holy place,
Idols usurped his altar and his grace.
But it is written that the seed must die,
Be buried, and corrupt apparently—
What transient growths, fulfilled their brief defence,
Burst and decay, and droop and whither thence—

* Philopæmen.

Ere, in its kind restored, it re-arise,
And the Tree spread its honours to the skies.

The line of beauty winds with airy grace,
Nor runs directly Man a forthright race,
But tracks a wandering stream that turns about,
Yet in the Ocean lets its issues out.

Lo, Asia still, where Caucasus extends
His range of mountains, still her children sends—
A warlike people, victors still in fight;
Even Rome, the Almighty, falls before their might!
O'er the earth's breadth, and numerous as the sea,
Spreads the rude Goth, the sire of realms to be;
By fire from heaven baptized, where'er he rests,
Redeemed to Truth, and won to Law's behests—
The warrior of the Cross, whose sacred zeal,
Howe'er scorned now, waked mind its power to feel,
Taught by the polished manners of the East,
Life's better arts, by Liberty increast—
New worlds discovered, not to space confined,
New worlds of Thought—hence Vasco speeds to Ind—
Hence the brave Genoese, with dauntless breast,
Ocean explores for Islands of the West—
Till, freed from what would shackle or oppress,
Lord of the world, Mind sways the Wilderness,
Uproots the Forest; bids the Mountain bow,
And where was desart, makes an Eden now.

Atlantic Land! Clime of the kingless free!
Dull is the soul that muses not on thee!
Thine all-unshackled Genius, in youth's morn,
May bathe in dew-bright pleasures, earthly born;
Though born of earth, yet, let the sun exhale,
As shed from heaven their nurture shall avail.
Still let the Old World's superstitious dream,
Sweat of the stars the glittering moisture deem,
Thou know'st whatever blessing heaven may send,
Earth first must vigour of her own expend—
And Nature gain maturity and power,
Ere Spirit may o'errule the teeming hour.
—New veins of life, new forms of thought are thine,
New elements to quicken and combine:
No past to reverence, and no despots dead
Or living to subdue mind's lustihead:
Hence teems thy soil with Men of mighty mould,
Sagacious, prudent, brave, sedate and bold,
Whose wisdom may their ancestors supply,
Of a far race themselves the ancestry—
Men who have risen in heroic pride,
And burst their chains and cast their yoke aside.
Hence, Genius of the Land, whose favoured Son
Boasts of a Franklin, and a Washington,
Shalt thou, for patriot bard of future time,
Associate memories lasting and sublime—

While o'er the Ocean Intellectual Light,
 From East to West, makes all the voyage bright,
 Bidding New States from Old take warning note,
 From isles afar to coasts the most remote.

Rise, Genius! kneeling yet at Franklin's grave,
 Where, trod by Fame, the grass has ceased to wave—
 Take thy delights, in contrast while appear,
 Here civil man, the dusky savage there;
 Here the cleared forest; there, in ancient state,
 The sacred Wood, as yet inviolate.

—Hie to the Sylvan Temple, where the air
 Is eloquent with Psalmody and Prayer,
 Till from the platform rude, the Preacher's voice
 Calls on the Soul to fear—hope—love—rejoice—
 And the great Spirit stoops the heart to bless,
 In that Cathedral of the Wilderness.

—Then to the arena of the Woods repair,
 And join the Indian game that revels there:
 Lo, the wild youth—what fortitude of mind
 Supports the Garteeth* in his flesh that grind,
 To make his limbs more lithe for vigorous play
 With ball and race upon the coming day?—
 Hark! to the yell—the combatants come on—
 In antic wise, and dance in unison—

There stand expectant—now the ball is thrown—
 At once their bats are raised, and strike it down;
 But one has grasped it—straight the race begins—
 For, if he hurl it through the goal, he wins—
 Breathless their speed, and furious is their strife,
 As if the prize were for their land or life!

—Wild art! but gaze too upon Nature wild,
 Genius, thou winged boy, thou pensive child!
 Where that great Snake, the Mississippi winds,
 Like the Old Serpent, Error, o'er Men's minds;
 Deep as the Abyss o'er which it tracks its way,
 Where Thought is lost in chaos void of day—
 The Heart—the Heart—whose mysteries profound
 No wit can fathom, wisdom will not sound!

—Or where Niagara, o'er its falling rock,
 Descends, a lunar sea, a thunder shock,
 Crushing the Wind-god with his foot of spray,
 In vain for freedom raging night and day,
 While the enormous Water to the Moon
 Seems as 'twould swell, and grasp the gazer soon—
 Mysterious awe shall seize thy raptured mind,
 Till dizzy, tranced, it sinks unconscious, blind,
 While dreaming Reverie mid the mighty noise,
 Soars to the sky, and tastes immortal joys;
 And, when returned, contemplate in the scene
 A type of Heaven's Hyaline serene,

* The teeth of a fish so named.

For simple, vast, it soothes what it disturbs,
Stills mortal pride, and calms the soul it curbs.

Hail! Genius of New Worlds! but works more grand

Await thy plastic skill, thy forming hand;
And nobler visions than thou yet hast seen,
Thy sight shall dazzle—nobler than have been.

—Man, social man, expects thy wisest care:

Sire of the Age to come! for that prepare;

And still, whatever else be left undone,

Attract his nature by a better one—

Draw him by sympathies that shall awake

The spark divine, and teach him to partake.

But let the impulse, shed from man to man,

In human channels, kindle whom it can;

For what strikes not the sense, not understood,

May be for angels, not for mortals good:

And since the Absolute must somewhere be,

Set it on high, in visibility—

Else the nice essence, irresponsible,

Escapes control, and answers to no spell.

Yet some there are, who from the sense set free,

Vision the Being that no eye may see.

—Thus Poets dream—but to such lofty height

What shall support their spirit in its flight?

Pure Faith transcends at once these fleshly bars;

Still soars—and finds a home beyond the stars.

Death—herald of our Life—what sting hath he?

The Grave—the gate of Hope—what victory?

How beautiful is Death! but think as well

His graces yet are stern and terrible!

Beauty is fearful, and should strike with awe;

So wisely deem, and reverence the law—

Then in the hour of his majestic pain,

The Bard shall shrink not—nor endure in vain.

O Britain! Britain! Island of the Free!

Retain thy faith yet pure, thy loyalty!

Yet, in all ranks of social life, provide

Aid for the weak, and for the blind a guide;

And that your Liberty may know no end,

Use it for good, but make the evil bend;

—Freedom for Virtue; Vice, condemned to chains,

If Sermons mend not, Law at last restrains;—

And midst a world in wreck, as in thy prime,

Smile at the threats of Man, the strokes of Time;

As thy white Cliffs, serene amidst the sea,

Laugh at the storms that rage 'gainst them and thee.

A Spirit is abroad—a Voice is heard—

The nations tremble—thou hast never feared—

Thy Heart is sound, thy Sons are brave and wise,

Whose deathless Souls sit glowing in their eyes.

Isle of the Free! what, if the bolt of Heaven

Strike despot Thrones—a People unforgiven—

Why shouldst thou dread the issues of the wrath?
 No vengeance thwarts an unpolluted path!
 Celestial Justice strikes not, where the Shrine
 Protects and sanctifies the ancient Scrine
 Of Law and Liberty, in union sweet,
 Each true and perfect, loving and complete.

The Earth is shaken! Truth hath blown a blast—
 And doomed the Oppression that must wither fast.
 The poor are answered.—Swifter than the light,
 Sped, to the Seat of Mercy and of Might,
 Prayers—with indignant eloquence and deed—
 Took Heaven by force:—It suffered them to plead—
 Not from His hand the thunder dropt, but went
 Upon the errand whereto it was sent;
 While He who made, swore that his creature Man
 Should be as free as when the race began;
 Made free by Truth, nor to the sense a slave,
 Believe a lie, and labour for a grave—
 No more rude Nature should subdue the mind,
 No more harsh Tyrants triumph o'er their kind;
 But from the Mountain, Flood, and billowing Sea,
 Music rejoice the Genius of the Free!

Come! Genius! come—O winged Child! away,
 And let us look on Nature in her play—
 Bring with thee Will, and Pleasure bring with thee,
 And let us seek young Love,—for where is he?
 —Young Love! which Love? Lo, there twin brethren stand;
 Each like to each, as hand is like to hand!
 One Eros is—one Anteros they name—
 Which woos thy heart with most congenial claim?
 One pure and simple, with an upward look,
 Spells the blue heavens like an open book!
 Rapt as in ether's height prepared to soar,
 Aspiring still beyond for evermore!
 The other with a downward aspect bent,
 Reads the green earth and watery element;
 Pleased with the inverted sky within the wave,
 And seeking there his languid wings to lave.
 Choose now—for on thy choice how much depends;
 The earthly Love, or heavenly, thee attends.
 —This, like an ardent seraph, ever burns
 With light and life, like flames from burial urns;
 What though beneath mere ashes perish, climb
 The lambent glories to a point sublime:
 Though fixed and bound to caskets deftly wrought,
 To grace what else revolts the living thought;
 From base to apex, in perpetual play,
 Still chased and chasing, each revolving ray
 Sports in free air, the imprisoned dust above:—
 Such privilege belongs to heavenly Love!
 —But his terrestrial brother, less divine,
 Falls—like heaven's flash on earth's polluted shrine—

Smites and consumes the altar's impious feast,
And spends itself,—to consecrate a beast;
Soon quenched, survives, its idol worship done,
Nought but a wreck abhorrent to the sun,
Scorched flesh and bone, black relics of the slain—
Rite superstitious, bloody and profane.
Nought lingers now on that neglected pyre
But the sad issues of the extinguished fire!

A sacred Fire is Love, nor may permit
Unhallowed freedom to intrude on it—
The guardian Pains all watchful and awake,
Swift as transgression, sacred vengeance take—
How greatly more, then Love itself offends!
Love, that on earthly objects condescends.
True Love adores alone the good and true,
Nor sees by sense, nor judges by its view;
But, still transcending all that it conceives,
Above the ideal mounts, and yet believes—
Being recedes beneath its wondrous flight,
That seeks the Nameless Source of life and light.

As Love inspires, works Genius hitherto—
And still shall work, while Love shall ever woo:
What Love developes in eternal sphere,
Genius exhibits in its orbit here.

—Happy the Bard, obedient to their sway,
Whom Love and Genius teach the better way—
The paths of wisdom, pleasantness, and peace!
Let pine the world, his joys shall never cease.
In him a fount of living water is—

All he surveys or does reflects his bliss;
Serene—sublime and lovely in his life,
To him is nought unbeauteous or at strife—
But nature, the apt Image of his Heart,
Affirms “the varied God” in every part—
And to his faith, the social or the wild
A miracle remains, as when a child.

One such I know. To Care and Sorrow bred,
His mind would commune with the immortal Dead,
For therein he was happy, and their Voice
Bade manhood early waken, and rejoice.
—With none to cherish, solace or admire,
His heart consumed within him, as with fire:
But it was fire from heaven; and he was fain
It should ascend to him who gave, again.
And o'er his lips song gushed from boyhood's hour,
And gathered compass, harmony and power—
And when he deemed the world might deign to hear,
He gave it utterance with less hope than fear—
Prepared for scorn, or for neglect, he kept
His soul in patience, yet in secret wept.
Much wronged, and cast abroad for life to swim,
The world he loathed not, though it loved not him—

Resolved, howe'er unjust mankind might be,
 Still to preserve his own integrity—
 For Truth he loved and Virtue he esteemed,
 And self-respect the first of virtues deemed.
 —Howe'er with him blind Fortune sternly dealt,
 He prized that Genius when its joys he felt;
 And in abstraction's hour, he loved to dream,
 That not alone by mountain or by stream,
 It wandered, musing on the state of Man,
 But dwelt with Wisdom ere the worlds began,
 Called into being Earth, and Heaven, and Hell,
 And Man, the monarch of the visible;
 And still presides o'er every spot of earth,
 Guardian of realms, and Star of human birth;
 And, o'er the ruin of dethroned Time,
 Shall rise in beauty, lovely and sublime,
 The Father of the Age, that not in vain
 It sought to free from Death, and Sin, and Pain,—
 A Spirit perfect made, if not divine,
 And glorious still,—when Suns shall cease to shine!

CENSUS OF SCIENTIFIC THEORIES.

No. 1.—THE UNDULATORY THEORY OF LIGHT.

BY CHARLES TOOGOOD DOWNING, M.R.C.S.—*Author of the "Fanqui in China," &c.*

(Continued from page 227.)

It may be unnecessary to remind the reader, that when a ray of light is incident upon a polished surface, a considerable portion is thrown back, or, as it is called, *reflected*; and thus we are able to distinguish its shape and colour. The various phenomena resulting from this law are comprehended under the term *Catoptics*, and constitute a considerable branch of the science of *Optics*. It is not intended to dwell upon this subject further than is absolutely necessary in order to explain the Huygenian doctrine of reflection. The general opinion that prevailed before the time of Newton was, that light was reflected by striking or impinging upon the solid parts of the reflecting surface, in the same manner as a billiard ball is reflected from the sides of the table.

Huygens, as well as Sir Isaac, perceived the improbability of this supposition; and that if it were true, the reflection from polished surfaces would not be so regular as it is. The latter has shown, that however carefully a glass is polished, this is effected by grating and scratching it with powders, so as to remove its protuberances. Thus when it is polished, its protuberances, which cause the roughness, are brought to a very fine grain, and thus the marks and scratchings of the surface are rendered too small to be visible to the eye. Now it is manifest, that if these little pits and protuberances bear any sensible proportion to the magnitude of

the particles of incident light, and the particles of light impinged against them, they would be scattered as much by the most polished as by the roughest glass. As Sir Isaac Newton, however, perceiving that the light is more perfectly reflected from polished surfaces, concluded that this regular reflection of light was not owing to single parts of the body acting upon single particles, but to some power of the body evenly diffused over all its surface, and by which it acts upon rays without immediate contact, this supposition was necessary in order to explain reflection by the corpuscular doctrine; but Huygens, on the contrary, has endeavoured to show that a perfectly polished surface is not necessary to an equal and regular reflection. According to the undulatory theory, it is believed that the solid particles of the ethereal matter are much smaller than those of the reflecting surface, and that this surface consists of particles of matter put together, and smaller or ethereal particles over and above them. Thus, if we take the reflecting surface of mercury, for example, we are to consider its particles as so minute that we may conceive millions of them arranged like a mass of grains of sand, in the smallest visible space, and having their surface smoothened as much as possible. This surface will then become uniform, like that of polished glass; and though it is always rough in relation to the ethereal particles, yet the centres of all the particular spheres of reflected undulation are nearly in the same uniform plane, and their common tangent will touch them as perfectly as is necessary to the production of light; for all that is necessary is that some of the motion reflected from all points shall not produce any opposite effect.

When light falls upon a polished surface, only part of the rays are reflected, some of them being transmitted and thus subjected to refraction, while others are dispersed in all directions by the inequalities. The proportion of those rays which are reflected varies according to the nature of the substance, and also to the angle at which they are incident. Thus, if we take a polished surface of glass, we find that twenty-five rays in every 1000 are reflected while the greater part of the remainder are transmitted, when the light falls at a perpendicular incidence. But at very great angles of incidence, such as $87\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, it reflects 584 rays. This is the reason why rough glass, which will scarcely reflect a single ray at small angles of incidence, reflects it most copiously and appears perfectly polished when viewed at an angle of 70° or 80° . If in the place of glass we substitute water, and let the light fall perpendicularly, 982 out of the 1000 rays are transmitted, and only 18 are reflected. When the same pencil is incident at an angle of 40° , 22 rays are reflected; at an angle of 75° , 211 rays; while at an angle of 89° , 692 rays are reflected. Thus it may be seen, that bodies reflect more in proportion to their refracting power, although they reflect less light than water at very great angles of incidence.

With these preliminaries, we may now proceed to the mathematical theory of reflection, according to the undulatory system of Huygens. It is acknowledged to be very ingenious, and to be more consistent with the phenomena than that of the corpuscular. The

motion had been able to extend itself in a substance homogeneous to that which is above the plane. In order to understand how the wave AC has arrived at BN successively, let the straight lines KO , KO be drawn parallel to BN ; and KL , KL parallel to AC , and it will be evident that the rectilinear wave AC has been bent in all the lines OKL successively, and has become rectilinear again in BN . The principal law of catoptics may now be easily demonstrated:—For the triangles ACB , BNA , being rectangular, the sides AB common, we have CB equal to NA , the angle CAB equal to ABN , and ABC equal to BAN . But as CB perpendicular to CA is the direction of the incident ray, AN perpendicular to the wave BN , will be the direction of the reflected ray, consequently *the angle of incidence is equal to the angle of reflection*.

Although the motion of the ethereal matter be partly communicated to that of the reflecting body, yet this will in no respect alter the *velocity* of the waves, upon which the equality of the angles of incidence and reflection depend: for a slight percussion generates in the same medium waves with as great velocity as a stronger percussion, in the same manner as elastic bodies recover their shape in equal times, whether their compression be great or small. The angles of incidence and reflection will therefore be equal, although the reflecting body may take away part of the motion of the incident light.

In the transmission of light from a rarer to a denser medium, it is always observed that the ray does not continue through the latter in the same rectilinear course, but is refracted towards the perpendicular in a greater or less degree according to the nature of the transparent medium. The cause of this phenomenon has excited many conjectures. Formerly it was generally considered to depend upon the law of gravitation; but Sir Isaac Newton has shown that this is not the case, upon the following reasoning. He demonstrated, that as all bodies attract one another by the force of gravitation, therefore the attractive forces of two homogeneous spheres upon particles of matter, placed near their surfaces, are in the ratio of the diameters of the spheres.* For example, if a refracting medium of the same density as the earth be spherical, the attractive force excited by the earth near its surface, will surpass that of the medium near its surface, as much as the diameter of the earth surpasses the diameter of the medium, or almost infinitely. When we consider, however, that gravity acts upon all bodies alike, and that a ball impelled from the mouth of a cannon is at first scarcely deflected towards the earth in virtue of its attraction, it follows that the least particle of the ball, if separated from the rest of the mass, would be no more deflected than the whole. Wherefore it follows, that a particle of light, which moves with an infinitely greater velocity than a cannon ball, would be much less deflected from its path by the attractive force of the whole earth, and therefore infinitely less by the attractive force of the medium, as it is infinitely weaker than that of the earth. But as the ray of

* *Principia*, lib. i. prop. 71, cor. 2.

light is actually deflected in a very considerable degree from its path by the small spherical medium, it must be acted upon by some other power residing in the medium than the force of gravity. Sir Isaac having found, from various optical facts, that light appeared to be attracted, or repelled, by bodies near which it passed, he concluded that the phenomena of refraction were produced by an attractive force residing in all bodies, and extending to some distance beyond their surface. This was Newton's idea, and by its means he has explained the laws of refraction according to the corpuscular theory.

Huygens and his followers adopt a different supposition. As formerly mentioned in the general view of the undulatory doctrine, the ether still exists in the interior of refracting media, but, on account of the attraction of matter, in a state of less elasticity, compared with its density, than when in vacuo, and therefore the elasticity of the ether in the interior of media is less, relatively speaking, in proportion to their refractive powers. Wherefore it follows, that vibrations communicated to the ether in free space are propagated through refractive media by means of the ether in their interior, but with a *velocity corresponding to its inferior degree of elasticity*. Upon these data, we may proceed, in the following manner, to explain the principal phenomena of *refraction*. We have thought it better to put the diagrams of reflection and refraction together, in order that those two phenomena may be more readily compared, although we almost fear it will add to the intricacy of the subject.

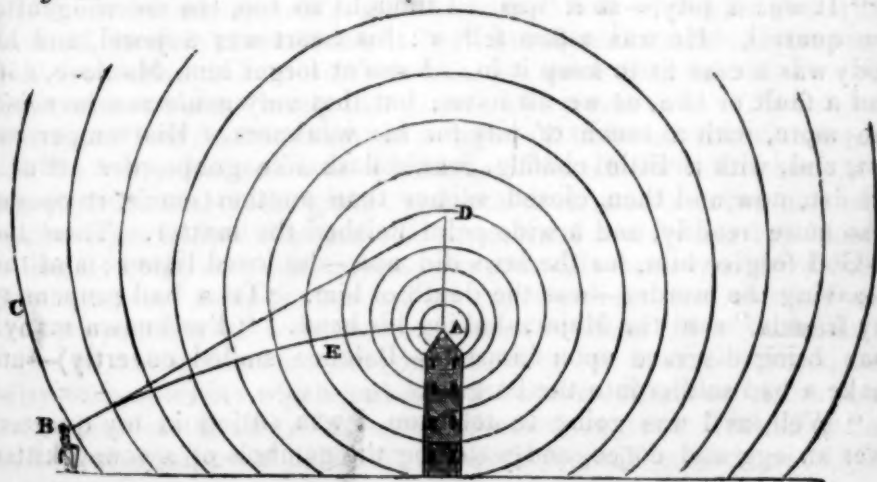
Let A B, (fig. 1,) represent a plane surface separating two transparent media, and A C a part of a wave of light, whose centre is so remote, that the part A C of the wave may be considered as a straight line. The part C of this wave will in a certain space of time reach the refracting surface A B, in the direction C B, which, as it comes from the luminous centre will be at right angles with A C. But in the same time that C moves from C to B the point A will have arrived at G in the rectilinear direction A G, which is equal and parallel to C B. And for the same reason, every point of the wave A C will have reached G B provided the transparent medium, whose surface is A B, transmitted the motion of the wave as quickly as that of the ether. But we have supposed, that it transmits it *slower*. Let us suppose that the motion is transmitted one third slower, for example:—then the point A will only have advanced *two-thirds* of C B in the medium A B, and will therefore form a particular spherical wave whose circumference T V W has A for its centre, and A V equal to $\frac{2}{3}$ of A G or $\frac{2}{3}$ of C B for its radius. By the same reasoning it may be shown, that the other points H H H of the wave A C, will, during the time that C arrives at B, have not only arrived at the points K K K in the surface of the medium A B, but will have advanced into it by a space K V, K V, equal to $\frac{1}{3}$ of K M, K M, and will have created round the centres K K K, particular waves represented by circumferences, whose radii K V, K V, K V, are respectively $\frac{1}{3}$ of K M, K M, K M, that is $\frac{1}{3}$ of the continuation of H K, H K, H K to the straight line B G;

for these radii would have been equal to the whole of $K M$, $K M$, $K M$, if the two transparent media had the same penetrability. But all these circumferences have for their common tangent the straight line $B V$, which is the tangent to the first circumference $T V W$ at the point V . The line $B V$ therefore formed by the small arcs of these circumferences, terminates the motion which the wave $A C$ has communicated to the transparent medium; and where this motion is found in greater quantity than anywhere else. Hence, as may be understood by what was said about the propagation of light in straight lines, this line $B V$ is the propagation of the wave $A C$ at the moment that C arrives at B ; for there is no other line below the refracting plane $A B$, which, like $B N$, is the common tangent of all the particular waves. In order to understand how the wave $A C$ has come successively into $B V$ we have only to draw the straight lines $K P$, $K P$, parallel to $B V$, and $K L$, $K L$, parallel to $A C$. In this manner it will be seen, that the wave $A C$ has been bent from a straight line, and has again become a straight line at $B V$. If we now draw $E A F$, cutting the plane $A B$ at right angles at the point A , and $D A$ perpendicular to the wave $A C$, $D A$ will be incident ray of light, and $A V$ perpendicular to $B V$ the refracted ray, since the rays are only straight lines, along which the points of the waves are propagated.

By a similar process of reasoning, it may be shown how the luminous waves are separated from the perpendicular in passing from a dense to a rarer medium, and also why the phenomenon of *total reflection* takes place at great angles of incidence. All these are explained in the most beautiful and satisfactory manner by the undulatory theory, but they would occupy a far greater space than we can allot to them in this elementary sketch.

It would be as well to conclude the subject of *refraction*, with the explanation which Huygens has given of the refraction of light in media of variable density. The atmosphere of the earth is of this kind; as it is well known that towards the surface of the globe it is much more dense than above. The waves which issue from a luminous point, such as the top of a steeple, A , *fig. 2.* are propa-

Fig. 2.



gated from it in every direction, and ought, according to the laws of refraction, to extend themselves more widely above, as represented in the diagram, and less widely below, and in other directions more or less in proportion as these directions coincide more or less with the two extremes. Let B C be the wave which conveys to the eye of the spectator at B the impression of the light which emanates from A; and let B D be the straight line which cuts this wave perpendicularly. Then because the ray, or the straight line, by which we judge of the place where an object appears to us, is nothing more than the perpendicular to the wave which arrives at our eye, it is obvious that the point A will be seen as if it were in the straight line B D or higher than it is in reality. The light issuing from the point B has therefore moved through the atmosphere in a direction A E B, which is necessarily perpendicular to all the waves propagated from A as a centre.

(To be continued.)

THE COURT-MARTIAL.

Selected from the Records of the Eccentric Club, by order.

NICK SOBER, Hon. Sec.

"'Twas the morning after the fray," said the Major, musingly.— "What fray, my dear Major?" inquired Manlove, whose deepest affections were immediately awakened. "Ay,—I forgot," answered the other, with the air of a man suddenly entrapped into the necessity to tell a story,— "You never heard it." "I doubt it," whispered Balance to Dick Careless. "But you shall hear it now:—'Twas a sad affair, that murder! though it was all done by the articles of war, and in the enforcement of military discipline: and discipline must be enforced," said the Major, in a higher and firmer tone, and planting his foot abruptly on the floor. "'Tis a pity," ejaculated Manlove, innocently. "To enforce discipline, Sir?" inquired the Major, while a slight flush of anger stained his cheeks. "O no! my dear Major; but that the man was murdered."

"It was a pity,—so it was. I thought so too, the morning after the quarrel. He was a fine fellow: his heart was a jewel, and his body was a case fit to keep it in. I sha'n't forget him, Manlove. He had a fault or two, as we all have; but that only made me love him the more, with a touch of pity for his weakness. His temper was hot, and, with a little chafing, would flash like gunpowder. But if his fist, now and then, closed sooner than another man's, it opened also more readily, and a wide palm finished the matter. Then, too,—God forgive him, for the laws did not,—he loved liquor; and that—saving the murder—was the death of him. 'Tis a bad propensity, my friends," said the Major, shaking his head. "I've known many a man bring disgrace upon himself—(Balance smiled covertly)—and make a bad soldier into the bargain."

"Well, as I was going to tell you, I was sitting in my quarters, over an egg and coffee, and watching the gambols of a young kitten,

that played with the string of a cushion. At last, the creature leaped inside the fender, and began to paw an inflamed piece of wood that had fallen from the fire. 'Tom,' said I, 'have a care: thou wilt burn thy fingers for thy folly.' I had scarcely spoken, when the pretty animal uttered a subdued human-like cry of pain; and I caught it in my arms to comfort it. I thought the creature liked my kindness, for it cast its mild eye gratefully towards my face. While I was thus engaged, the door opened, and Flint stood erect before me. 'Well, Flint, didst thou hear the kitten cry?' said I. 'No, Sir: Lieutenant Burford's servant hath left a note for you.' 'Ah! I ejaculated;' for all the circumstances of the previous night shot across my mind: 'Stay; did the servant say aught?' 'No, Sir,—more than that the letter was important.' 'This, I fear, is a bad business, Flint,' said I, while opening it. 'Very sorry for it.' 'I believe thee, for thou art not so deep a philosopher as Rochefoucault.'

"When I read the note, I was much affected by the incoherence which ran through it. It was written evidently by a man in great irritation of spirit; and as its object was to request an interview with me, I resolved to go to the Lieutenant's quarters forthwith. I arose from my seat, and Flint brought my coat. Whether or not he perceived my concern, I know not; but as he was brushing my back, he said, 'You have not finished your coffee, sir: the air is cold without.' 'Never mind, Flint; I shall walk briskly.' 'It were well, Sir, for there is a rent here,' putting his cold finger on my shoulder. 'Ah, indeed! was I steady last night, Flint?' 'As ships are in a heavy sea, sir: you could just keep your eye against the wind.' 'Tis sad work, Flint, when men are lost in liquor: beware, boy,—this quarrel has arisen from it.' I know not that I should have told Flint of the nature of the present business, if my mind had not been so totally absorbed in it. 'Hold! your honour will not answer the challenge!' said he, standing between me and the door. 'Stand back!' returned I, in an angry tone. I had now advanced beyond him; and as I was going out, he caught me by the skirts of my coat, and earnestly begged me not to risk my life. 'Thou art mistaken, Flint,' said I: 'I go to endeavour to save one.' 'That is more like your honour,' he replied; and I went to the lieutenant's.

"While on my way to the lieutenant, I will relate to you what occurred on the previous night." "An epical episode?" enquired Dick Careless. "Yes." "Go on; 'tis according to rule." The Major received Dick's approving nod, and continued. "There had been a party of us that night at a tavern; and as our spirits flowed with the wine, the merriment ran high. Poor Burford, as I have told you, was addicted to the glass; and he did not, on this occasion, belie the character he had acquired. Many scorned him for it; but I knew his heart better, and pitied him. Captain Howard was also of the party, a man of calm temper and generous feelings, but who had not much respect for the Lieutenant. This was owing partly to the little esteem in which the Lieutenant was held by his brother officers, and partly to a coldness which had arisen between them, on account of some misunderstanding relating to a shooting-match. This affair was alluded to during the debauch, for such it was," added the Major,

reluctantly; "and words ran high between the two officers. Burford fancied the Captain treated him with contempt; and being ever alive to an insult, his impatient spirit could not brook the indignity. Inflamed at once by anger and wine, and forgetting his station as an officer, he sprung up and collared the Captain, exclaiming, 'I am neither a coward nor a reptile! Thou shalt suffer for it!' Howard had more self-command; and seizing the Lieutenant by the wrist, he hurled him to the ground. The rest of the party immediately stopped the fray; and the Captain soon after disappeared. I went up to the Lieutenant, and asked kindly, 'Art thou hurt, Burford?' 'Yes, yes,—here!' he cried vehemently, striking his hand against his heart, to intimate that his soul was hurt more than his body. Unfortunate man! he looked wildly about him, ground his teeth, and clenched his hands together. He had been cast down before his brother officers, and the disgrace was too much for him. I was commiserating his vexed state of mind, when I arrived at his quarters.

"'Good morning, Burford,' said I, on entering the room. He ran up, and grasped my hand convulsively, but did not speak. 'Thou art not well,' I continued: 'thy hand burns.' I think I never saw before, so wild, and yet so melancholy a look, as he gave me. He caught my hand again, and said in a repressed guttural accent, 'Hell is not hotter! My body is a living coal! Disgrace! Disgrace! The sense of it burns up all within me!' The poor fellow then cast another look at me,—it was a contemplative one,—and led me to a chair. I had now an opportunity to regard him; and so strong a picture of misery did he exhibit, that I could not, for some time, draw my eyes off him. His countenance was haggard, his hair dishevelled, and his shirt was open at his throat; so that I could plainly see that he had not slept since I left him. The wildness of his look I attributed to the wine, which had not yet left his wits sober.

"'Mike,' said he, as he lifted his trembling hand, and passed it across his forehead, 'thou wast present last night: he hath dishonoured me!' 'Not to my mind, Burford,' returned I, in a mild tone: 'What is done at night, over wine, is forgotten at the morning meal.' 'I never can forget it,' he answered, bitterly. 'But thou wilt forget it when thou hast slept.' 'Then may I never sleep!' replied he, in a vehement tone: 'Wilt thou take that to him?' As he questioned me, he handed me a letter; but as he gave it, his hand shook, and his voice quivered, like the broken tones of a harp-string struck by an abrupt blast. I took the letter from him, and read the superscription. It was directed to Captain Howard. 'What does this mean, my good friend?' said I. 'Can'st thou not guess? Dost thou think that I would send thee with a flag of truce?' He now put his hand on my shoulder, and gazed eagerly in my face; while I turned the letter over and over, to consider what I should do with it. 'Take it! take it!' he said earnestly, grasping me, at the same time, more rigidly. I marked his agitation, and replied, 'Think well of it: thou art not yet thoroughly sobered; thy whole body trembles; get but an hour's sleep.' 'Nay,' said he, as he darted from me to a side-board, and taking a decanter of brandy, he quaffed the spirit greedily, 'I will sober myself thus! See, I do not tremble now!' and he held

out his hand steadily, to give me the proof of it. 'Art thou resolved to send this?' said I. 'Ask me not! Take it!' I shook my head, and, without saying another word, I dropped it into the fire. He stepped forward to seize it, but he was too late: it was already in flames. 'And you, too, insult me!' he cried, as he fixed his iron gripe upon my arm; while his veins swelled, and his eyes almost started from his head with convulsive agony. 'God forbid!' replied I, desirous of soothing his spirit. 'False! False! You all despise me! You conjure against me, all of you! But I will be revenged!' He flung me from him, and made his escape by the door. Poor Burford! my heart beat for thee then, and my pulse quickens now every time I think of thee! But discipline must be enforced, even at the expense of thy life, erring man!"

The Major's voice became plaintive, and a little touched with regret, as he uttered this sentiment. Dick Careless thought that at this moment it would not have cost the Major much to have sacrificed his principles of military discipline: for the tide of human kindness swelled strong in him, and went very nigh to break down all the factitious barriers of duty. He took his cigar, and lighted it at the candle; and when the flame beamed upon his eye, it glistened more than was usual to it.

"When Burford" (said the Major, recommencing) "found that I would not deliver the challenge for him, he applied to another officer, who, careless of consequences, carried it to the Captain. 'Twas a foolish thing! The Lieutenant could not have considered the danger in which he placed himself. But the man was insensate! Howard, it would appear, took no notice of the note, which served to provoke the Lieutenant still more. He wrote to his antagonist again; and in the second challenge used very violent language, threatening him with an exposure of his conduct if he did not fight the duel. The Captain consulted with a brother officer; and it was resolved, in order to stop the violence of the Lieutenant, that the Colonel of the regiment should be informed of it. Howard sought only to protect himself from the necessity of fighting with a man who was beneath him in rank, and whose character, it was generally known, he despised; and did not dream of the consequences to be produced by the step. The Colonel was a strict disciplinarian, and immediately ordered a court martial. It was then only that the two parties became fully conscious of the effect likely to be produced by their conduct. The Captain was not less afflicted than the more blamable Burford. He besought the Colonel to annul the proceedings; and begged, that as he himself had forgiven him, the laws might forgive him also. To be in any way instrumental towards the death of a fellow-creature, wounded his heart; again and again he besought the Colonel, who was, however, resolute, and fixed to the line of his duty. Finding supplications in this quarter made in vain, he determined to go at once to the Commander-in-chief, and plead for the life of the unfortunate Burford.

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fication of what he was about to say, he closed his fist, and shot his arm forward, "you could as soon change the course of a cannon ball as bend the Commander-in-chief from the right path." The conversation that occurred on this occasion I never heard; but I happened to be walking towards the General's quarters on that day, and met Captain Howard returning from them. His step was hurried, and his head was bent upon his chest. 'Well, Howard,' said I, 'is poor Burford pardoned?' The Captain gazed into my face for a moment, then raised his hand with the palm before my eyes, turned away his head, and burst into tears. I almost censured myself for asking the question: but I said no more, and Howard went away.

"A few days after this circumstance, a court-martial was held to try the prisoner. The Lieutenant showed no weakness, although I could perceive the signs of previous suffering in his face. He answered all the questions put to him, calmly, and seemed to expect the final sentence. Captain Howard, who appeared to suffer more agony of soul than the Lieutenant, supplicated the pardon of the court; but it was unrelenting: and, in accordance with the law which awards death for contempt towards a superior officer, the unfortunate Burford was condemned to be shot.

The Major now puffed vigorously at his cigar, and winked his eyes several times, as if they had been annoyed by the smoke. But Manlove was affected more than any other, by the decision of the court martial. "Murder! foul murder!" he ejaculated with vehemence; "humanity groans at it." "He died by the articles of war," said the Major, authoritatively. "It's not law," replied Manlove, with feeling indignation. "'Tis discipline," answered the Major. Dick Careless was thrown into a reverie; and Balance said, in a serious tone, "This must be altered—I'll see to it."

"Well," continued the Major, "the prisoner was to be shot the next morning, by sunrise, at a field without the city; all his brother officers were there, and I made one of the number. There was the Colonel; and at a little distance was Howard. 'Tis a pity,' said I, musingly; 'may God give you mercy!' as I arrived on the spot, and saw the young Lieutenant with one knee bent on the ground, waiting to receive the fire of a line of soldiers, drawn up before him. I shall never forget it, my friends," continued the Major, in an agitated tone;—"no! never shall!—I can see him now, in my mind's eye, and a better man never wore a red jacket. It was drawing close upon the awful moment, and every pulse was beating time to the seconds; I happened to look towards Howard, his eyes were bloodshot: I walked up to him, wishing to draw him from a scene where he could not possibly be of service. 'It is over now, Howard,' I began, 'thy generosity cannot avail him; the witnessing of this scene must wound thee, and cannot console him.' 'How knowest thou,' answered he abruptly, 'but he will lose his life; and what reparation can I make him?'—The blood fled from his cheek, then returned, and fled again. At that moment he cast his eyes towards the Colonel, who was looking attentively at his watch: 'I will speak to him once more,' he continued, 'I will seek forgiveness;' and seizing my hand, 'I would rather die a hundred deaths than he should lose one hair on my

account. I have done him wrong—wrong !” He repeated the word, and with such an emphasis, that it ran chill through my soul. He then left me, and darted through a crowd of officers. I saw him, in a moment after kneeling before the doomed man. “Canst thou forgive me?” said he, in a voice tremulous with grief;—“canst thou? I have done wrong in this matter—thy blood rests on my head—I feel it!” “My tears shall cleanse thee;” answered the other, while he wept bitterly, and fell upon the Captain’s shoulder. The agonised Howard threw his arms around the prisoner’s neck, and they were locked in a convulsive embrace. Each sob was heard distinctly by the anxious spectators; for there was a silence, a deadly silence around, like that which precedes the burst of the thunderbolt. There was scarcely a dry eye about us, and many a head was averted from the scene.” The Major placed a knuckle on the inner corner of his eye, and breathed audibly.

“’Twas a mournful scene,” continued the worthy officer; “and we are but men after all. I have heard men pray, ay, and pray fervently too; but never did I hear so solemn a prayer as followed that ardent embrace.” The Major hesitated, as if words were wanting to depict the condensed interest that now pervaded the spectators. “All men gazed,” said he, “as if their souls looked out of their faces, eager to catch the lowest word that came sighing on the morning breeze. The two brave men clasped their hands together on their bosoms, and with eyes turned towards heaven, and with faces expressive of the deepest earnestness, they offered up a mutual prayer. And what prayer think ye it was? The Lord’s Prayer. When they said, with trembling voices, ‘Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven’—‘forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us,’ I thought my heart would burst. The two men wept—stopped—and continued, in smothered accents. The spectators burst simultaneously into tears; and when the Colonel attempted to speak to end the scene, his words were choked in his throat and he merely waved his hand. The time was already past, and a serjeant advanced to intimate it to the Captain. The miserable Howard cast a desponding look over his shoulder as the serjeant warned him, and again earnestly embracing the prisoner, he arose; but contrition yearned strongly: he hesitated, then advanced a few steps; I think I see his look now.” The tears trickled over the Major’s cheek. “I cannot help it,” said he, as he brushed them away hastily with his handkerchief. “I think I see his look now, as he stopped suddenly, and cried, with a bosom swelling with agony, ‘Hast thou fully forgiven me?’ The Lieutenant sprang up and gave him his hand—‘As I hope to be forgiven,’ answered he. Their hearts met, and mixed in that fervent pressure, and I thought their hands would have grown together; for it seemed as if they would never relax. Again the serjeant advanced, and the Captain hurriedly withdrew. The Lieutenant sank upon his knee, cast his eye to the soldiers, and then bared his chest. When his shirt was withdrawn, his heart could be distinctly seen to beat, although his face was perfectly calm. He then bent his forehead upon his hands, as if in deep thought;—’twas his last moment of solitary reflection; the soldiers presented arms—poor Burford cast a glance

upwards to his God, and while he was in this attitude the command was given, the volley was discharged, and the ill-fated man fell—a corpse. From this day to that of his death, Captain Howard wore a piece of crape around his arm.”

The tale being finished, our president requested the secretary, who had taken it down in short-hand, to add it to our records.

The evening was now on the wane; but before we separated, Dick Careless proposed that the records of the club, many of which were of passing interest, should be published; and that in order to effect this object, they should be sent to the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*; for, as Dick shrewdly observed, “the only particular in which the members of this club resemble the rest of the world, is in want of money; and if a man must cross the ocean, and cannot afford to pay for his passage, his only alternative is to beg one.” As this point had been often discussed, and as all the members were desirous of seeing what sort of an appearance their speculations would make in print, the proposal was unanimously carried.

The public will doubtless be curious to ascertain something respecting the peculiarities, characters, and pursuits of the various members. Being a rational philosophic body of men, and esteeming curiosity the spring of all knowledge, we would rather encourage than repress such a laudable desire.

First, by virtue of his office, our president, Geoffrey Sageman, deserves remark. He is a man far advanced in years, and was chosen to fill the dignified situation on account of his age and gravity. His forehead is high, and his nose remarkably long, having a protuberance in the centre of the ridge, which allies it to the Roman family. There is a somnolent expression about his eye, which makes him appear utterly inattentive to the debates, which are frequently so vigorously maintained before him; and so imperturbable is his taciturnity, that many visitors have doubted whether or not he has the faculty of speech. He is, however, a shrewd man, and scorns to express himself in any phrase less than a proverb. As a turn in the conversation does not often happen when a proverb can be brought to bear with effect, he is necessarily a long time silent; although when he does begin, we have known him hurl such a well-directed volley of words, hard with meaning, at the weak points of the erring member, that the miserable man has soon ceased to reply, and has covered his face for shame. As our president is a just man, and treats all the members, when necessity requires, in the same way, no one is displeased with his harshness.

The member next in seniority is an old officer of the line; but to which regiment he belonged we have never heard him say. This person is no other than the Major, or Mike, or Major Mike Gunshot, a name which he highly deserves, if all the incidents of camp and field which he relates be true; and as all the fellows of our club are honest men, though odd ones, we cannot doubt the veracity of the Major, even in his most extravagant narrations. He constantly reminds us that truth is much stranger than fiction; and as he relates his anecdotes with considerable feeling, we are compelled to believe that his mind is warmed by a vivid recollection of the circumstances as they occurred.

Despite much authority and roughness in the Major's manners, we can easily perceive that his heart is very sensitive, and that he feels the misfortunes of his fellow men very acutely. There is an openness, too, in his demeanour, when in a civil humour, which irresistibly invites our confidence. His countenance is ruddy, approaching to a livid hue on the tip of his nose, which has often insinuated suspicions of his sobriety. It is, however, but just to observe, that we have never seen him intoxicated; and, we believe, that his stout rotund body, and bluish-red complexion, are the results rather of former debauchery than present indulgence. Except when the circumstances offer an opportunity for the enunciation of a moral prohibition—a practice very common to the worthy officer—he seems rather to advocate the use of spirits, for he declaims against Temperance Societies; and to such a pitch have we seen his passion rise, when the subject has been discussed, that he has stamped dogmatically on the ground, and struck the tip of his nose so rapidly and sharply with his fore-finger, that he has made the blood squirt therefrom. Such a mode of phlebotomy never fails to check his excitement. It tunes his vocal organs to the proper pitch, like the pipe employed by Caius Gracchus for that purpose. There are many inconsistencies in the Major's character, for which we do not hold ourselves responsible; and which we do not consider ourselves obliged to explain.

Abraham Subtle is a barrister, who honestly believes this doctrine, and, we as truly think, will die in his faith—That, as God created both knaves and fools, and that as it is the nature of the knave to cheat, and the fool to be cheated, that the latter would by consequence be the prey of the former, if governments did not form a third class, called lawyers, to distribute justice between the parties. But our friend Subtle farther argues, that Justice is even-handed, and deals equality to all men; ergo, that justice be equally done, the knaves and fools must be equally cheated. He has not yet been able to convince the members of the club of the profundity or correctness of this argument, although he has broached it regularly once a month, for these last five years. Mr. Subtle has very prominent grey eyes, and throws them around him very warily during the declaration of his opinions. His words dribble slowly, but they are delivered with an air of oracular consequence, very becoming one, who expects some day to utter the last sentence between the two antagonist parties, Life and Death. This kind of intonation, indeed, he has made his especial study. His nose is pointed upwards, as if, like Milton's cormorant, he were smelling the air to direct him to his prey: but although very assiduous in search of briefs, he has yet met with but little success. He has not told us this himself; but when he came to the club the other day, we discovered that the snuff-coloured coat, which he has worn ever since the formation of the club, was turned; and it is well known that a turncoat cannot keep a secret. It is useless, therefore, for Mr. Subtle to endeavour to conceal his poverty; for, even if other signs were wanting, we should discover it in the conciliating attentions which he unremittingly pays to the Hon. Edward Balance, youngest son of Viscount Upwardlook, eldest son of the Earl of Statecraft, who

held an official situation in the last ministry, and may hold another in the next.

Ned is an enthusiastic young man of great abilities, and irrevocably bent upon becoming an orator and statesman. He has not yet finally determined upon the principles which he shall adopt; but, priding himself upon his independence of mind, he resolves to have opinions of his own; and virtuously laments that all statesmen do not acknowledge the same freedom of thought. On the last general election, he was nominated a candidate for a radical borough, but lost his election, by a somewhat larger minority than was agreeable to his feelings. The truth is,—as our friend Subtle, who was present at the nomination, informed the club,—he began to discourse violently on natural equality, whereat some wits in the crowd requested him to change his superfine coat for a smock. Balance then entered upon a marvellously intricate elucidation of his opinions, which the people could not comprehend,—and “which,” added Subtle, “to be candid, did not exactly quadrate with the rules of Aristotle,”—and the consequence was, that a chorus of hisses drove the candidate from the stage. He is now beating up recruits on the other side of the question, being generously resolved, as he states, “to serve an ungrateful country in one way or another.” He is a fine young fellow, of good carriage, and pleasant manners; and not altogether free from the vices of youth. He knows all the scandal of the day, and can tell us how many times in a week a Primate or Lord Chancellor was seen to enter the house of a lady famed for her captivating manners. The fellows of our own club sometimes fall under his lynx eye; and the other day he abruptly attacked the Major, by asserting that he saw the worthy officer chatting with a well-known lady, over a glass of brandy, in a house in Piccadilly. The Major feigned ignorance, but was compelled to admit the fact; when the other boldly declared that he saw the brandy inflame on the instant that the Major, in the act of drinking, bent his nose towards it. The proof was incontrovertible.

Another member of our club is Dick Careless, a man who has written more rhymes than he has hairs; and once astonished the club by informing it that he had actually discovered there were 365 days in the year,—time being a subject to which he had never before given his attention. Balance afterwards told us, that the poet had been attacked that morning by a fit of asthma, and had also pulled a few grey hairs from among the black ones. There is a dreaminess about Dick’s eye which gives him a mysterious cast of countenance. He wears his hair long, and ties his neckerchief with a careless knot; so that he exhibits in the street very much the appearance of a maniac. With all these personal recommendations, however, Dick has never been able to publish any of his productions; and he has therefore consigned them to the club, to be published among the other records.

It were almost profane to touch upon the character of Mr. Giles Manlove with the slightest shade of irony; for his chief failing is the offspring of one of the most amiable virtues, humanity,—and is ridiculous only from its exaggeration. We earnestly wish that our readers could see Mr. Manlove’s neat bob-wig; it is enough of itself to attract

our fondness. His eyes are blue, and possess a singularly mild expression, which the satirical Ned has been heard to designate by several contemptuous epithets. The length of his nose has strongly inclined the club to believe in the curious doctrines of Lavater, as that organ is, in this instance, connected with a most benignant disposition. His mouth is very small, well formed, and of sweet expression: but, although we have scanned his features very narrowly, we have never been able to trace the vestige of a chin. He wears a very old-fashioned grey coat, Hessian boots, and generally walks with a cane in his hand; with which, we are informed, he flogs those mischievous urchins whom he catches worrying dumb animals. We do not believe, however, that he could summon sufficient asperity to flog them sharply. He is one of the most active members of the Mendicity Society, and of the Society for Preventing Cruelty to Animals; and to such an extent does he work out his principles, that we are sure he would not brush a spider from his wig if the creature chose to settle itself there. The club often congratulate themselves that his head is bald, and consider it, under the circumstances, a wise dispensation of Providence. We shall bring the traits of this honest man under notice on some other occasion, and shall now proceed to describe briefly the peculiarities of Dr. Hartshorn.

The able doctor is a great mystifier of common things,—a habit which he has contracted, we presume, from his medical education. He is devoted also to the pursuits of science, and occasionally regales the society with a dissertation on his discoveries. He lately analysed very carefully the component parts of the living system, and having ascertained them, he endeavoured—though this is a profound secret—to combine them synthetically to form an embryo. He put the different gases under a glass bell, through which he made an electric spark to pass; and, to his great pleasure and amazement, he observed, after a few days, small animals crawling on the interior of the vessel. Elated by this novel invention of animal life, he came that night to the club, and though quite out of breath from the speed with which he had run, he cried out, on entering, like another Archimedes, “Eureka! I have found it!” He now talks very seriously of taking out a patent, to protect himself from the rivalry of impostors. Balance is very sceptical of the utility of the doctor’s discovery, and maintains that the old way of producing animal life is the best; indeed, as the doctor retorts upon him, since he lost his election, he has become a confirmed Tory in all things.

The last member of the club is the Secretary, Nick Sober, through whom the present records are communicated to the world. He is installed into this office on account of his having no particular character in the world,—and is therefore a character among us.

MIND'S ELYSIUM.

By H. L. MANSEL, Esq.

WOULDST thou hail a joyous vision?
Haste! it hovers o'er thee.
Wouldst thou roam o'er fields Elysian?
Come,—they lie before thee.

Tell me, bliss, why all for nought
Men have sought thee sighing?
Is't not that afar they sought
Thee, within them lying?

When the sage explores the sky,
Earth can never win him.
He who seeks externally,
Finds not bliss within him.

Softly, softly touch the lyre,
By thee long reposed;
Listen, ere the notes expire,
One must be the chosen.

Many a gentle sound may sweep
Chords thy finger presses,
Ere the destined note shall leap
To thy heart's recesses.

Each, successive, thrills and dies;
But, while yet 'tis dying,
Instant, shall another rise
With a softer sighing.

Wildly struck, the crashing strings
Drown the sound thou'rt seeking.
Gentle are its whisperings
When its voice is speaking.

'Tis the music of the mind,
Tuned to sweetest numbers:
Hark! it pours the dreams that bind
Soothingly thy slumbers.

Are they fleeting? What is sure?
Fly they at dawn's breaking?
But a night thy dreams endure;
—But a day thy waking.

Thousand echoes o'er thy head
Vibrate, never ceasing:
Mind-creations of the dead,
Spectres of the pleasing.

Hark! again the magic cadence
In our ears is ringing.
Scarce the Achelöiad maidens
Breathed a sweeter singing.

Such the blest unearthly vision
That is hovering o'er thee:
Thus are spread the fields Elysian
Boundlessly before thee.

REMEMBRANCES OF A MONTHLY NURSE.

SECOND SERIES.

No. III.—MR. MORTON MONCTON.

No man (or for that matter, woman either) has a clear perception, when he is making a ridiculous figure of himself, to all the world besides. And it is wisely ordained that it should be so, or many of us would be taking prussic-acid, or tying up ourselves to our bed-posts. Death is stealing upon us with rapid strides—we fortunately see him not; seldom we think of him at all: and this mental blindness, or incapacity to behold all the disagreeable things which surround us on every side, is indeed a most merciful ordination of our common Father. Are we then justified in opening the eyes of one another to such painful facts, when Providence has been more kind? Are we entitled to put up a finger-post, opposite the innocent singularities of our fellow creature, to point them out to his own and others' ridicule? No—let each one ride his *hobby* in his own way, and not jostle or overturn that of his neighbour:—perhaps it is safer for us to mount a little ambling nag of only twelve hands high, than climb up, and bestride the *high horses* of ambition, and of fame, from either of which, should we get a tumble, we may chance to break our necks. How must the angels smile to see us mortals upon

this little ball of mud of ours, tilting, galloping, trotting, *shuffling* away, as we best can, all mounted, and each one with some fancied business of importance to achieve ! Why cannot we rather perform the tasks allotted us ? Why, like silly boys, *play away the time*, whilst we are at school ?—for such this world undoubtedly is to us immortal spirits. We imagine the “ school-master is *abroad*,” and thousands of us are riding helter-skelter in search of him ; when the fact is, that he lives in the depths of our own being, and if we will but *stay at home* and hear him, he will teach us all things worth knowing.

After so grave a commencement, surely I shall call down upon my head much heavy censure, when I say, that this story owes its rise, solely to the ridiculous appearance and manners of the hero of it : but my exposing his weakness to the world, cannot now affect *him*. He is gone where these imaginary horses, great and small, have “ no local habitation or a name,” and where the disencumbered and *real man* will not wish to mount them. He, that is, Mr. Morton Moncton, had a *whole stud* of ragged, scrubby, ungroomed, mental Shetland-Ponies, that he rode alternately here below.

This is the fictitious name I shall give to the very odd gentleman, whose lady I attended some years ago at Notting Hill ? for be it known to all present, that I always carefully throw a *veil impenetrable*, over the real ones of the parties I notice in these sketches. That they all have, or had real ones, is absolutely true—why should I draw from a lay-figure, a thing inanimate, when there are, and have been so many living models sitting in all kinds of attitudes and expressions ready for my use ? This gentleman, whom I have designated Mr. Morton Moncton, was a very grotesque one, and I think Madame *Isis* must have had a *drop too much*, when she designed him. His lady was a very common sort of personage ; rather pretty, rather young, rather affected, and rather ignorant ; I shall have but very little to say about *her* in this Tale, except that she made the *most she could* of her interesting situation whilst I was with her, and would not abate a single inch of that prerogative she deemed herself entitled to, in virtue of her matronly dignity, now for the first time assumed : Mercy on us ! one would have thought from the airs Mrs. Morton Moncton gave herself, that she was the *only* one who had ever brought a *man-child* into the world, and that the whole race of Adam depended solely upon herself, for the perpetuation of its species. But “ Othello’s occupation’s gone.” She will, poor lady ! enjoy such dignity no more.

Mr. Morton Moncton had been a most rejoicing bachelor until the age of fifty ; never once I believe, up to that period, having contemplated to *perpetrate* marriage—he had other things to do ; and as *he* thought, of much greater importance, for was not he a philosopher ? a painter ? a poet ? and something of an astrologer to boot ? Had he not a library, a laboratory, studio, and an observatory ? Never would he have married at all, but from a fit of spleen against his old housekeeper, who had been his nurse, and having rather an infirm memory as well as person, forgot for three successive nights his strict injunction, and brought over her own aged head the *infliction* of a mistress for her negligence, or rather, I should say, her infirmity—but I must describe the gentleman.

Full six feet of *length* had nature allowed to Mr. Morton Moncton, and that of good measure, but as to *breadth* there she had most wickedly failed him; nearly cheated him altogether. So spare, so meagre was his form, that I often wondered as I saw him walk in his garden, why the sun did not shine *through* him! and where there could possibly be *room* in him for a heart, and lungs, and liver, and all the rest of the interior machinery of a human being, to do its work in! Scarcely could he be called a *child of the flesh*; and as for *bone*, a most niggardly allowance had he of that commodity. Can we, wonder then, that with all his genius, or, at least, his aspirations after it, Mr. Morton Moncton should be, and also complain of so being, during the long winter of — *most miserably cold*.

Being a man of vast invention, Mr. Morton Moncton had constructed a most ingenious machine, made of tin, and carefully covered over with red baize, which held a full pail-full of boiling water, properly corked; and into this *double-barrelled* apparatus, he was in the habit every night of *inserting* his cold spare feet, ankles and legs, up to the very calves; — I beg his pardon, the legs were innocent of such absurdities; there was nothing of *the calf* about him, and that the reader will soon learn. He was, and acted like, a man of spirit.

Now poor Mrs. Young, his aforesaid housekeeper, who had, as I have mentioned, nursed him (lean as he was) when an infant, and watched his progress *upwards* but not *outwards* ever since, was the only female that had ever contributed to his comfort from the death of his own mother, a few months after his birth, until nearly the period I am speaking of, when he came within the sphere of my observation. To her, the aforesaid Mrs. Young, he appeared a paragon of manly perfection. His various pursuits she looked upon almost with adoration. She deemed him a very "*proper man*;" gloried in his height; thought not of his *girth*, and had she but remembered to have made the giddy young housemaid fill the huge tin machine with boiling water for her master's use, and place it carefully and comfortably, as she ought to have done, at the bottom of his bed, she might still perchance have presided at his house, had her easy chair and cushions by the side of the drawing-room fire as formerly, her spectacles and work-box on the polished table before her, — instead of having the one wheeled down stairs into the housekeeper's room, and the others removed to a walnut-wood table, of insignificant size, in the same apartment. On small things hang the fate of mighty empires!

Cold as an ice-berg, looked and felt Mr. Morton Moncton, on getting up one frosty morning in December, not having had his two tin cylinders, containing the friendly warmth, when he retired to bed. Other gentlemen would have stormed and raved, on finding the deficiency, routed up the house, and insisted on having them got ready immediately. But this was not the method of Mr. Moncton; he brooded over his misfortune, his wrongs, in silence; gloomy, freezing silence! thought he was the most injured man alive; would scarcely take any breakfast; entered neither his library, laboratory, studio, nor observatory all day; but crossing his long, slim legs on the opposite side of the fireplace, at which the neat and smiling Mrs. Young reposed, perfectly unconscious of impending ill, and as loquacious as usual, he would not

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utter a syllable, nor be soothed or talked into good humour; the old lady thought an illness was coming on by his odd manner, and advised her foster-son to bathe his feet at night in *warm water*; but this affectionate proposition seemed to him to be an *insult* added to an injury; for he now violently ejaculated with most unbecoming warmth—"D—the warm water, and you into the bargain."

"God bless my heart and soul!" exclaimed the alarmed housekeeper, looking at her master through her spectacles, "what can be the matter with him?" but before she could receive an answer, Mr. Morton Moncton had taken his tall, spare form, his spindle shanks and his long, exceedingly long nose, out of the apartment, and in another minute she heard the hall door *slap to* with great noise. The master of that handsome house at Notting Hill did not return to it until the evening, or rather the night,—for it was ten o'clock when he entered, not the drawing room as usual, but ringing with much vehemence for candles to be brought to him in the library, retired to his sleeping apartments without deigning to speak a word to his old nurse, who had fretted herself pale and ill with anxiety, imagining all sorts of things, and as is usual, never once thinking of the right one.—She knew his temper well, and therefore, although she ventured not to approach him in his sanctuary, yet fondly hoped the cause of his present ill-humour, if such it was, would be blown away, or slept away by morning, when "Richard would be himself again." And so it might have been, had he found his *feet-comforter* properly prepared for his use the second night—but no! there it stood in a corner of his chamber, with its red jacket on, like a soldier in barracks, and bolt upright upon its two circular legs or hollow cylinders, as if it never was intended to do service any more—unattached, laid up on half-pay. All that night Mr. Morton Moncton walked up and down his sleeping apartments, like a demented being; Mrs. Young told me all this herself, with tears in her eyes. "Oh! if he would but have spoken—would but have relieved his mind!" said she, pathetically, "Poor dear gentleman! I would have got up instantly and made that young minx of a housemaid heat the water in the middle of the night, and get ready the reservoir, had I known—had I but suspected what sat so heavily on his mind! But I had told the young hussey once, and after that—there is a fate in these things—never thought more about it—I ought to have seen to his comfort myself."

On the following morning Mrs. Young informed me, that her dear master looked most "*awfully*" indeed, and really unwell; he had not deigned to enter his bed, but had paced his room during the watches of the night, till his nose was blue, and his long limbs frozen. When she asked most kindly "If he felt unwell?" he darted at her a most furious look, gulped down a cup of hot coffee, and again *slammed to* the hall-door." "He is bewitched," thought Mrs. Young, "He has gone so much lately to that Mr. Varley's, the Astrologer, that he will lose his senses; he has got some nonsense in his head, I dare say, about the stars, and perhaps believes *his hour is come*. Still," said the old woman to me, "I never once suspected that all this misery and anger could be about a frightful tin-case clothed in scarlet flannel, which he might have had heated twenty times a day, aye, and in the night too, for that matter, if he would but have mentioned it!"

A strange change had taken place in the mind of Mr. Morton Moncton, during the third night of his *bereavement*—for no hot cylinders had he. Mrs. Young assured me that he no longer in the morning looked resentful, though exceedingly blue and cold; there was an air of fixed determination about him, which puzzled her much; he made an excellent breakfast, even handed her the buttered toast, and seemed, as she said, and fondly thought, "*coming round*;" only that now and then, he slapped his hand upon his bony nether limb, as if he meant to say "Yes, I am resolved! nothing shall turn me from my purpose."

After breakfast, Mr. Morton Moncton went into his dressing-room, and adorned himself with much care: his best black satin waistcoat, his last new coat, and "*terminations*." He came into the drawing-room when he had finished, with a look of defiance, mixed with pity; and when she ventured to ask him, glancing on his dress, "If he dined out to-day?" he answered, with a husky voice, choked almost with emotion, "Yes, Mrs. Young, I *do* dine out, and probably shall to-morrow and *every day* this week. You will soon know more, *if matters go on as I wish them*."

She did know more; for it seems he went immediately and proposed for the daughter of his old friend Mr. Sutton, at Kensington gravel-pits; and being a man of full three thousand a year, he was instantly accepted. Short work did he make of his courtship, for in less than ten days from the time he went out armed cap-a-pee in his black satin waistcoat, &c., he brought home, to the infinite dismay of poor Mrs. Young, the young lady I had then the honour of attending at Notting Hill, as Mrs. Morton Moncton, who instantly trundled the comfortable blue Morocco chair of the poor old housekeeper into her own apartments down stairs, and herself after it into the bargain.

What "we do in haste, we generally repent at leisure." Poor Mr. Morton Moncton, I believe, did so every moment of his life afterwards. Accustomed to be petted, flattered, beloved by his old respectable and sensible nurse,—all his habits formed and his fancies anticipated (except, indeed, in the affair of the tin water-holder, and that was from inadvertence alone),—dreadful was his annoyance in having a pert, assuming, and common-place woman, breaking in at every corner upon his former occupations, and with claims upon his time and attentions that he could not gainsay. Mrs. Morton Moncton followed her tall, gaunt husband into all his sacred haunts: even the observatory, a little kind of lanthorn at the top of the house, surmounted by a weathercock, was not free from her loving, or rather vexatious, visits. She would take no hints, understand no suggestions,—"*that, in her delicate state of health, she might injure herself by clambering up a frail ladder, not fit for a lady to mount.*" "No; she preferred that strange octagon room," she said, "*to any other in the house, when he was in it: the air was so fresh and wholesome there too, at the top of the house, and she could see all over the country.*" If he in despair shifted his quarters to the laboratory, and told her, "*he had an experiment to make of great nicety, that required much calculation, and might be attended with danger,*" then this most affectionate, or rather *attached*, spouse insisted on going thither to witness it,—plaguing him with a thousand frivolous, ignorant questions, and

asking him the names of every article she saw. He could no longer read in quiet; for if he made his escape into the library, thither would she go, asking him to show her prints, or read to her from some foolish novel. It was the same thing in the studio: not a bust, or torso, or leg, or arm, was free from her inquisitive research. Heartily did he wish her back again at her father's house in Kensington gravel-pits, and himself at liberty to follow his own pursuits, without a namby-pamby woman always at his heels: but when Mrs. Moncton pronounced herself in a way to present him with a miniature resemblance of herself, Mrs. Young assured me that she thought her beloved master would have run "stark staring mad," as he seemed never once to have contemplated, in his bachelor simplicity, that such an event was probable. This brings me up to the period when I entered the family, to my great amusement; for never yet did I see such an assemblage of odd qualities in one individual as in Mr. Morton Moncton.

It was certainly some respite to this singular but kind-hearted gentleman, when his adhesive lady was confined to her own chamber, and he gave me repeated hints, which the shrewd old housekeeper interpreted to me in her own way, and rightly enough, I have no doubt, "that it would be advisable for me to lay a strict injunction on Mrs. Moncton not to leave her apartment *too soon*, as he had heard" (I should like to know what judgment he, an old bachelor, could give upon such a matter)—"he had heard that often injury ensued by ladies too soon coming down stairs after"—, and he left me to finish the sentence as I thought proper. Happy would he have been if I could have persuaded her to stay there for ever.

It was a most absurd thing to see this wild-looking, crane-necked, shadow sort of an old-bachelor-spoiled-man, when he was first shewn his infant heir. There seemed to be as much *astonishment* in him as Adam must have felt when he looked upon the first child that was ever *born* into the world. He stooped down over it, just touched its forehead with his finger, and seemed amazed that the poor little thing could move its hands and open its eyes. "I will cast its nativity myself," said Mr. Morton Moncton: "You are quite correct as to the *precise* moment it was born?" he demanded of me: "I should like to have Mr. Varley here to assist me. Do you, Madam, know any thing of that extraordinary gentleman?" he asked me, forgetting, I believe, at that moment, that he had a wife and a son, and only longing to be at his own delightful pursuits again,—one of which had been the study of the heavenly bodies, and attempting to learn by their movements what would be the destinies of those born under their peculiar influences.

"Thank heaven," he exclaimed, "this little breathing animal, for at present it is no better, was born, you tell me, at *sun-rise*! Good! Strength and vigour shall he have, at any rate. I entered this mortal life, Madam, at *midnight*, when there was no moon, and not a single star visible. It is wonderful that I have got on so well as I have done. But I shall bring Mr. Varley home to dinner to-day, and you will much oblige me by letting him look at that queer little being you have there. Mrs. Moncton will not object, I am sure; and at night, when the stars are out, we will go up together into the observatory, and consult them still more distinctly respecting the fate of Master *Pinkface* there. Will he always look as healthy and rosy as he does now?"

What I am now going to relate may seem extraordinary; but with that I have nothing to do. I copy from my note-book, and I put all down there most faithfully, as it occurred.

I believe there are very few persons in London who have not heard of the painter Varley, and his astonishing predictions. Who is there, in going on to Kensington, that has not had his handsome house pointed out to him on the right-hand side, where all the magnates of the land resort, under pretext of looking at the painter's portefeuille of admirable sketches of landscapes, &c.; but, in reality, to consult him on their destinies, and obtain from him their *horoscopes*, for which they pay, and very largely too, by a nominal price being put on his drawings, which are purchased, with the full understanding that their horoscope is to be sent in with them.

Mrs. Morton Moncton at first demurred to this desire of her husband, that Mr. Varley should look upon the face of her infant with his scientific eyes, unless she could be present, and hear all his observations; but this matter was soon put to rights by a *bribe*, that most efficient medium of communication and persuasion. A very handsome pearl ring was purchased and sent to the lady, on express condition, that little Master Morton Moncton was to spend an hour or two with the painter-astrologer, and his amateur papa in the drawing-room; there to be looked over, like a curious piece of mechanism, and all his future movements speculated on, with the greatest gravity and faith. As for myself, I could make no possible objection; and, to tell the honest truth, I liked the fun of the thing, and wished, as Dr. Johnson said, to see "*what would come of it.*"

Accordingly, we went down stairs, Master Morton Moncton, junior, and Co., and found, in addition to the master of the house and his painter friend, the worthy old house-keeper, Mrs. Young, who wished to be present at the examination of the babe, and seemed quite at home in her former comfortable place by the fire-side. The gentlemen were just come out from the dinner-room, and were very intensely perusing two large pieces of paper lying on the table, with strange characters, figures, and circles traced upon them. I found they were two *horoscopes* of the infant, one calculated by the father, the other by Mr. Varley since his arrival; and as there appeared to be some slight variation in the calculations of the two, the gentlemen were trying to adjust them.

Mrs. Young placed her finger on her lip as I entered the room, to bespeak silence, seeing her master and his friend were engaged on a business of so much importance. Quietly, therefore, I sat down, and waited until they should be willing to notice my young charge, who was calmly sleeping on my lap.

And here let me observe, whilst they are so engaged, that I think there is a very erroneous estimate made of the rank a Monthly Nurse should hold in society, seeing that the office is generally held by women of low birth, and of prejudiced, ignorant, vulgar minds: by women who like to take a *drop of spirits* just as it comes from the distiller; or, in their language, "*neat*;" who have a parcel of tawdry tales to tell, and circulate half the gossip in the neighbourhood. Now, this should not be. The office has degenerated since the time of the ancients, quite as much as that of the *slayer of animals* known by the name of the *butcher*,

who formerly was the *priest* ; who prepared the sacrifice, and distributed the remainder of the flesh, not offered up, to the people.

Assuredly she who first takes from the hands of nature a young child, a being new from God's creation, or, at any rate, new to this human sphere, is a *priestess* in every sense of the word ; and though not ordained one by the bishop's authority and by laying on of hands, holds her title from a much higher dignity, if she enter upon her office with a *pure heart*, and a deep sense of its sacredness, its responsibility. I have taken this opportunity of saying this *en passant*, just to inform my readers of it whilst the gentlemen are talking of the "*occultation of planets*," and the partial shadow, or "*penumbra*," the moon sometimes casts upon our earth, when she comes between it and the sun ; a circular shadow, I think they said, of about 4,900 miles in diameter, and which would be very fatal to be born under. I wish just to say, for the last time, that whatever *they*, the world, may think of a "*monthly nurse*," from seeing that particular one in their mother's, aunt's, sister's, family, perchance their own, dressed in a little snug black silk or velvet bonnet, and a comfortable Norwich shawl, that I esteem myself at a much higher rate, and feel myself entitled, from birth, education, manners, and, more than all, *my office*, to sit down at the table of *princes*. Nay, more : that if they, these said princes, were not good of their kind, "*the Monthly Nurse*" would not condescend to sit down to table with them ! "Look here," said Mr. Morton Moncton, with much vehemence of manner, and stooping down with his spider-legs and attenuated form over the two papers lying on the table : "Look here, Varley : either you or I must have committed some most egregious blunder ! I have drawn the child's horoscope by the aid of this year's ephemeris,—so could not mistake."

"Ephemeris !" repeated Mr. Varley, with much contempt : "an adept in astrology never wants an ephemeris : it may do very well to assist a *Neophyte*. I tell you that Jupiter is neither in trine nor sextile at the babe's birth. I wish he were, on your account, Morton. I know nothing of the little being himself. No ; he is in *quartile*, and decidedly malign. I would stake my reputation on it that I am correct."

"Good God, Varley !" interrupted the father, raising himself up to his extreme height, and looking the other gentleman full in his face : "If this calculation of yours is right (let me look again at the *House of Life*),—yes, if you are correct, the child will be burnt to death before his tenth year !" "To be sure he will, if he is not long before that time," said Mr. Varley, without the smallest emotion. "If you were to keep him at the bottom of the sea, *Fire*, his implacable foe, must reach him, and destroy him on or before that period."

"What is the use, then, of taking any account about him ?" enquired the father, just glancing round to look upon the infant, who was calmly sleeping on my knees, perfectly unconscious of his impending fate ; but I saw poor Mrs. Young put the corner of her white muslin apron up to her eyes, and look upon the table with a most piteous glance.

"It is your duty, Morton," said his friend emphatically, placing his hand upon the arm of the other, "not to let these consultations of ours interfere in the least with your cares of this unfortunate child of yours, as his father. It were better for you *not* to read the stars concerning his destiny, if it makes you careless respecting him."

"What nonsense you talk, Varley," exclaimed the other. "What use would it be to instruct and make a prodigy of that poor thing, as I could do, no doubt, by instructing him myself, if all his attainments, and himself into the bargain, are *pre-ordained* to be swallowed up—actually devoured—by fire, before he can bring them to any good account?"—And Mr. Moncton sat down most disconsolately, and began to beat upon the ground the *tattoo* of a certain *old gentleman* who shall be nameless. For my part, I felt indignant, and longed to throw both their *horoscopes*, as they called them, into the fire, and give them, the calculators of them, a good singeing besides for their folly.

"How stands the fourth House, or House of Relations, Varley?" demanded Mr. Moncton, at length, very doggedly.

"Bad, very bad," said the inexorable astrologer. "Nothing can look worse. Then the *eighth* House: only look, Morton, at the *House of Death*."

"I suppose we shall all suffer on account of this '*young salamander*,' murmured out the affectionate parent, looking with no very pleasing expression of eye towards the place where I was sitting. "I expect we shall all be burnt to ashes on account of him."

"How can that be?" argued his phlegmatic friend, "when you know your own horoscope bids you '*beware of water*?' "

"True," answered Mr. Moncton, brightening up a little; "and twice have I narrowly escaped from being drowned already; once when a school-boy, and the second time in the Bay of Naples, where a boat was upset in which I sat, and I was taken out insensible."

"Beware of the *third* time, Morton," solemnly warned the apathetic painter, fixing his eyes, for the first time, on mine, with a most peculiar expression, and then scanning over my features, as regardless of my notice of him as if I had been carved out of stone. People, when looked at so intensely, as I was, must do something; either toss their heads, or blush and look down, or give a smile of some sort of expression or other. I did the last, it seems, and with some slight sign of ridicule mixed up with it; for the painter-astrologer came up close behind me, and whispered, in no very gentle tones, in my ear, "If you have any thing valuable, Madam, that you would wish to save, send it out of this house, or it will be in danger of being destroyed by fire."

"My own life, sir, is very valuable," I answered coolly enough; "at least it is so to myself, and a few others besides. Is it advisable that I should remove my own person this very night?"

"O no; certainly not," said Mr. V——; "you could not with any propriety leave Mrs. Moncton as she is; but——" and he paused.

"I'll lay my life on it, that you are in error," vociferated Mr. Moncton, who had been working at his horoscope again, "I learned to calculate by yourself, Varley, and I am assured that I am right. Shall we have a fire lighted up in the observatory, and rectify any little mistake that may have crept in, by the planets themselves? It seems as if it would be a very clear night. Let us burn both these horoscopes, and see if we can make a better one."

"Agreed," replied Mr. Varley, who had resumed his observation of my features: "have the goodness, madam, to tell me the precise day and hour at which you were born——"

"I have no objection," answered I, smiling, "but if you should find me a *salamander* too! what can be said then?"

"That we shall have the house burnt down to the ground this very night," groaned out the master of it. "Have the goodness though to inform my friend, if you please, of the hour of your birth."—

I did so accordingly; and when I had to the best of my knowledge acquainted him, I saw astonishment and dismay spread over the features of both gentlemen.

"This is a strange *coincidence*," at length exclaimed Mr. Varley: why you are born, madam, under the same malignant influences as the young thing there lying in your lap! You have had, if I do not mistake, one or two narrow escapes already; but you are not yet safe. You have a scar there on your left hand; that was occasioned by *fire*, I imagine?"

I absolutely started; for when I was a child I had set fire to my frock, and in endeavouring to extinguish the flames had severely burnt my hand.

"You were about six years old, when this accident happened," continued Mr. Varley; "but this has not been the *only* one; you must have been in great danger from that destructive element at ——— let me see—yes—when you were about seven-and-twenty.

"Merciful God!" cried I, completely thrown off my guard: "it was *then* that I lost ———" And, woman as I am, in spite of all my assumed firmness, I burst into a flood of tears. What had I *not* lost by *fire*, or the consequences of it, when I was seven-and-twenty years of age! I sobbed aloud.

It is very seldom indeed that I allow my feelings thus to master me; when they do, they resemble a stream that has been dammed up and suddenly breaks down the barriers—a violent rush, a torrent, succeeds, carrying all before it. Both the gentlemen appeared struck, and both attempted some words of consolation. I waived my hands to them to desist, and they understood me—*Consolation!* and from them, I became still more impatient at the very thought of it!

Poor Mrs. Young! she took a better way with me, for she merely rose from her chair, and taking the infant from my lap, she said, with infinite simplicity and pathos, "It will do you good! It will relieve your heart! Do not strive to restrain your tears! You will be better soon! God bless you, you have had *your* sorrows, I see, as well as myself!"

As soon as I could command myself sufficiently to speak, I looked up, and trying to smile, (but it was but a wretched November attempt at sunshine,) I asked Mr. Varley to explain to me what he meant by calculating a horoscope? I said this merely to say *something*; not that I cared a pin about the matter, but that I felt ashamed of myself, for having been so suddenly overpowered.

"I will go and see that all is right in the observatory," said Mr. Morton Moncton, "all the apparatus in order, whilst you, Varley, explain to Mrs. Griffiths the meaning of a horoscope." And away he walked upon his spindle shanks, looking for all the world like an ostrich, both in shape and physiognomy.

"Will you have the goodness just to see if Mrs. Moncton still sleeps," said I to Mrs. Young, "and fetch me when she awakens."

"I will sit down by the bedside," said Mrs. Young, "and watch her till you come. Shall I take the infant with me?"

"By no means," said Mr. Varley, answering for me, "we shall want them both presently, up in the observatory; I am curious to ascertain some certain phenomena by-and-bye. Come, I will try to amuse you, madam, in the mean time, and am really sorry I have discomposed you, and yet I am not sorry either; it will afford me a highly scientific treat—establish a very important fact;—in short, madam, I am sorry that you have suffered, but am glad that I have so glorious an opportunity. Come, let me draw you a horoscope," and he pulled a small table near to the place where I was sitting, placed the candles on it, drew out a pair of compasses, and helped himself to a sheet of drawing paper that lay in the table-drawer.

"Let me describe a circle or sphere," said Mr. Varley, suiting the action to the word, "by the bye, I should tell you who was the inventor of this diagram;—it was a Mr. Horrox, a man of extreme genius, who lived somewhere near Liverpool, many years ago: had he lived twenty years longer, what might he not have discovered! It was he who predicted, nay, even *saw* the passage of Venus over the sun's disk, and discovered also the *parallax* and distance of the sun and planets."

"Indeed!" said I, my thoughts running away into far more interesting matters, for the image of *the dead* had been conjured up, and stood in bold relief before my mental eye; "Indeed!" I repeated, "he must have been a young man of very great talents—almost a Newton."

"Madam," said Mr. Varley, with great solemnity, "this Mr. Horrox discovered the new theory of *lunar motion*, which Newton himself made the ground-work of his astronomy: but to return; you know, of course, that *Leo* is the sun's house, and *Cancer* that of the moon."

"I knew it not before now," answered I, trying to be cheerful, and affecting an hilarity at that moment foreign to my heart, "Is it their '*House of Call*' as the different Trades' Unions say? Or does the sun wholly *reside* in *Leo*, and the moon in *Cancer*?"

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Varley, looking up impatiently into my face; but he read a *sorrow* there that seemed to touch his heart;—"I know all about it," muttered he to himself, "but I must touch that wound no more."

"Well, Sir," said I, "and what is the meaning of this circle that you have drawn?"

"I must divide it into four equal parts first," said he, "and then I will inform you: there—this makes the horizontal line; this the meridional one; thus making four quadrants or quarters, of the visible heavens—do you observe?"

"Quite well," I answered, "and now for the meaning of it all——"

"This is to represent the whole celestial globe or sphere; that is all that can be visible to us on this side the earth. Now I draw two interior circles of equal distances from the first, and this is the skeleton of a horoscope, which of course must be filled in by the heavenly bodies, as they happen to be placed at a child's birth. See, there are twelve divisions in this figure—count them—they are called the Twelve Houses.—Stay, I will put their names down on paper for you, since I owe you some little atonement for the pain I have given you." And the kind-hearted Mr. Varley wrote as follows:—

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4th	" . .	The House of Relations.
5th	" . .	The House of Children.
6th	" . .	The House of Health.
7th	" . .	The House of Marriage.
8th	" . .	The House of Death, or the <i>Upper Gate</i> .
9th	" . .	The House of Pity.
10th	" . .	The House of Offices.
11th	" . .	The House of Friends.
12th	" . .	The House of Enemies.

"You perceive," continued Mr. Varley, "that each of these four quadrants are divided into three unequal parts, rising from the centre to the circumference. The four smaller ones are called the angular or the *ascendant* houses, or mid-heaven or meridian; these are deemed most powerful and fortunate. The next four are called the *succedent*, the eleventh, second, eighth and fifth houses, and are next in force. Then come the third class, or *cadent* houses: when a child is born, we observe clearly how the planets stand—there are but five aspects for them, their being in Conjunction, Sextile, Quartile, Trine, or Opposition."

I confessed myself extremely puzzled with all this, which seemed rather to give my instructor pleasure than otherwise. "Astrology," said he, "is no vulgar or common science; it is not to be learned in a day: indeed it is never learned; as there are fresh discoveries in it every day."

"So I should think," I said, drily enough, "for the discovery of any new planet must put out all your reckoning. But how do you account, Sir, for this extraordinary influence, that you assert is exerted on the human race, by these very distant bodies the stars, that is by *philosophical* means?"

Mr. Varley looked a little disconcerted, and I thought a little angry; but his brow soon cleared, and he answered, cheerfully enough, "Your question is a startling one; I have not *time* to go into a long explanation now, *but I shall see you again in a few months*; and then if you please we shall renew the conversation."

"I should like you to give me somewhat of an answer now," I said, with a little malice, hoping to puzzle him: but I only drew down upon my own head such a torrent of terms and authorities, that I own I looked up helplessly in his face, and made a movement that it was time I should depart. But Mr. Varley now felt warmed in the subject, and Mr. Morton Moncton just then returning, he enlisted him in the service; so I was obliged to have my lesson all over again.

"Judicial Astrology," began the latter gentleman, "is the *inspired* daughter of Astronomy;" and he looked most awfully at me.

"How do you know of her *inspiration*?" I ventured to enquire. It was a bold, a daring question. How did they both belabour me, not with their fists, certainly, but with their tongues. I wished myself heartily out of their clutches; yet still there was some sort of amusement in the scene. The crane-like figure of Mr. Moncton, his prominent nose, his eager eyes, his straggling hair, and his high-toned voice, made him a most curious, nondescript animal to gaze on. As for his child, he

scarcely deigned to look upon it; and if his lady had never come down stairs at all, happy would he have been, most certainly. He had his hot-water apparatus now most duly prepared for him by the repentant Mrs. Young, so that he never complained of cold during the night, and he could rove about at his pleasure, without interruption or idle questioning, from studio to observatory, and so on to the whole round of his pursuits.

"You want us to prove the *inspiration* of judicial astrology," demanded he, drawing up his slim person to its greatest height,

"I would rather hear, Sir," I asked, "an answer to my first question: *that* seems to me to involve the other."

"What was that, Varley?" demanded Mr. Moncton. "Why do you not resolve the point at once, you who are a thorough master?"

"Repeat your question, Madam," said the painter, with great pomposity; "and be careful, if you please, as to how you state it."

"I think I asked your friend, Sir, to account for the extraordinary influence the planets, so very remotely as they are situated from us, are said to have upon human beings? I wished it to be explained on *philosophical* grounds."

"Yes, I see," observed Mr. Moncton, pulling up his shirt-collar until it nearly touched his nose. "The question was put to *you*, Varley."

"And I will answer it to the satisfaction of all the *reasonable* part of the world. As for the others, who cares a rush for them?" said Mr. Varley.

I smiled inwardly, as I thought how very easy a thing it was for me to be deemed one of the reasonable part of the community. I had only to be fully convinced by the arguments of Mr. Varley, respecting the truth of astrological predictions.

"What said Sir Walter Raleigh respecting the planets, Madam?" commenced Mr. Varley: "that 'there were more things to be learned from them than in all the works of the ancients;'" and he looked triumphantly on me.

"No doubt that was *his* opinion, Sir," said I, wishing to pique him a little: "his *assumption*; but is it not possible that Sir Walter Raleigh might be wrong?"

"Could Albertus Magnus be wrong?" shouted Mr. Moncton at the top of his harsh, grating voice. "Could Virgil, the *poet* Virgil, Madam, be wrong? Luther, the great reformer? Merlin? St. Dunstan? Ziitoo, King of Bohemia, afterwards Emperor of Germany, and a thousand others? Could they all be fools, blockheads, ignorant pretenders?" And he leaned down his lantern face towards me, as if he were going to eat me.

"It is possible," I quietly answered. "The very wisest and best of men have their weak points."

"Give me leave," said Mr. Varley, bestowing on his friend a gentle push, which had nearly upset him. "I will decide the thing at once. The principal stars and planets, with regard to this earth, have certain *aspects*, according to their situation, being either benign or malignant; and they temper and influence the surrounding *ambient* with their rays; and by their configuration with the sun and moon, thus acting on a newborn infant in a most extraordinary manner; for the *ambient*, or ele-

mentary matter, becomes saturated and prepared according to the healthy or baneful influence shed upon it; and this the child receives with its first inspiration."

"Now, what do you think of the matter?" screamed out Mr. Morton Moncton, flourishing his hand, and knocking off a chimney-ornament. "Are you not convinced, fully, entirely satisfied, of the vast importance attending the first breath an infant draws?"

"I am indeed," I answered; but there was a decided *equivoque* implied, which my two astrological teachers saw not. So they clapped their hands in high admiration of themselves, and of the *reasonableness* of their full-grown pupil: when I excused myself from any farther attendance, by saying I could no longer absent myself from Mrs. Moncton.

"Let us adjourn into the observatory, Varley," said Mr. Moncton, "and see if it be possible to make out a better horoscope between us for this little unfortunate. I will have him sent out to nurse immediately, and not endanger *my own life* and property, besides that of his mother," he added, by way of parenthesis, "since *fire* must be his prevailing element."

"Be careful of yourself, Madam," added Mr. Varley, opening the door for me, and pointing to my hand.

"Two salamanders in one house is rather too much of a good thing," muttered Mr. Morton Moncton, as I closed the door; and so we parted.

I found the lady of the house, as she well might be, in a very ill humour; for I must own she had been most shamefully neglected, through my taking such a long astrological lesson. She asked me, with a sarcastic tone, if I had been much amused, and what the great magi below had said respecting the child. Of course I did not inform her that the chief one there had predicted it would be *burnt to death*, some time before it was ten years old; but Mrs. Young, who was still in the room, had not been quite so prudent. On being closely questioned, she had confessed all, and Mrs. Moncton had consequently become feverish and unwell. In vain I reasoned with her on the folly of believing that any of God's free creatures should be so fated, and acted on by dull pieces of rolling matter, as the stars certainly are, and nothing more. In vain I requested her to trust the destiny of her poor little boy to the care of its Creator. Nothing would pacify her; nothing prevent her from wailing over the unconscious babe, which set her a fine example, by its perfect *quiescence*, could she have profited by it, that its Creator was the best, the only judge of what was properest for it. Its *will* was not yet awakened to *rebellion* against the divine will; so it slumbered in peace. What is being *burnt to death*, a momentary bodily pang, or any other short-lived agony, to a mind that can consciously keep *its will* in such blessed subjection to that of the Author of our being.

About four o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Moncton moaned herself into a feverish slumber, and her room became hushed for about an hour or two. I sat in her easy chair, for I did not choose to retire myself to repose, seeing she was in so perturbed a state. I sat reflecting on the *past*, and on the strange conversation I had had with the two gentlemen-astrologers down stairs. "It is certainly very extraordinary," thought I, "how that Mr. Varley should know how dreadfully I have suffered from *fire*." It is true the scar upon my hand might have given him the first

clue ; but how did he get at the information of the last most appalling event, when I was seven-and-twenty ? I'll think no more of it. Sleeping baby ! let me take a lesson from thee. How should I be able to solve all that appears mysterious ?" and I began to feel sleepy. " Perhaps there is something in astrology, after all," said I,—and I began to dose. " Let me be careful, however, now, and not provoke my own fate, and of this little one too, it seems," I mistily argued, pushing my chair instinctively back from the grate above a foot ; and then I gave up the point without farther contest, whether convinced or not I cannot say, for my spirit soared then far beyond the empire of *memory*. In short, I fell asleep.

" Am I dreaming or not ?" was the first act of my unconsciousness, forced into activity by a loud uproar, as it seemed to me, by a thousand voices, a thousand sonorous raps upon the hall door. " Get up !" " Save yourselves ! *The house is in flames !*" " There is not a moment to lose !" Bang, bang, went the door, and I flew to the window. Sure enough there was light outside, and fire, and sparks flying about in all directions, and all coming from our own residence. My first thought was to alarm the house ; then to rush back and take care of my charge, the lady and her infant.

There was no time for ceremony. I huddled upon poor Mrs. Moncton's person all the cloaks and shawls I could scramble up : in spite of her lamentations, I insisted on drawing on her stockings, and putting over them a pair of snow-boots I happened to see in the closet : then taking a couple of blankets from the bed, and catching up the little " salamander," as his father called him, I half dragged away the mother, and carried the child down stairs. The doors had been forced open. A way was made for us by the mob, who had now collected in numbers. Both of them were safe wrapped up in the blankets I had brought down with me, and were immediately carried away and received into the house and bed of a kind neighbour.

Shall I confess my weakness ? Yes ! Why should I pretend to a strength of mind I do not possess. I saw all the servants, Mrs. Young, the aged house-keeper,—even the spaniel dog, and the grey parrot, safely brought out of the blazing house ; and various bundles, and trunks, and furniture also. But I saw not the master of the house, Mr. Moncton : yet, at that moment, I felt not the slightest alarm for his fate ; for had not Mr. Varley and himself positively asserted that *water*, and not *fire*, was the element that was obnoxious to him ? Though I knew that he had been in his observatory at the top of the house, where, it seems, the fire had originated, I stood still and gazed at the devouring flames with a calmness, regarding the life of Mr. Morton Moncton, that now appears ridiculous to me, as it fully certifies to me that I was then (whatever I may be now), without even knowing it, myself a convert to the profound *occult* art of judicial astrology, entirely forgetful that our very escape from the flames, the " little salamander" and myself, made quite as much against the truth of it. We ought both to have been destroyed by that fire, to have made out the prediction of my host and his friend.

" Where can Mr. Moncton be ?" screamed out the almost frantic Mrs. Young, when she could nowhere find him. " Has he perished in the flames ? My dear beloved foster-son." At this time the engines

began to arrive, for Notting Hill was rather out of the way for their assistance sooner. Water, water was instantly in requisition; and one of the firemen ran to an enormous tank, or water-butt, to place the end of the leathern engine *hose* within it, that the water might be sent up and distributed over the ignited house.

"What the d—— have we here?" shouted out the fireman, pulling out by the heels the unfortunate Mr. Morton Moncton; who, on finding out, from his elevated chamber, his danger, and that there was no retreat for him by the stairs, they being wholly burnt away, had ventured to descend by the water-spout, twisting his limber, tarantula-like limbs, legs and arms, most affectionately round it; but when near the bottom, he got, somehow or other, in a reversed position to what he should be or was at first, and, slipping his hold, fell down headlong into the water-butt, or reservoir for the rain-water, when, not being able to get himself right again, he soon lost all sensibility, and was drawn out by the legs, like a drowned weazle, by the fireman.

But science, in all her branches, was not doomed as yet, to weep over the inanimate clay of her most favored son. Mr. Moncton soon shewed some signs of returning animation, on being carefully laid between hot blankets, and having his own *apparatus* (happily preserved) full of boiling water placed to his feet and ankles. Mrs. Young, his affectionate old servant, diligently attended to him, rubbing his cold spare limbs, and administering to him some "drops of brandy" at various times, which assisted most powerfully in his restoration.

Instead of feeling any sorrow for the loss of much valuable property—(it is true great part of it was insured), and his valuable apparatus above and below, his painted Cleopatras, and his dying stone Didos—Mr. Moncton felt as if he had achieved a mighty victory. Had he not predicted that water was to be his foe? Had not his friend Varley made it clear to all, "*and no mistake*," that the horoscope of his son pointed out the malignity of *fire* towards him? Had not astrology obtained a most triumphant wreath? There wanted but one little circumstance, I believe, to have rendered him, Mr. Morton Moncton, the happiest of men. Had the flames but rendered him a *widower*, he would have sung *Jubilate!* to the end of his days.

Handsome furnished lodgings were the next day procured, and thither in her carriage were carried the melancholy Mrs. Moncton, and the poor little "salamander," neither of them apparently injured by the cold or fright; but I had a very sad time of it until I got my release and entire remuneration, from her generous husband, for the loss of my own wardrobe. He soon after took a house at Blackheath, that he might be near the observatory at Greenwich, for the better making observations on the stars; having become very intimate with the late Dr. Pond, who allowed him full leave to use his noble apparatus, although I have heard that his successor did not afford the same facilities to amateurs, as it breaks in much upon his time, and, no doubt, upon his patience.

This fire at Notting-hill rendered Mr. Varley also quite *cock-a-hoop*, as they say;—he carried his head an inch or two higher, and asked me, when he called at our temporary apartments in Kensington Gravel-pits, what I thought of judicial astrology now? "You are not out of danger, Madam, yet," said he impressively; "although, as regards yourself individually, your worst trial is over from your inexorable foe."

"My worst, Sir," said I solemnly, "was when I was seven and twenty."

"True, true, I did not think of that. Come, you must not be down-hearted, nor must the mother of our 'little salamander' be so either; who knows, he may perhaps get through it. I forgot to calculate the influence of a certain wandering comet that cannot be many millions of miles off now, though we cannot see him yet. The comet may get him through."

"This is a comfort to me, indeed," murmured the lady in 'white dimity,' "then my precious child may still be spared to me."

"I have got hold of such a curious old book, Varley," said the amateur astrologer, poet, painter, and all the rest of it; "I picked it up this morning at a book stall, and I would not sell it for a hundred pounds! Perhaps it may amuse you, Sarah (his wife), if I read you a page or two from it?"

Sarah looked as if nothing in the world *would* amuse her; but Mr. Morton Moncton felt disposed himself to read, therefore he cared but little for the wishes of any one else.

"What is the book about, Moncton?" ventured to ask Mr. Varley, who saw the vinegar aspect of the lady, "I came here to chat, and not to hear reading; I can read at home."

"Not such a book as this;" grinned Mr. Moncton, "I got it for a couple of shillings, and find it invaluable."

"It looks very dirty and shabby," languidly observed the lady, "but I know you are fond of such *queer-looking* things."

"And so must *you* have been, Madam," I thought, "or you never would have made choice of such an odd-looking animal for a husband, resembling 'an alligator stuffed.'"

"Well," said the animated Mr. Varley, "if we needs must have a page or two of that old tome inflicted on us, let it be done at once. I want my coffee, and then be off. Moncton, you have to thank the presence of mind displayed by Mrs. Griffiths, or you might have been a wife and child out of pocket by that carelessness of yours, up in that glass lantern. Why, it must have happened soon after I took my leave of you?"

Mr. Morton Moncton looked as if he had not the slightest gratitude to me in the world for the favor his friend assured him I had done him; but his wife perceived it not. She only fretted because she had lost her fine ornamented album, which, she said, no money could repair, for it contained the verses and handwriting of all her friends and schoolfellows; some of them dead, some gone to India, some no one knew where.

"Never mind all that *stuff*," considerably said her husband, "there, I will write you down in a bran new album this story respecting the great sorcerer *Michael Scott*, whom you must have heard about."

"No," said the erudite Mrs. Moncton, with a certain hesitation of manner; "I think *his* name was *Walter Scott*. I have heard he was a great magician too; and in his *Guy Manning*—no, *Mannering*—he does talk about the planets, and horoscopes, and all that. Could it be the same?"

"Pshaw!" said the husband most emphatically, as much as to say, "what a confounded *fool* the woman is!" Still he kept his word; he

always did so; a very handsome album, with gold lock and key, was the next day purchased for Mrs. Moncton, when her husband, with a hard new pen, wrote the following, which I copied, by permission, from it:—

MICHAEL SCOTTE.

He was a mighty mann that Scotte,
 He work'd with tules uncommonn !
 The Prince of Darknesse lyk'd him not,
 He lykes not mann nor womann !
 He things invysible could see,
 He erthquakes made, and thunders ;
 He dyv'd into futuritie,
 And pull'd up many wonders !
 Heare what he dyd to certaine deane,
 (And be convinc'd, ye scoffers !)
 A priest he was both leude and mean,
 Who thought to fylle his coffers.
 Then cautious bee, for mysterie,
 Thy beeing is surrounding !
 Another Michael Scotte may bee,
 With wonders more astounding !*

The Abbé Blanchet, a very erudite man, tells the following story of the celebrated *Michael Scott*; it has its moral, and shall be handed down to posterity as far as I can throw the ball. It is called "The Deane of Badogos," but of what bishopric he was does not appear. Time wears off, as it does in statuary and other things, many of the prominent parts from legends such as this; we must make out the whole, from what remaineth.

This reverend divine, the Dean of Badogos, being much enamoured of the reputation of Michael Scott, came to him one day, and, after sundry compliments and pleasant phrases, requested of him a specimen of his mighty power.

"I have left off," quoth Scott, "entertaining others with proofs of my unbounded skill. I have enriched hundreds, made scores happy, but have never yet met with gratitude."

"Horrible!" ejaculated the Dean of Badogos, the word '*enriched*' ringing in his ears, and giving a slight palpitation to his heart. "Horrible," repeated he, casting up his eyes, till nothing but the '*whites*' of them were visible. "Of all deadly sins, surely, ingratitude is the worst! I would as soon wear the mark of *the beast* stamped upon my forehead, as have the brand of ingratitude affixed to my name."

"Of course, you *know* your own nature well, Mr. Dean?" said Michael Scott somewhat pointedly, but without offence. "You have proved it? subjected it to tests?"

"Yes," answered the Dean solemnly; "like double refined gold, there is no alloy, in this part of my character at least; with regard to outward forms, indeed, I may be rather faulty, but"—

"They are immaterial," interrupted the great Magus. "I am glad to hear that I have found *one* grateful being." But there was a tone of sarcasm in his voice, as he said this, which the Dean perceived not.

* This little tale is rendered into modern English, that it may the better be understood.—Ed.

"Can you refuse me any longer a specimen of your art?" demanded the Dean eagerly.

"I can refuse you nothing," was the courteous reply, "but you must consent to sup with me; I require some time for my preparations."

"I am entirely at your service, great Michael Scott," said the Dean most joyously. "So I will send my equipage away; what time shall it return?"

"Your men shall take a cup of wine with my housekeeper, before they go," said Michael Scott, rising, and going to the head of the stairs. "Theresa!" called he, "show hospitality to the servants of the Dean of Badogos; and, Theresa, put *two* partridges down to roast, for the Dean of Badogos stays to supper with me."

After this Michael Scott returns to his room, his visitor was placed in an enchanted chair, and the incantations begin—in imagination, to him a reality—the Dean becomes by gradual, but rather slow progress, first a bishop, then he assumes the cardinal's hat, enters into all kinds of intrigues, has a large family of nephews and nieces who have all lost their fathers, and finally is made a pope. Then comes Michael Scott before him, old and infirm to all appearance, humbly claiming his reward for having helped him to all this greatness. "Reward!" exclaims the new pope, inflated with pride at his elevation and vast riches, and entirely forgetting his benefactor's services to him. "Reward, indeed! it is with grief and indignation that I have heard of thy vile practices, old man, in my dominions—under pretence of acquiring *science*. I am informed, thou hast secret intercourse with the powers of darkness. I command thee, instantly to depart from my territories, for thou art a disgrace to the holy see. If, after three days, thou art found in my dominions, thou shalt be given up to the secular arm, and be consigned to the flames."

Michael Scott smiled, as the Pope thus addressed him, which enraged his holiness so much that he stamped with fury, and was going to order in the officers of the Inquisition, when the Magus walked coolly to the head of the stairs once more, and called out to his housekeeper over the banisters, "Theresa! put down only *one* partridge to roast, for the Dean of Badogos does *not* stay to sup with me."

The charm was dissolved; the Dean had nothing left of his supposed dignities, only the *memory* of his own baseness and ingratitude. Mortified and humbled he departed, and found that his servants had not yet half finished the cup of wine that Theresa had drawn for them. Michael Scott uttered no reproaches to his visitor, but contented himself with calmly saying, "Good Dean of Badogos, suffer your men to finish their wine, since it has been drawn, as it is a pity any thing should be wasted."

"What a very queer story," said Mrs. Morton Moncton, when her husband had finished reading it aloud to her—"Dear me! it is not at all fit for an album."

"It is fit for a *Homily* then," said the gentleman, "and I will venture to say, that you will not have a better thing written in this gay book of yours, Madam."

"*Homily*?" enquired the lady; "what is a homily?"

"Pshaw!" ejaculated Mr. Moncton, "I wonder what girls go to school for!"

"La, Moncton! what an odd question! why not certainly to study

the stars, and set fire to the house," she added spitefully, "that is taught at universities, I suppose."

"You grow personal, Madam." And I think I heard him mutter between his teeth, "I have not profited much by the teaching then, or my wife would have been included in that fire."

In due time I left this strange family, and returned to my own house at Kensington: and now for the sequel of this wild rambling narrative.

I was looking out of my drawing room window some months after this, when I saw a gentleman walking up and down before my house, looking at the numbers on the doors, and evidently seeking for some acquaintance—he looked up, bowed, and marched up my little garden, then redolent with every kind of hardy flower. It was Mr. Varley.

My heart beat as I extended my hand to him, and bid him welcome, especially as he had a most solemn and melancholy look.

"You have a very pretty house here, Mrs. Griffiths," glancing his eye round, a good deal of very handsome furniture here: excuse me, Madam, but are you insured?"

"Yes, Sir, I am," I answered, much agitated, "but why do you ask?"

"Because," answered he, "there is much danger for you just at this particular time, from your inveterate, but unconscious foe, *fire*; if you can, by proper precaution, prevent severe accident *now*, I think I may pronounce that your dangerous ordeal is over: I walked here on purpose to apprise you of this."

"You are most kind and good," said I, much fluttered, what would you advise me to do?"

"Only be cautious of your chimneys, and your candles at night: and I think you had better send any valuable property, that can be easily removed, out of your house for a few days,—for instance, this handsome gold watch, (and he pointed to one lying on the table) and your plate, books, jewellery, &c. &c."

"Surely it would be ridiculous to do so, would it not?" I argued, recovering a little, and thinking what a fool I was making of myself to tremble so.

"Just as you please," coldly replied Mr. Varley, "I have done my duty, and shall wish you now good morning."

"Stay, Sir," I entreat you," said I, not knowing what to think: "pray do not leave me in this state of agitation; you must perceive that I am much alarmed—that your words have—"

"So much the better," argued my benevolent, but most extraordinary guest, "then profit by my words, and let your valuables be removed."

How very active is thought! in one moment my mind had made a catalogue of my moveable property, that I set the most store by; the presents I had received; the diamond ring of him—now no more; my India shawls, my note-book, my curious old MSS., my superb writing desks, my gold repeater, all passed in rapid review, swifter than lightning.

"Shall I take them with me in a coach?" demanded Mr. Varley, reading my thoughts.

"If you would take the trouble," I hastily answered, beginning to put some of the things together, and ringing the bell for Bridget to fetch a coach, at the same time smiling at my own credulity, yet resolved to

entrust my property to Mr. Varley, who I knew would restore it all to me, when the supposed danger was over.

When my valuables were packed up, and the coach at the door, just as Mr. Varley was eating a sandwich, and drinking a glass of sherry, I told him that I was going that evening to a concert at the Argyle-Rooms, Regent Street; for one of my young friends had procured me a ticket, and was to call on me, and take me with her."

"That is most extraordinary indeed!" said Mr. Varley, clasping his hands in unfeigned astonishment.

"And why so, Sir?" said I, getting more mystified every minute.

"I have just seen the proprietor of those rooms, Mr. T. Welsh," said he, "and have advised him, in the same manner as I have you—He is in more imminent peril of *fire*, at this present moment, than even yourself, you must not go thither to night."

"This seems too absurd," I thought, endeavouring to free myself from the spell of Mr. Varley's manner.

"Mr. Welsh, Madam," said my guest most impressively, "has all his life been persecuted like yourself by his implacable enemy *fire*; ask himself, and he will tell you how repeatedly I have warned him—he has still to undergo another attempt from that element to destroy him; like yourself, he bears about with him the *scars* it has already inflicted on him. He has one more trial to undergo, and that immediately. Go not to the Argyle-Rooms to night." And Mr. Varley followed all my packages into the coach; and there I sat after his departure, thinking of what an idiot I had been; yet still, such is the inconsistency of us all, glad that I had at any rate entrusted my valuables to such safe custody.

"Shall I go to the concert at the Argyle-Rooms or not this evening?" was my next enquiry. What could I allege as an excuse to my sweet Ada Lascelles? (that *was*; now Mrs. Algernon Meredith.) Was I not so fond of music? Was not she so delightful to me? Yes, certainly; I would therefore dress and go—and so I did. I will make no remarks upon the facts that followed; I will offer no reasonings upon them. *Coincidences* are very ticklish things; people have often been hanged upon them, that have not deserved it—all sorts of confusion made. Fortune-tellers owe much to them. I leave them as I find them.

I went to the Argyle-Rooms; entranced was I by the singing; my own sweet Ada and her mother were most kind to me; Algernon looked at me as if he were my son; we drove off in perfect safety. When we arrived at Kensington, my heart died away within me, at seeing the rapid, noisy fire-engines dashing by us. I felt sick even to fainting. The house next to mine was pouring out flames like a volcano, and the engines were in full play upon it. Happily they got the fire under, but all the glass in my own house was broken, and some injury done to the window-frames. It was well it was no worse. Mr. Varley had been *very near* the mark.

On taking up the Morning Post the next day, judge of my surprise and dismay, at learning that the Argyle-Rooms had been burnt down the night previous, and that poor Mr. T. Welsh, its proprietor, was nearly ruined.

Let the learned make what observations they please upon this story; let the ill-natured sneer at it; let the sceptic say, "This is all moon-

shine!" The facts themselves will remain firm and immutable, as all other facts do, let people think or say of them as they choose, for a fact is an *immortal* thing, and opinion cannot injure it, far less destroy it.

I have one fact more to communicate, and I have done. This "*young salamander*" has outlived his tenth year, the fated period, and in spite of the danger of *crackers*, sixpenny brass cannons, and all sorts of casualties, from his infancy upwards, is as likely to live as any of the boys at Harrow school, where he now is, and to be a much finer looking man than his father, and to have more understanding than his poor mother possessed. She is gone, and he also. No more will he profit by the care of the venerable Mrs. Young, and the nocturnal comforts of his tin leg-and-feet warmer, his own ingenious construction.

THE SECOND PART OF GÖTHE'S FAUST.

TRANSLATED INTO RHYTHMICAL PROSE BY LEOPOLD J. BERNAYS.

(Continued from page 147.)

KNIGHTLY HALL, DIMLY LIGHTED.

Emperor and Court are entered.

Herald. The secret working of the spirits makes my old task of announcing the play difficult; in vain do we venture to explain the confused swaying to ourselves upon reasonable grounds. The seats and chairs are already prepared: the emperor is being seated just in front of the wall: he may comfortably contemplate upon the tapestry the battles of the great time. All—master and court are sitting here in a circle, and benches are thronged in the back-ground; lovers also have in the dark spirit-hours found a lovely place by the side of lovers. And so since all have taken fitting place, we are ready,—the spirits may come. (*Trumpets.*)

Astrologer. Let the drama at once begin its course; the master commands it: ye walls, open yourselves. Nothing more hinders, for magic is here at hand;—the tapestries vanish as if curled by fire, the wall splits and turns itself about; a deep theatre appears to arise, mysteriously a glittering to illumine us; and I mount the proscenium.

Mephistopheles (looking out of the Prompter's box). I hope for general favour from this place, prompting is the devil's art of speech. (*To the Astrologer.*) You know the mode in which the stars move, and will excellently understand my whispering.

Astrologer. Through miraculous power, appears here, massive enough, an old temple. A sufficiency of pillars stand here in rows, like Atlas, who once bore the heavens; they might well be sufficient for the rocky burden, when two could sustain a large building.

Architect. That is antique! I cannot praise it; it should be called heavy and unwieldy. People call that which is rough—noble, clumsy—

grand. I love narrow columns, striving, boundless ; a pointed arched zenith exalts the mind ; such an edifice edifies us most.

Astrologer. Receive with awe star-granted hours. Let the reason be bound by the magic word : on the other hand, let glorious daring fancy move freely far onward. Behold now with your eyes what you boldly desired ; it is *impossible*, and just on that account worthy of belief.

Faust (ascends on the other side of the proscenium).

Astrologer. A man of wonders, crowned, in a sacerdotal garb, who now is accomplishing what he with confidence began ! A tripod rises with him out of the hollow cleft ; already I smell the incense from the cup. He prepares himself to bless the high work, henceforth only the fortunate can occur.

Faust (grandly). In your name, ye mothers, who throne in the boundless, who eternally dwell in solitude, and yet sociably ! Pictures of life, moving, without life, hover round your head. What once was, in all glittering and brightness, moves itself there ; for it *wills* to be eternal. And ye, ye all-mighty powers, distribute it to the tent of day and to the vault of night. The pious course of life takes some ; the bold magician seeks out others : in rich profusion he allows each one to see the wonder-worthy, as each full of faith wished it.

Astrologer. Scarcely does the glowing key touch the vessel, when a vapoury fog covers immediately the space ; it creeps in, it waves in the manner of clouds, rolled, interwoven, separated, paired. And now recognise a spirit masterpiece ! As they walk they make music. An I know-not-how streams from the airy tones, whilst they move ; all becomes melody. The columns, even the triglyph sounds : I believe the whole temple is singing. The vapour sinks : out of the light veil, a beautiful youth steps forward, keeping time to the music ! Here my office is silent ; I need not name him : who does not know the beautiful Paris ?

Lady. O what a brightness in his blooming youthful strength !

Second Lady. Fresh and full of juice like a peach !

Third. The finely drawn, sweetly swelling lips.

Fourth. You would like well to sip at such a cup.

Fifth. He is very pretty though not quite genteel.

Sixth. He might be a little more elegant.

Knight. I think I can trace in him the shepherd ; nothing of the prince, and nothing of court manners.

Another. Hum ! The youth half naked is pretty fair, yet we ought first to see him in armour.

Lady. He seats himself softly, agreeably.

Knight. You would be very comfortable on his lap.

Another Lady. He leans his arm so elegantly over his head.

Chamberlain. What rudeness ! that is impermissible !

Lady. You gentlemen always know how to find fault with every thing.

Chamberlain. To stretch himself in the emperor's presence !

Lady. He is only acting it ! He believes himself quite alone.

Chamberlain. Here the play itself ought to be polite.

Lady. Sleep has softly overcome the beautiful one.

Chamberlain. He snores directly, it's natural—perfect.

Young Lady (delighted). What smell is there so mingled with the incense-odour that refreshes my inmost heart ?

Older One. Truly! A breathing presses into my soul, it comes from him!

Eldest. It is the blossom of growth, prepared in the youth like ambrosia, and spread round about as atmosphere.

Helena (steps forward).

Mephistopheles. That is *she* then! From her I should be safe: she is pretty indeed, yet not to my taste.

Astrologer. There is now nothing more for me to do; as a man of honour I acknowledge and confess this now. The beautiful one comes, and had I tongues of fire—! Much has been sung of beauty long ago:—he, to whom she appears, becomes rapt out of himself; he to whom she belonged was too highly blessed.

Faust. Have I still eyes? Does the spring of beauty, poured in a full stream, show itself deep in my sense? My walk of terror brings the most blessed gain. How was the world insignificant, and unopened to me! What is it now, since my priestship? For the first time desirable, fixed, lasting!—May the breathing power of life vanish from me, if I ever wean myself away from thee! The beautiful form, which once delighted me, and in its magic mirroring blessed me, was only a frothy image of such beauty! Thou art the one to whom I dedicate the moving of all strength, the quintessence of passion, to thee I dedicate affection, love, adoration, madness.

Mephistopheles (out of the box). Collect yourself then; and do not fall out of your part!

Older Lady. She is tall, well shaped, only her head is too small.

Younger One. Only look at her feet! how could they be larger?

Diplomatist. I have seen princesses of this kind: she seems to me beautiful from head to foot.

Courtier. She approaches the sleeper, slily and gently.

Lady. How ugly she is beside that youthfully pure form!

Poet. He is irradiated by her beauty.

Lady. Endymion and Luna! As if painted!

Poet. Quite right! The goddess seems to sink down; she bends over to drink in his breath. How enviable!—A kiss!—The measure is full!

Duenna. Before every body! That is too bad!

Faust. It is a fearful favour to the boy!

Mephistopheles. Silence! Hush! Let the spectre do as it pleases.

Courtier. She trips away lightly; he awakes.

Lady. She looks back! I should have thought that.

Courtier. He is astonished! he wonders what has been done to him.

Lady. What she sees before her is no wonder to her.

Courtier. She turns herself round to him with grace.

Lady. I see she is already taking him into her tuition: in such a case all men are stupid; he seems to believe that he is the first.

Knight. Let her pass! How majestically elegant!

Lady. The hussy! That I call low!

Page. I should like to be in his place.

Courtier. Who would not be caught in such a net?

Lady. The jewel has gone through many hands; the gilding is pretty well worn off.

Another. She has been worth nothing from her tenth year.

Knight. Every one, when the occasion serves, takes the best he can get; I would keep to these beautiful leavings.

Scholar. I see her plainly; yet I freely confess my doubt whether she is the right one. The present misleads us to the exaggerated, I keep myself above all to what is written. There then I read, that she really pleased extraordinarily all the grey beards of Troy; and, as I think, that agrees pretty well: here I am not young, and yet she pleases me.

Astrologer. Boy is he no longer! A bold hero, he embraces her who can scarce defend herself. With strong arm he lifts her up. Is he going to carry her off?

Faust. Daring fool! Thou ventur'est! Thou hearest not! Hold! that is too much.

Mephistopheles. Why, thou thyself art making the silly spirit-play.

Astrologer. Only a word! After all that has been done, I will call the piece "The Rape of Helen."

Faust. Pshah—rape! Am I for nothing in this place! Is this key not in my hand! It led me through the horror, and the waving, and the billows of solitudes, to a firm place here. Here I take my footing! Here are they realities; here dare a spirit strive with spirits, and prepare for itself the vast double kingdom. Far as she was, how can she be nearer! I will save her, and she will be doubly mine. It shall be dared! Ye mothers, mothers, ye must grant it. Whoever knows her, cannot do without her.

Astrologer. What dost thou, Faust! Faust! with violence he seizes on her: already the shape becomes troubled. He turns the key towards the youth, and touches him!—Woe to us, woe! Presto, in a twinkling!

(Explosion, Faust lies on the ground. The spirits vanish in smoke.)

Mephistopheles (who takes Faust on his shoulder). There you have it now! to burden himself with fools, brings at last even the devil into trouble. *(Darkness, Tumult.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

High vaulted, narrow Gothic Chamber, formerly Faust's, unaltered.

Mephistopheles steps forth from behind a curtain, whilst he raises it and looks back, one sees Faust stretched on an old-fashioned bed.

Here lie, thou ill-starred one! led away in chains of love difficult to loose. He whom Helen has paralysed comes not easily to his senses *(looks round him)*. If I look up, about, or over here, it is all unchanged, uninjured; the painted windows are, I think, dimmer; the cobwebs are multiplied; the ink is dried, the paper is become yellow, yet everything has remained in its place; even the pen with which Faust signed himself over to the devil, lies still here. Yes, deeper in the tube is dried the drop of blood which I enticed from him. I should wish the greatest collector luck in having such a unique specimen. The old fur coat too, hangs on the old hook, and reminds me of that stuff which I formerly taught

the boy, on which, perhaps, as a youth, he still feeds. Truly the desire is coming on me, united with thee, thou rough, warm covering, again to puff myself up as teacher, as people think themselves so completely right. Learned men know how to obtain this feeling, the devil has long lost it. (*He shakes the fur coat, which he has taken down, crickets, chafers, and other insects fly out.*)

Chorus of Insects.

O welcome, O welcome,
Thou patron of old;
We buzz and we hover,
And know thee at once.
In silence, and singly,
Thou plantedst us erst,
In thousands around thee,
Father, we dance.
The rogue in the bosom
Conceals himself deep,
In the fur coat the licekins*
Reveal themselves soon.

Mephistopheles. How overpoweringly the young creation delights me! Let one but sow, one will reap in time. I will shake the old fur again, and here and there still one is fluttering out. Up! around! In a hundred thousand corners, hasten ye dear ones, to hide yourselves. There where the old bones stand, here in the embrowned parchments, in the dusty fragments of old pots, in the eyeholes of those skulls; in such a rubbish and mouldering life, there must always be ennui.† (*He slips into the gown.*) Come, cover my shoulders once again! to day am I again principal; yet it is no use to call myself so,—where are the people to recognise me! (*He pulls the bell, which makes a harsh, piercing sound, at which the halls shake, and the doors fly open.*)

Servitor (*tottering up the long, dark passage*). What a sound! what a horror! The steps shake, the walls tremble. Through the varied trembling of the windows I see the electric atmosphere. The floor cracks; and from above, mortar and rubbish trickle down. And the door, which was fast bolted, is undone by magic power.—There! how fearful! A giant stands in Faust's old fur! I could sink on my knees at his looks—at his beckoning. Shall I fly? shall I stay? Ah! what will be my fate.

Mephistopheles (*beckoning*). Come here, my friend! your name is Nicodemus.

Servitor. Most noble sir! such is my name,—Oremus.

Mephistopheles. That we may omit.

Servitor. How glad I am that you know me.

Mephistopheles. I know you well, in years and yet a student, thou be-

* I have here taken the liberty to copy the German diminutive in imitation of pipkin, catkin, &c.

† The German word '*Grillen*,' means both crickets and ennui. This pun I found it impossible to render into English.

mossed gentleman! even a learned man studies on because he can do nothing else. So one can build a middling-sized card house: but the greatest spirit cannot build it fully up: your master, however, he is a clever one; who knows him not, the noble doctor Wagner, the first now in the learned world! It is he alone who holds it together, the daily increaser of wisdom: knowledge-seeking listeners and hearers gather round him in a crowd. He alone shines from the professor's chair: he uses the key like St. Peter, and opens that which is beneath as well as that which is above. When he glows and sparkles before all, no reputation—no fame can resist; even Faustus's name becomes darkened,—he alone is it who has invented.

Servitor. Pardon, most noble sir! If I tell you, if I dare to contradict you; of all this it is not the question: modesty is his allotted part. He cannot understand the incomprehensible disappearance of that lofty man; he prays for comfort and health from his return. The chamber, as in Doctor Faustus's days, still undisturbed since he has been away, waits for its old master. Scarcely do I dare to venture in. What must the astral hour be? The wall appears to me to be awe-struck: the door-posts shook, the bolts sprang open, or else yourself could not have entered.

Mephistopheles. Where has the man got to? Lead me to him, or bring him here.

Servitor. Ah! his prohibition was too strict, I know not whether I may dare it. Months long, for the sake of great work, he has lived in the most silent of all silence. The most delicate of all scholars, he now looks like a charcoal-burner, begrimed from ear to nose, his eyes red with fire-blowing, so he grasps at every moment, whilst clang of pincers makes the music.

Mephistopheles. Shall he deny me entrance? I am the man to bring him luck.

(The Servitor departs, Mephistopheles sits gravely down.)

Scarcely have I taken post here, when a guest, known to me, moves from behind. Yet this time he is of the most recent school, and will be boundlessly daring.

Bachelor (storming along the passage). I find gate and doors open! Now we may at last hope, that the living one is not, as formerly, wasting in corruption, spoiling, and dying of life itself,—the living like the dead. These walls, these partitions, are bowing, sinking to their end; and if we do not soon escape, ruin and overthrow will reach us. I am as daring as any, but no one will get me any farther. Yet what shall I to-day learn! Was it not here, so many years ago, when I, anxious and troubled, had come like a good fresh-man? When I trusted these bearded fellows, and was edified by their prating, they lied to me what they knew out of the old musty books—what they knew, and themselves believed not; and robbed themselves, and me of life. How? There, behind, in the cell, sits one still darkly bright! Approaching, I see with wonder, that he still sits in the brown fur coat, truly, just as I left him; still wrapped in the rough fleece! He seemed then, very clever, when I as yet understood him not. To day it will be of no effect: so here goes at him. If, old gentleman, Lethe's dimming waters have not swum through your sideways-bent bald head, look and recognise the

scholar coming here, grown out of academical rods. I find *you* still as I left you. I stand here another person.

Mephistopheles. I am glad I have rung you here; even then I did not value you a little; the grub and the chrysalis already show the future variegated butterfly. You felt a childish pleasure in your curling hair and laced collar. You probably never wore a pigtail?—Now I see you quite a crophead. You look resolute and determined: only do not come here absolute.

Bachelor. My old gentleman! we are in the old place; but bethink you of the course of renovated times, and spare your double-meaning words; we listen now very differently. You made game of the good faithful youth; you did *that* without trouble which *now* nobody dares do.

Mephistopheles. If one tells youth pure truth, it in no wise pleases the youngsters; but when they, in after years, have experienced it painfully on their own skin, then they fancy that it is all come out of their own heads; then they say—the master was a fool.

Bachelor. A rogue, perhaps. For what teacher tells us the truth direct to our face. Every one can increase or diminish, now earnest, now cheerfully prudent, to benefit children.

Mephistopheles. There is indeed a time for learning; you, I perceive, are yourself ready for teaching. After many moons, and some suns, you have doubtless got the fulness of experience.

Bachelor. Experience! foam and dust! and not equal rank with the spirit. Confess! what man has formerly known is altogether not worth knowing.

Mephistopheles (after a pause). Methought long ago I was a fool: now I appear to myself quite silly and stupid.

Bachelor. That I am glad of. Here I hear reason. You are the first old man I have found sensible.

Mephistopheles. I sought for hidden golden treasures, and only raised horrible coals.

Bachelor. Confess now; your scull, your bald head, is worth no more than those hollow ones there.

Mephistopheles (placidly). Perhaps you do not know friend, how rude you are?

Bachelor. In German, one lies if one is polite.

Mephistopheles (moving with his wheel-chair towards the proscenium to the pit). Up here, I am deprived of light and air; I shall perhaps find a refuge with you?

Bachelor. I find it presumptuous, that at the worst time people want to be something when they are no more anything. Man's life lives in blood, and in whom does blood stir as in youth? That is living blood in fresh vigour, that gets for itself new life out of life. *There* all moves, *there* is something done, the weak falls, the vigorous steps forward. Whilst we have won half the world, what have you done? Nodded, thought, dreamed, weighed, plan and ever plan. Truly old age is a cold fever in the frost of whimmy trouble: as soon as one is past thirty, he is as good as dead. It were the best to kill you early.

Mephistopheles. The devil can add no more to this.

Bachelor. If I do not will it, no devil dare exist.

Mephistopheles (aside). The devil will trip you up some day.

Bachelor. This is youth's noblest privilege! The world existed not till I created it; I brought the sun forth out of the sea; the moon began with me its course of change: then day adorned itself upon my paths, the earth became green and bloomed for me. At my beck, on that first night, the beauty of all the stars unfolded itself. Who, beside me, unbound you from all the fetters of thoughts confining you within the region of common-place? But I, free, as it speaks within my spirit, joyfully pursue my inward light, and walk boldly in inmost delight,—brightness before me, and darkness behind. [Exit.

Mephistopheles. Thou original, be gone in thy majesty! how would the truth vex thee: who can think of anything stupid or wise which the fore-world has not already thought? Yet we are not endangered by this: in a few years it will be otherwise; though the *Must* may behave itself quite absurdly, yet at last it may be wine.

(To the young part of the pit, which does not applaud.)

You remain cold at my words, I will let it pass for you, good children; think, the devil is old; then grow old to understand him!

SCENE.

Laboratory, in the fashion of the Middle Ages, extensive, clumsy apparatus, for fantastic purposes.

Wagner (at the hearth). The bell sounds, and fearfully causes the rusted walls to shudder, the uncertainty of this most earnest expectation can no longer last. Already the darkness grows bright, already it is glowing like living coal in the inmost part of the phial, scattering lightnings through the darkness, like the most splendid carbuncle. A bright white light appears! O that I may not lose it this time! Good God, what's that rustling at the door?

Mephistopheles (entering). Welcome! It is a friend.

Wagner (alarmed). Welcome! to the star of the hour! [in a low voice]. Yet keep your words and breath fast in your mouth; a noble work is just being perfected.

Mephistopheles (in a low voice). What is it, then?

Wagner (still lower). A man is being made.

Mephistopheles. A man? And what loving couple have you shut up in this smoky hole?

Wagner. God forbid! The old mode of begetting we declare to be stupid nonsense. The tender point out of which life sprang, the gentle strength which pressed from the inmost, and took and gave, intended to trace itself, to appropriate first that which is nearest, then that which is foreign, is now deposed from its dignity; if the beast delights itself still in it, man, with his great gifts, must, for the future, have a purer, higher origin. [Turning to the hearth] See! it flashes! Now we may indeed hope, that, if we leisurely compound the materials of man out of many hundred substances, through mixing (for on mixing it depends), if we enclose them in a retort, and properly combine them, the work will in silence be done. [Turning again to the hearth.] It is forming. The mass moves clearer. The conviction becomes

truer and truer ! What people called mysterious in nature, we dare, with understanding, to experiment on ; and what they formerly did by organisation, we do by crystallisation.

Mephistopheles. He who lives long has learnt much ; nothing new can happen to him in this world ; already, in my years of pilgrimage, have I seen crystallised men.

Wagner (with his attention still fixed to the phial). It rises, it lightens, it piles itself together ; in a moment it is done ! A great plan at first appears mad ; yet, for the future, we will laugh at accident ; and such a brain as shall think excellently for the future, will also make a thinker. [*Contemplating the phial with delight.*] The glass rings with lovely power ; it dims, it clears : thus must it form ; I see a beautiful mannikin moving in elegant form. What can we wish, what can the world wish more ? For the mystery is brought to light : only listen to this sound, it will become a voice, will become speech !

Homunculus (in the phial to *Wagner*). Now, fatherkin, how goes it ? It was no joke ! Come, press me right tenderly to thy heart ! Yet not too firmly, that the glass may not break. That is the property of things : the universe scarcely suffices for the natural, that which is artificial needs enclosed space. [*To Mephistopheles.*] But thou, cousin, rogue, art thou here ? It is in the right moment, I thank thee. A good fate leads thee here to us ; whilst I exist, I must be also active. I should like at once to gird myself to the work : you are expert in shortening the way for me.

Wagner. Only a word ! Up to this time I was obliged to be ashamed of myself, for young and old overwhelmed me with problems ; for example, nobody could comprehend how body and soul agree together so beautifully, hold together so fast, as never to part, and yet always make the day wretched to each other. So, then—

Mephistopheles. Hold ! I had rather ask how man and wife endure each other so badly ? You'll never get clear of that, my friend. Here is something to do ; that's what this little fellow wants.

Homunculus. What is there to do ?

Mephistopheles (pointing to a side door). Here show your gifts.

Wagner (still looking into the phial). Indeed you are a most beautiful boy !

(*The side door opens ; Faust is seen stretched on the couch.*)

Homunculus (astonished). Important ! [*The phial slips from Wagner's hands ; hovers over Faust, and shines on him.*] Beautifully surrounded ! Clear waters in the thick grove, ladies undressing themselves ; the beautiful ones ! It is growing better. Yet one, glittering, may be distinguished as being of the highest heroic, nay, divine race. She sets her foot into the transparent brightness ; the sweet life-flame of her noble body is cooled in the yielding crystal of the waves. Yet what rustling of quickly-moved wings ; what splashing, dashing, disturbs the smooth mirror ? The maidens fly scared ; yet alone the queen looks calmly on, and sees with proud, womanly pleasure, the swan press to her knee, intrusively tame. He appears to accustom himself to it. But on a sudden rises up a vapour, and covers, with a thick-woven veil the most lovely of all scenes.

Mephistopheles. Why, you can relate everything ! You are as great a phantast as you are small. I see nothing—

Homunculus. That I believe. You out of the North, born in the cloudy age—in the confusion of chivalry and priestery, how could your eye be free ? Thou art only at home in the gloomy. [*Looking round*]. Ye brownèd stones, mouldered, disagreeable, point-arched, fantastic, low ! If this one awakes, there will be new trouble ; he will die on the spot. Forest springs, swans, naked beauties, that was his meaning-pregnant dream ; how would he accustom himself to this place ! I, the most yielding, can scarce endure it. Now, away with him.

Mephistopheles. The exit will rejoice me.

Homunculus. Command the warrior in the battle, lead the maiden to the dance, then all is at once finished. Even now, as I have just recollected, in the classical Walpurgis-night, the best thing that could occur. Bring him to his element.

Mephistopheles. Of that I have never heard.

Homunculus. How should it come to your ears ? You only know the spectres of romance ; a spectre, to be true, has also to be classical.

Mephistopheles. Whither, then, will the journey go ? Antique colleagues already disgust me.

Homunculus. Thy pleasure-grounds, Satan, are to the north-west ; but this time we sail to the south-east. Peneus flows freely in a vast valley, surrounded with trees and bushes, in still and moist bays ; the even ground extends to the mountain caves ; and above lies new and old Pharsalus.

Mephistopheles. O dear ! Away ! Don't talk of those strifes of tyranny and slavery : I am tired of them ; for scarcely are they done, than they begin all over again ; and no one remarks that he is only vexed by Asmodius who stands behind ? They fight for freedom's rights (so is it called) ; if you look closely to them, they are slaves against slaves.

Homunculus. Leave to men their quarrelsome being, each one must defend himself as he can, even from his youth ; so he becomes at last a man ! Here the only question is, how this one may enjoy himself ? If you have a means, try it here ; if not, leave it to me.

Mephistopheles. We might try many Brocken-pieces ; yet I find the heathen bolts pushed back beforehand. The Greeks were never worth much. Yet they dazzle you with the free-play of the senses, and entice man's breast to cheerful sins. People always find our scenes gloomy. And now, what's to be done ?

Homunculus. You used not to be modest : and if I talk of the Thessalian witches, I think I have said something.

Mephistopheles (lustingly). Thessalian witches ! Well ! Those are persons after whom I have long asked. I do not think that it will please to dwell with them night after night ; yet to the visit, the trial.

Homunculus. Wrap your cloak here round the knight. You will, as before, carry the lappets one with the other ; I will give light before.

Wagner (alarmed). And I ?

Homunculus. O ! you will remain at home to do a most important thing. Do you unfold the old parchments, collect according to recipe the elements of life, and add them prudently one to another. Bethink

thee of the What, more of the How! Whilst I wander through a piece of the world, I may discover the dot on the *i*. Then will the great purpose be gained. Such a reward deserves such a striving; gold, honour, fame, healthy long life, knowledge, and virtue also—perhaps. Farewell.

Wagner (troubled). Farewell! This oppresses my heart. I fear that I shall never see thee more.

Mephistopheles. Now, then, fresh down to Peneus: my cousin is not to be despised [*to the spectators*]. At the last we depend on creatures that *we* have made.

(*To be continued*).

THE IMAGE-BOY.

A SKETCH.

HE was an Italian;—his eyes, dark and of soft expression, and the whole *contour* of his face proclaimed the country of his birth, and the rich, warm climate in which his infancy—his happy, because *careless*, infancy—was passed. “His infancy was passed”—I should have said, his previous life;—for his modest manners, his almost total ignorance of English, and the foreign mode in which he uttered the few words he did speak in that language, all proved he had not long been wandering in this land—so rough, compared with his own sweet, genial home.

What thoughts arise at the bare mention of that last word! What social comforts, what pure affection, what dear remembrances, does it not call to mind! Blessed home!—those four letters contain as much soothing and melodious music in them, as any in the language—perhaps more, with the exception of one monosyllable, *Love*; and, without that, what would Home be, or what the fairest place on earth? And that Italian-boy had left a home—perchance it was one of comfort and affection. I almost wished that it might not be so—for absence then would be less painful to him.

That short word “home” has to answer for this digression. It entered into my mind, and, by some hidden means, worked its way to the point of the pen, and thence was traced on the paper, where I saw it, before being guilty of this wandering from the subject.

I stood to view the images he had put down, while he rested; and, looking on them and on their owner, I involuntarily felt an interest in them all. *They* were weak and fragile things, and seemed to depend on him alone for safety. And *he*—he was a stranger in the land, without a knowledge of its language or its ways, and without friends to succour him in poverty, or even illness. By gesture, rather than words, he showed each portion of his little property. His easy, and often graceful, manners, were pleasing; but still more interest was excited by the melancholy that sometimes clouded his countenance—though only for a moment, for it abounded usually, after the character of his countrymen, in smiles. But, with a look of peculiar expression,

and great earnestness of manner, he pointed out two little statues of Milton and Shakspeare. The former he passed over, after stating he was a "great poet." The latter was a sweet miniature copy of Roubilliac's celebrated figure of the immortal bard.

"'Tis beautiful Shakspeare," exclaimed the owner; and, in the hearty and enthusiastic tone he had been taught beneath the glowing skies, and among the lovely scenes of his own country.

I felt delighted—enraptured, with the expression; and, after a few words, bought the statue of the poor Italian boy.

"Renowned Poet of Nature (and universally renowned, because the Poet of *Nature*)," I said, turning away with his image leaning along my arm—his head against my heart; "and even foreign wanderers know and love thy name! How proud, then, should the country be that gave thee birth, and on whose soil was spent thy blessed life! 'Blessed life,' was the expression; and blessed, most blessed, is that occupied (like Shakspeare's) in forming works and monuments of mind, that will delight and teach lessons of kindly feeling and morality to millions, when the frail author is gone; and cause his name to be remembered and beloved, when the body that once bore it shall exist no more, but be a part of earth!"

The tribute of the wandering Italian was enthusiastic, and, therefore, delightful; and the appearance of the youth, who rendered it to genius, excited in my heart a feeling of compassion for himself—a stranger in our land, and a poor unknown wanderer from his own—and admiration, almost friendship, from the earnest exclamation of—

"'Tis beautiful Shakspeare!"

I. J. S.

THE ZOOLUS;

THEIR EXTRAORDINARY MANNERS, CUSTOMS AND CHARACTER.

ACCORDING to our promise, in January, we take up once more the pen, in order to continue our account of the customs and manners of the Zoolus.

I. Government. As in most savage nations, the Zoolu monarch possesses an unlimited jurisdiction over the lives and properties of his subjects. But, although its outline may be thus said to be despotic, the ingredients of which it is composed may not inaptly be termed *nondescript*.

The throne is apparently neither hereditary nor elective, the succession depending upon the murder of the existing sovereign, which event generally happens when he begins to exhibit wrinkles or grey hairs.

After this the state soon becomes involved in civil disputes, during which the hereditary branch may be cut off, and even another family raised to the throne.

When, however, a new king has firmly established himself, which he seldom can do without a deal of bloodshed, he becomes absolute. "*Inguose*"—his name is held sacred—adoration is paid to it, and by

it all classes swear. His power is now indisputable and fearful, he can command indiscriminate massacres by his nod, while his warriors, being always by him, and reaping the fruits of these executions, he is sure to have his most atrocious commands as faithfully performed as any tyrant could desire.

But, notwithstanding the king is thus all-powerful, a great deal of authority is vested in the two principal "*Indoonas*;" or, prime ministers, as we should term them. These two important personages are always consulted upon, and generally supposed to confirm, every important measure of the sovereign. In the native figurative language they are designated as the "King's eyes and ears."

Next to the *Indoonas*, the warriors enjoy a large degree of influence. These consist of about fifteen thousand men, trained to war from their infancy. They exist entirely on plunder; and having been, by Charka, cut off from all social enjoyment, they are a sullen, morose set of savages, only fitted for the devastation of warfare. Dingarn, indeed, having changed the constitution of this force, has certainly given them opportunity of acquiring subsistence by other means; but they have become so habituated to the battlefield, that it has to them become a gratification rather than a toil.

The warriors are divided into the following orders:—

<i>Umpagati</i>	Veterans.
<i>Isimpothlo</i> and } <i>Izinseezwa</i>	Younger Soldiers.

Amaboodtu, . Lads who have not served in war.

The two former are distinguished by rings on their heads, the others by not shaving the hair.

A certain number of each class are formed into regiments of from six hundred to about one thousand strong, and distributed throughout the country, in the "*ekanda*," or barrack towns. Each regiment is commanded by from two to ten *Indoonas*; of whom one is considered as the commandant, and the others have the charge of different sections.

As we have before stated, during Charka's reign, no soldier was permitted to marry, Although Dingarn has abolished this ordinance, the king's consent must still be obtained previous to their contracting any nuptial alliance, which consent is seldom granted to any but the *Umpagati*.

It is no unusual thing, however, for the king, on great occasions, to order a whole regiment to marry. Those, however, who are deprived of this indulgence, are permitted to keep as many concubines as they please.

It is only from the warriors that the king fears opposition to his measures. From his civil subjects he apprehends no danger. The warriors are the only check to his power. These he is ever fearful of offending; and he always conciliates their favor by conceding to them all they may command.

II. *Crimes and Punishments.* The Zoolus are far from being of a vindictive disposition; and were it not from the decrees of the king, murders would not be of frequent occurrence. Their little private differences are always adjusted by the chief of the kraal in

which they live; and his award is, in general, satisfactory to all parties. The common people, namely, those whose occupation is not war, live in a state of very good fellowship with each other.

Rapes, murders, deserting, treason, cowardice and espial are capital crimes, and, as such, judged alone by the king. These are all punished either by stoning, strangling, twisting the neck, or beating with clubs.

Lying, stealing, disrespect, errors in judgment, mistakes in delivering messages, violating laws or customs, want of attention in dancing, are punished according to the monarch's whim or fancy.

Coughing, spitting, belching, swearing, blowing the nose, &c. while the king is eating are also considered as crimes, and punishable with death; but generally the king's servants bear the offending parties away. If a chief of a kraal has committed any of these breaches of politeness, it would not be safe for him again to appear in the royal presence, without having sent his "*schlowoola*," or peace offering, before him; when he may consider himself in favour again.

To partake of new corn, before the king has issued his permission so to do, is, also, a crime punishable with death.

The execution of all sentences follows the award so quick, that often ten minutes are not permitted to elapse between time and eternity. The bodies of criminals are left to be devoured by wild animals.

On glancing over the above list of crimes and penalties, it strikes us, that though the Zoolus are in such a rude state of society, they seldom award death for any crimes that would not be considered worthy of the same punishment in a more civilized community. They are apt, however, to administer justice in excess.

We have in our former article ("Charka, the Napoleon of the Zoolus") made some remarks upon the massacres allowed and enjoined by the criminal code of the Zoolus, and shall therefore refrain from enlarging much upon the subject in this place. We cannot, however, resist the temptation of here making a few additional observations on the subject, which space prevented us from recording in that paper.

We have there declared that as the custom was universal, it must have originated in some universally felt necessity. But may we not advance a step further? May not the custom have taken its rise from a deep-rooted feeling of justice in the human breast?—From a righteous, although furious indignation against the perpetrators of such "deeds of darkness?" When we have once arrived at the conclusion that a person who can commit such a crime is not fit to live, how easy is the transition, to a yet further point.—How natural is it that, pushing our ideas of justice to a yet higher standard, we should declare that the family who numbered among its members a person so depraved, ought not to be allowed any longer to encumber the earth!

Doubtless this is running into excess, pushing a commendable feeling beyond its due limits; but still it is an excess into which an unsophisticated people, with no other guide to direct them, than that so potent notion of right and wrong which is implanted in every

human breast whether savage or civilized, would be likely to run into. The indignation engendered by finding the social compact violated, and the instinct of self-preservation, would soon drive them on thus far, yea—and perhaps even further, and instead of single families, whole districts and villages would suffer for the crime of one individual.

III. *Religion, Witchcraft, &c. &c.*—The Zoolus have suffered their religion to sink into such gross superstition, that some travellers have declared (not taking the trouble to look beyond the surface) that they are without any religious belief. But this position is untenable, being disproved by the documents which these said travellers themselves afford us in their works.

It is, however, evident, that with them the seat of religion is now usurped by superstition. But we would ask, could superstition exist without religion—or rather may it not be more correctly considered, as the lowest manifestation of religious sentiment?

To what can we attribute their fear of enchantments—their dread of the mysterious powers supposed by them to be possessed by witches, but to our innate consciousness that there exists a spiritual influence bearing rule over the universe, and whose favour it is proper to propitiate. From what other source could these “superstitions” have sprung, than from an innate feeling of the insufficiency of human aid, than from a longing for something stronger—for something surer to rest upon than that help which man can afford to man? Yea, and so strong is this idea, that in the absence of a better guide, will man endue each tree, each hill, with some superintending deity to whom he can address his prayers and offer up his supplications! Hence the origin of idolatry. But we are wandering from the point. Soon shall we treat this subject more at large, in an article which even now lies mellowing within “the book and tablet of the brain.”

But to say that the Zoolus have no religion, is absurd, on far other grounds than those we have above adduced. Their customs plainly testify to the prevalence of the religious spirit among them.

Most evident it is, that they believe in the great doctrine of the immortality of the soul, and the existence of another and better world, in which the spirits of the departed “booser” or enjoy themselves without fear of interruption.

Else why do they make it one of their first cares, when commencing a new undertaking;—first to propitiate the “spirit of their fathers;” and why, in the case of any untoward occurrence do they uniformly attribute it to (the spirit’s) mal-influence?

If they are ill they lay their sickness to the charge of these said spirits, and immediately send for the *inyanger* or doctor, who kills a cow and makes a set speech, invoking the spirits to relieve the patient.

And yet, although these are common practices of the natives, they have, forsooth, as we are informed by Mr. Isaacs, a traveller, whose books are now before us, “no knowledge of a future state!” But this is not the best of it, for in the very same sentence

he further enlightens us, by stating, that "*they sacrifice to their departed friends, whom they conceive to be in existence, and living with the Issetator in the enjoyment of all human comforts.*" This is really too good.

It would be more to the benefit of the world if such travellers would be at the trouble of investigating all they see and hear, and not allow their eyes to be blinded by prejudices and pre-conceived opinions;—not to go hap-hazard to work; and because they find a people without a set formula of worship, pronounce them to have no religion; but sifting the customs and feelings of the people to the bottom, set before us the truth impartially.

But the Zoolus have not always wanted a set formula. Capt. Gardiner, a traveller, whose statement we have every reason to believe correct, gives the following account of a former religion which prevailed in Zoolu.

"It is agreed," he says, "among the Zoolus, that their forefathers believed in the existence of an over-ruling spirit whom they called Villenangi, (literally the First Appearer), and who soon after created another heavenly being of great power called Koolukoolwani, who once visited this earth, in order to publish the news, (as they express it), as also to separate the sexes and colours among mankind. During the period he was below, two messages were sent to him from Villenangi; the first conveyed by a camelion, announcing that men were not to die;—the second, by a lizard, with a contrary decision. The lizard having out-run the slow-paced camelion, arrived first, and delivered his message before the latter made his appearance.

"To this want of promptness, they attribute our present condition as mortal beings, heaping all the odium of death upon the sluggish camelion. There are still many legends respecting Villenangi, but none of which my informant could remember, excepting that he enjoined lamentation to be made over the dead. It is said that many years ago, though not within the memory of the oldest person now living, sacrifices of cattle were offered to Villenangi."

This legend plainly proves that there has been a time, when a regular system of worship prevailed among the Zoolus. That it is now sunk into desuetude, as to its main features, is certain; but still are there preserved many relics of it. Although the form of religion is disused or forgot, still the religious spirit remains behind.

The fact, however, of a nation absolutely forgetting its religion, furnishes a good answer to those who would fain question its universality, on the ground that many tribes exist who possess none. What has happened to one may have happened to many; and if one tribe has allowed their religion to sink into oblivion, another may have done the same. We are very doubtful, however, but that, if the customs of the tribes instanced as anti-religious were narrowly searched into, they would all be found to possess some lurkings of an innate *spiritual* belief.

The Zoolus, as we have before stated, have the greatest abhorrence and fear of witches, on whom indeed they confer fearful attributes and powers. They suppose the "*Imparker*," or tiger cat,

to be one of the animals devoted to the witch's especial use, and the appearance of one of these beasts, whether from accident or design, is the cause of universal lamentation and distress, it being regarded as an omen that witches are near, who have brought the "*Imparker*" to destroy some one in the kraal.

None are free from these superstitions. Even the warriors suppose that if they touch the marrow of any animal, partake of fish, or any of the feathered creation, they will lose their courage; and they will not be prevailed upon to touch a corpse to give it burial, (unless it be the king's,) because it would as they say, "make them like an old woman."

But man never yet created for himself, or had created for him, an evil, without at the same time providing for it a remedy. Accordingly, the Zoolus have among them a set of worthies denominated *Inyangers* or witch-doctors, who affect to expel the *Imparker* and discover the witch.

The ceremonies previous to the discovery of the poor *Umtugarty* or witch, commence with great solemnity. The important personage who holds the office of *Inyanger*, is usually sent for when any sickness assails a family. He is always attended by two messengers, who follow him, until he requests them to be seated.

Arrived at the hut of the person afflicted, he affects to smell around him, and then delivers up an address to the *Issetator* (spirit).

"There is some one ill," is his first observation, to which the messengers respond "*Eegee*," and beat the ground with sticks. After this, he asks certain questions of the messengers, to which they answer in the affirmative. By this means, he soon finds out whether the person ill be man, woman, or child.

He now demands beads, and a cow to be sacrificed to appease the *Issetator*, who he says has doomed sickness to visit his patients from their having neglected to kill a cow as a sacrifice previously. He then administers some decoction of roots for the complaint, after which he makes another demand for beads.

Sometimes, however, they do proceed so far as to pitch upon some one as the person who has bewitched the parties. This poor unfortunate is immediately seized, and if found guilty sentenced to death. All sickness is indeed laid to the door of some witch, whom the *Inyange* is immediately employed to smell out.

IV. *Poetry, Oratory, Dances, &c.*—Well has it been remarked, that wherever man is, there is poetry. The most savage nations have their war-songs, and traditionary ballads, while not even from the Zoolus do the muses withhold their favours.

It appears to be their custom sometimes to wile away the hours of labour with a song. At least it is a practice with the women, when going out to work from the towns, or returning to them, pleasingly to sing in concert such a chaunt as the following:—

"Akoosiniki ingonyama izeeswi."

Chorus.—Haw—haw—haw—haw.

Literally—"Why don't you give—lion—the nations."

The chief of their poetic attempts, however, are the dancing songs, of which a new set is composed every year. Of these songs,

Dingarn himself is generally the poet. He has a good ear and correct taste.

The dancing is but the accompaniment of the song, and stands, in fact, in the place of music, of which they have none that deserves the name. Each man is provided with a short stick, knobbed at the end, and it is by the direction he gives this, the motions of his other hand, and the turns of his body, that the action and pathos of the song are indicated; the correspondence is often very beautiful, while the feet regulate the time, and impart that locomotive effect, in which the Zoolus so much delight.

Sometimes the feet are merely lifted to descend with a stamp, sometimes a leaping stride is taken on either side, at others a combination of both is used: but they have yet more violent gestures.

Forming four deep, in open order, they take short runs to and fro, leaping, prancing, and crossing each other's paths, brandishing their sticks, and raising such a cloud of dust by the vehemence and rapidity of the exercise, that to a bystander it has all the effect of the wildest battle scene of savage life, which, doubtless, it is intended to imitate.

Although the dancing women do not move from their positions, they are far from idle while all this is going on in the ring; bending their bodies forward to the clap of their hands, stamping with both feet together, they perform their parts, undergoing such a degree of exertion as would cause the strongest European female to go upon crutches for the remainder of her life.

When the king mingles in these festivities he takes his place in the inner circle, exactly opposite the centre woman of the female phalanx. Should he happen to set the time, a number of the king's herdsman, in a small shrill whistle, announce the condescending act. At the conclusion of every song, whether his majesty is present or not, two heralds swiftly pass each other, emerging at the same moment from opposite ends of the circle, shouting at the top of their lungs "O! O! O! O!" to indicate its conclusion.

We wish some traveller had favoured us with translations of these dancing songs. In them must be incorporated many of the feelings of the people; and they, therefore, would have formed an interesting study. Besides, we should like to have traced in them that wildness of thought, that vigour of diction, which universally characterizes such savage national productions.

Of the oratory of the Zoolus, we have already given some specimens in our former article. It is in general extremely efflorescent, but withal powerful. The Zoolus are very fond also, it would seem, of interlarding their speeches, particularly if addressed to any person, with complimentary epithets. Thus, when a chief, in Mr. Isaac's presence, gave the king an account of the success of an expedition on which he was employed, he commenced his speech by addressing Charka as "You mountain, you lion, you tiger, you that are black, there is none equal to you."

The Zoolus appear to be very energetic while delivering their speeches. The Zoolu orator cannot stand still while he is speaking—he cannot be content with mere gesticulation—actual space is ne-

cessary—he must have a run. Now he advances like a Mercury to fix a dart in his adversary—now retires gracefully as if to point it afresh for the attack—now slaking his wrath by a journey to the right, and then as abruptly recoiling to the left—in each *detour* increasing his vehemence, until at length the storm is at its height.

If the speech happens to be on a subject touching the reputation of any regiment or party of warriors, on each mention of any exculpatory fact, indicating their prowess, one or more of the principal troopers will rush from the ranks to corroborate the statement, by a display of muscular power in leaping, charging, and pantomimic conflict, making the ground to resound under their feet; alternately leaping and galloping, until frenzied by the tortuous motion, their nerves are sufficiently strong for the *acmé* posture—vaulting several feet in the air, drawing the knees towards the chin, and at the same time passing the hands between the ankles. In this singular manner are such charges brought and rebutted. As orators the Zoolus do not appear to be behind any nation. There is a manly eloquence, unfettered by rule, which even “politer people” need not be ashamed of imitating.

V. *Marriage Ceremonies*.—The Zoolu ladies have no delicacy in “speaking their mind” to a man: if they fall in love with one of the masculine gender, they boldly tell him so, and ask to be put out of pain forthwith; seeing, we suppose, no fun in being—

“Left to whine,

Left to pine

Away their souls with fretting,”

as the good old nursery rhyme has it.

Notwithstanding all this, however, ladies here, like ladies every where else, have to be sought and won, they not being always willing to make the first advance.

If a man should be so unlucky as to fall in love with a girl, he must not sup milk in the kraal in which she belongs. His first essay is to send her a snuff-box filled with snuff, or a small roll of tobacco.

If these be accepted, he may consider himself as accepted along with them.

If, however, neither he nor his present find favour in the eyes of his mistress, he bedizens himself out in his best, and repairs some evening with two or three of his friends, and standing with them at the gateway of the kraal, with his arms folded across his breast, and his eyes fixed upon the ground, he proceeds to “*calacker*” (or salute), and flatter the master of the kraal.

The next step is to appear in the front of the chief’s hut, and ask for his permission to speak with the girl.

Having obtained this, the languishing lover takes the opportunity of displaying his personal accomplishments; and, of course, exerts all his rhetoric to persuade the (not fair) object of his affections to crown his wishes by accepting his hand.

Should the lady, however, still remain deaf to his soft solicitations, he tries what intimidation will do, doubtless feeling the force of the proverb—“you may obtain by a threat, what you beg for in vain.”

If he fails in all his stratagems and threats to obtain the girl’s

consent, he proceeds to the father, and represents to him his desire to take his daughter for a wife. If the father approves of this proposal, the female is, without further dispute, ordered to the kraal of her intended husband, accompanied by all the girls belonging to the place.

Now then is the marriage performed. The ceremonies commence with dancing, and sundry old-women's songs, in admiration of the bride's grace and beauty.

After this overture, as it were, the bride approaches carelessly to the feet of the bridegroom, to whom she throws a few strings of beads, and then dances away to the middle of the kraal, when her attendants distribute a few beads to all the friends of the happy husband. A cow is now killed; the bride, and each of her female friends, with great formality touch it, and retire.

The mother, or queen of the kraal, next concludes the marriage ceremony, by placing a piece of cloth on the breast of the bride, to show that matrimonial ties were designed to cover all youthful follies, and that they, the bride and bridegroom, were to enter into a state of indissoluble friendship, which could not be cut as the cloth could be rent.

The bride and bridegroom now divide the flesh of the cow; and as it is not the custom of the Zoolus to cohabit on the bridal night, the bride passes the evening with her female friends in singing and dancing, while the bridegroom entertains the male part of the company.

Very few instances are known of wives violating their nuptial vow; indeed, the penalty attached to that crime is enough to deter them; but they are said to be very virtuous and correct in their habits.

VI. *Burial Rites, and Lamentation for the Dead.*—The Zoolus have a great dread of touching a corpse. When one of the common people dies, his body is dragged by his wife, mother, or nearest female relation, to the jungles, where it soon becomes food for the wild beasts.

When, however, a chief of distinction dies, the hut in which he has breathed his last becomes his cemetery. A deep hole is dug, in which the body is put, standing, with the head out of the ground. The hut is now fenced in, and people are stationed to guard it day and night, for twelve moons.

These are their only funeral rites. There is nothing more offensive, when travelling through the country, than the number of remains of skeletons which are continually met with. The superstitions of the Zoolus, concerning their dead, are invincible; and instances are not rare of the dying being carried to the jungles while yet alive, in order to avoid pollution, by carrying them there when they are dead.

Upon the death of a chieftain a universal lamentation takes place. It is one of the fictions of the Zoolus' state policy, that their chiefs cannot die naturally—that they are destined to live until they fall in battle; and that, therefore, their death is caused by the power of the *Umtugarties*. Those are held to possess the charm, who cannot shed a tear. Such persons are immediately executed.

It is said, that in order to avoid this doom, the natives are accustomed to force a kind of snuff up their noses, on these occasions, in prodigious quantities; and are thus enabled to feign a grief they cannot feel.

VII. *Dress and Personal Appearance.*—The men wear what they call "*Umtchas*," and "*Senemies*." The first are strips of skins of animals, neatly fastened to a small strip of hide, reaching from hip to hip, fastened in front by cords. The second are slips of skins, reaching from the waist to the knees.

The dress of the women is called an "*Issecarker*." It consists of a kind of petticoat, fastened round the waist, and descending to the knees; sometimes a piece of skin, made flexible, is worn to cover the breast.

A profusion of beads are worn by both sexes round their heads, necks, waists, legs and arms. They also wear brass and copper armlets; with brass balls and collar for the neck.

Boys, under ten, have no ornaments, but go perfectly naked. Girls of that age, and above it, wear a sort of fringe, (manufactured from roots,) round the middle, about four inches deep; the other parts of the body are quite naked and unornamented.

A chief, when attired in his war dress, has a cap, or ring of otter skin round the forehead, and just above the eyes; in which is introduced a crane's feather, in front. On his shoulders, breast and back he wears a tippet, made of white cow's tail; while round each arm and wrist, and above each ankle, is worn some more large tails, belonging to the same animal. An *Umcooboola*; or, kilt, made of the skins of the civet cat, is appended to the waist, and descends to the knees.

The dress of the warriors consists of a cap and feather, tippet and cow's tail; but with the addition of a piece of hide, in imitation of the tails behind.

On occasions of great festivities, the principal women deck themselves out in the skin of a buck, with the hair scraped off the middle, fastened under the arms, so as to cover their breasts; two rows of brass balls being attached at the bottom, and the tops ornamented with beads.

Round their waists is fastened a petticoat, manufactured from bullock's hide, reaching to the ankles, with two strips, each about a yard long, dragging as a train on the ground; the whole of it being coloured black to resemble black cloth or duffle.

Over the shoulders are tastefully thrown two negligees of seed beads, forming a cross, behind and before, with four rows of beads round the forehead. The dress is completed by a few beads around the arms, waist and ankles.

The *tout ensemble* of this dress must be quite elegant for a savage.

The Zoolu men are said to be, without exception, the finest race of men in south or eastern Africa. They are capable of enduring great fatigue, and their agility is almost beyond comprehension. Like all savages, they have an insatiable thirst for war, and the blood of their enemies.

The females are of a middle stature, and rather prepossessing than

otherwise. Among them the stoutest are considered the handsomest.

VIII. *Customs, apparently of Jewish origin.* It is a singular fact, that the Zoolus possess many customs in common with the Jews. Among these may be numbered circumcision, now obsolete, but which was observed until Charka's reign; the practice in the younger brother to marry the widow of his deceased brother, and the festival of first fruits.

The proper name of Ham, also, is not uncommon among the Zoolus. It is generally given to those who have a fierce countenance and voracious appetite; or, in other words, who were "Hyenamen," as they are not inaptly designated.

To say that savages have the vices of savages is the veriest truism that ever man uttered; for savages must possess the vices of savages, or else cease to be such. These vices the Zoolus indeed possess, but intermixed with many good qualities. They are willing to receive improvement—willing to learn. Among them you have nothing to pull down, but all to build up. At present they are waste ground; but once enclosed, and put under a careful cultivation, they would bring forth good fruit in due season.

In the mean time we hope their innocent pastimes and amusements will be respected by all missionaries and others, who may take the work of regenerating the Zoolus into their hands. Such exercises do no harm; but are on the contrary productive of much good. We know not whether a great deal of the discontent which now prevails in many districts of our own bonny isle, may not be traced to the injudicious suppression of the rural fairs and wakes.

S. C.

I CANNOT SMOKE.

Lines written on being forbidden to smoke in the Harbour at Havre de Grace.

I CANNOT smoke! I cannot smoke!
Talk not to me of mirth and joys;
The vacant smile, the empty joke,
Have nought to me but what annoys.
I miss, I miss, my light Cigar,
Whose soothing fumes have power to win
My soul away to regions far,
Far from this world of care and sin.

The lover boasts his lady's glance,
Vows that it deals a welcome death,
Swears, in her eyes that Cupids dance,
That Araby glows in her breath.
But O my light Cigar can show
A brighter glance than woman's eye,
And its delicious fumes bestow
Fragrance more rare than Araby.

The amorous boy, in wisdom young,
 May pass his hours at woman's feet,
 Caught by the graces of her tongue,
 Like flies whose honeyed death is sweet.
 But O my light Cigar's warm lip
 Imparts to mine more glowing fire,
 Than ever amorous youth did sip
 From beauty's kiss with soft desire.

Whiter, no doubt, than spotless snow,
 Seems to the boy his lady's fame,
 Dearer than gems untold, the vow
 In which she owns a kindred flame :
 But O my Cuba's pure bright hue,
 Is bright as fame of lady fair,
 Nor doth its smoke melt from the view
 So soon as woman's love in air.

My light Cigar! thou hast the pow'r
 To raise, as though by magic art,
 Visions to glad the careless hour,
 And fantasies to cheer the heart :
 Cares that annoy, and thoughts that vex,
 All from thy influence fade away ;
 False friends and woman's fickle sex
 Are all forgotten in thy ray.

Thy graceful fumes which eddying curl
 In spheres fantastic to the sky ;
 Sorrow and sadness with them whirl,
 And chase the grief which dims the eye :
 Life is a dream, they tell us, here,
 Then till we wake to brighter parts
 In worlds above, come thou to cheer,
 And drive the nightmare from our hearts.

WALTER RALEIGH, SECUNDUS.

THE "TRACTS FOR THE TIMES" IMPARTIALLY AND DISPASSIONATELY CONSIDERED.*

NEVER was title more aptly, nor, in many senses, more appropriately, chosen. The times, indeed, have their necessities — nor among them is the want of right discipline and doctrine the least. In so far as the writers of these pamphlets have attempted to supply them with such — or with directions for the attainment of such — their efforts have been laudably conceived and executed. But they have erred in ascribing too much influence to the past, and too little importance to the present and the future.

Ever since the period of the Reformation, it is confessed on all hands, that the Union, Discipline, and Authority of the Church, have suffered diminution. The Oxford divines, in the publications before us, seek to effect the restoration to her of these privileges ; but therein they run the

* "Tracts for the Times," by Members of the University of Oxford. 5 vols. 1834-5-6-7-8.

risk of kindling ultra-protestant jealousy :—nor from this can they expect to be saved on account of any general words of renunciation directed against the papal heresy. Practices which have once resulted in superstition, will still be viewed with suspicion, and the original use will be forgotten in the evil of the more recent abuse.

Nor is it always possible for the most unprejudiced mind to sympathise with their feelings. The Roman ritual, however good for its time, need not be immortal—nay, may well be substituted by a later service. They contend, that it was a precious possession : — Granted. But when they proceed to regret that “we, who have escaped from popery, have lost not only the possession, but the sense of its value”—and to declare that “it is a serious question, whether we are not like men recovered from serious illness with the loss or injury of their sight or hearing—whether we are not like the Jews returned from captivity, who could never find the rod of Aaron or the ark of the covenant, which, indeed, had ever been hid from the world, but then was removed from the temple itself ;”—Protestants naturally join issue, and are apt to impugn the authors of more than fine writing ; especially, when hereupon they find Dr. Wiseman corroborating the statement, and conceding the grievousness of the lamentations, exclaiming, “Thank God that the members of the Church of Rome have no occasion to make them ! The deposit of traditional practices which *we* received from our forefathers, *we* have kept inviolate. *We* have rejected no rite—*we* have hardly admitted one in the administration of the Sacrament since the days of Gelasius and Gregory.” Nor are Protestant feelings at all mitigated, when it is found that to the whole tirade (according to the principles of the declaimers), Protestants are not permitted to rejoin—“What are all these regrets for the lost treasure?—Have we not the Bible left?” It is hard for Protestants to be taunted with their “idolatry of the Book,” while the Orielists claim the privilege of idolizing the Ritual ! But so it is !

We have been betrayed, however, into a tone which it is far from our wish to maintain. It is not as *Protestants* that we design to argue this question—but as *CHRISTIANS*. We shall proceed with the subject in a Catholic spirit, guided by philosophical principles, such as no man, who admits the fact of his own existence, can logically dispute.

The first of the Tracts of the Times is addressed *Ad Clerum*, and contains *Thoughts on the Ministerial Commission*. According to the writer, this is not to be rested on private unsupported assertion, on popularity, on success, or on temporal distinctions—but on *APOSTOLICAL DESCENT*. To this we readily concede. But the writer goes on to state that the apostolical gifts are *transmitted* by the prelate to the candidate in the act of ordination. To this we demur. The office of the Bishop is only declarative of a gift already received immediately from the Spirit of God, and signified by the willingness of the candidate to share in the rite ; to have it registered ; and to be bound by its obligations. Who art thou who standest between God and another ? Who made thee a day's-man between God and him ? By what magic, white or black, had the Apostles themselves, much less their successors, such power of transmission ? If we mistake not, the assumption smacks more of Simon Magus than of St. Peter. He who makes deacons and priests is none other than he who makes bishops. “The Holy Ghost,” says the venerable

Hooker, repeating the Apostle, "doth make bishops, and the whole action of making them is God's own deed, men being therein but his agents."

However much Romanism may insist on direct transmission, Protestantism is so far from depending on it, that the judicious author just named, is compelled to raise an argument, shewing that ordination is sometimes lawful without bishops. Ordinary courses, he argues, are for ordinary occasions; but on extraordinary occasions, extraordinary courses are not only permissible, but "not unnecessary." God uses the labour of some *without* requiring that men should authorise them; "but then," adds our ecclesiastical politician, "he doth ratify their calling by manifest signs and tokens, himself, from heaven; and thus, even such as believed not our Saviour's teaching, did yet acknowledge him a lawful teacher sent from God." Bishop Jewel also pursues the like argument: "If Christ," says he, "had determined from the beginning, that nothing should be taught and preached without a licence from the bishops, and had referred all his doctrine to Annas and Caiaphas, what had become of the Christian faith by this time? and who had ever heard anything of the Gospel?" Furthermore, Hooker concludes, that "we are not, *simply without exception*, to urge a *lineal* descent of power from the Apostles, by *continued succession* of bishops in every effectual ordination."* It is, therefore, not to be taken for an historical fact, as the tract writers insist, that we can trace the power of ordination from hand to hand, until we come to the apostles at last. If apostolical succession is to be understood of historical "lineal descent," we are bold to say that it cannot be maintained. We must therefore, if we (*as we do*) hold the doctrine, interpret it in other than an historical sense. The churches founded by Calvin and Luther cannot safely depend on it.

The fact is, that the historical succession is appointed only as a type of the true apostolical descent, and has been destined by providence to be imperfect, that it may not be legitimately taken for more than a type. A sign of the thing signified it is; but no more than a sign—sometimes unaccompanied with the thing, as sometimes the thing is unaccompanied with the sign.

* Compare with this candid admission of the judicious Hooker, the reckless assertion of the tract writer:—"We have confessed before God our belief, that through the bishop, who ordained us, we received the *Holy Ghost*, the power to bind and to loose, to administer the sacraments, and to preach. Now, *how* is he able to give these great gifts? *Whence* is his right? Are these words idle, (which would be taking *God's* name in vain)? or do they express merely a wish, (which is surely very far below their meaning)? or do they not rather indicate that the speaker is conveying a gift? Surely they can mean nothing short of this. But whence, I ask, his right to do so? Has he any right, except as having received the power from those who consecrated him to be a bishop? He could not give what he had never received. It is plain, then, that he but *transmits*, and that the christian ministry is a *succession*. And if we trace back the power of ordination, from hand to hand, of course we shall come to the apostles at last. We know we do, as a PLAIN HISTORICAL FACT; and therefore all we, who have been ordained clergy, in the very form of our ordination, acknowledged the doctrine of the apostolical succession."—No. 1, p. 3.

"As to the *fact* of the apostolical succession, i. e. that our present bishops are the heirs and representatives of the apostles, by successive *transmission* of the prerogative of being so; this is too notorious to require proof. *Every link in the chain is known from St. Peter to our present metropolitans.*"—No. 7. p. 2.

This argument is of course conclusive against the tract writers, only on the supposition of their being Protestants. To the Romanists we should have to prove that those miracles accompanied the new teacher, which Hooker supposes necessary for the vindication of every fresh avatar. Nor would it be impossible to point to many passages in the career of Calvin and Luther capable of being legitimately considered in the nature of signs and wonders, as proper to the dawn of an intellectual cycle, as were those recorded in the four gospels to the evening of a sensuous age and country. But it has been too often urged against the infidel, that a greater miracle is supposed in the propagation of Christianity without visible divine interposition than with—for this argument now to avail much. The success of the Reformation without the accompaniment of preternatural exhibition therefore would, on such shewing, have been even such a greater miracle, of which all minor accompanying miracles are at all times but subordinate types and symbols. Nor can it be doubted that a religion propagated without miracle, is a greater manifestation of divine power than one propagated with. What wonder either? For are not, in fact, reason and religion *their own evidence*? and all inferior corroborations but condescensions to “a carnal and adulterous generation.” Even so—whence it cometh also, that, whereas of aforetime miracles were the proof to unenlightened men of the truths that they accompanied, now those very truths themselves are become the tests of the miracles that attended their enunciation. Miracles then may be sometimes expedient, but are never necessary.

The blindness of the tract writers is sometimes astonishing. Thus they quote the example of Aaron in proof of ministerial *succession*,* by *transmission*: Aaron, to whom an *immediate* divine call was vouchsafed! But, however, it is well quoted, since it defines and explains the signification of the other texts cited in connexion, as well as the meaning of apostolical descent itself. Throughout the whole order of succession, and in every instance, the *immediate* call is presupposed as individually vouchsafed to every candidate; and where it has not really been received, the candidate has played the part of the hypocrite; and the prelatical declaration does not, and cannot make him other than a pretender. There is no *magic* in the ceremony. Nor is the declaration necessary, though expedient. As sometimes it is undoubtedly wrongfully obtained; so sometimes that which it declares may be possessed without official acknowledgement being sought or rendered. The unity of the divine ordinances is consistent with the utmost possible variety in their mode of exhibition. And wherefore? To shew that while the exhibition is physical, the ordinances themselves are spiritual!

* Observe how often these principles which are usually called, in scorn, “High Churchmanship,” drop as it were incidentally from the pens of the sacred writers professedly employed on other subjects. “How shall they preach, except they be sent?” “Let a man so account of us, as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God?” “No man taketh this honour unto himself, but he that is called of God as was Aaron.”

The sort of apostolicity claimed by the tract writers is very much like the standard of classicality, once set up in literature, but now generally acknowledged to be untenable. The true way of becoming classical in poem or drama is not by imitating the ancient unities, nor by imitating at all; but by resorting, as the old sages and poets did, to the eternal sources of inspiration—sources as open to us as to them. “Shakspeare,” says a late writer, (how justly!) “is a more classical poet than Racine. To be regular, and polished, and unimpassioned, is not to be classical—but to feel, to think and write antecedently to rules as the Greeks did,—that is to be truly classical.” In like manner, to be truly apostolical is not to depend on mere historical association—but to do as the apostles did—make application direct to the Fountain of love and light and life, and receive from God himself the spiritual gifts of which he is the sole and exclusive giver. We literally shudder, when we find these tract-writers using such language as the following: “It is better and more scriptural to have than to want Christ’s special commission for conveying his word to the people, and consecrating and distributing the pledges of His holy sacrifice”.... “the only Church in the realm which has a right to be quite sure that she has the Lord’s body to give to his people.”—“If an imposition of hands is necessary to convey one gift, why should it not be to convey another?”.... “heirs and representatives of the apostles by successive transmission of the prerogative of being so”... “a gift, thus transmitted to us in matter of fact.” &c. In all this, the functions of conveying—consecrating—distributing—giving—transmitting—are asserted as belonging to certain men, and to a certain society—functions which belong not to society at all—belong not to man at all—but to God alone! To every man, even as he will, he gives his especial gift; which, manifesting itself in him, he decrees official declaration of or not, according to his gracious purpose in the bestowal.

Now-a-days, the merest tyro in literature could have corrected this egregious error in the tract-writers; and the smallest smattering of philosophy would not have failed to detect the sophism of identifying the church and the world in the same methods of proceeding, and the same laws of conduct:—e. g. “The bishop has received” [received, again!] “it from another, and so on till we arrive at the apostles themselves, and thence, our Lord and Saviour. It is superfluous to dwell on so plain a principle, which, in matters of the world, we act upon daily!”

Matters of the world, forsooth! Why, if there were no other reason, this would lead us to pause. The world, and the world’s ways, are in antagonism with themselves and with the Church. If otherwise, why not carry out the principle fully? Why not hereditary succession? This question, to those who understand the subject, settles the point at once. Not by generation, but by regeneration, the Spirit proceeds. “The wind bloweth where it listeth, and no one can tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth!” The laws whereby it works are superior to those whereby Nature herself works—and, in no way even, are the former bound by the analogy of the latter, but precisely in those qualities which are essential, transcend

all types whatsoever. Thus, for instance, the affirmation made in the text just cited, cannot, in these scientific days, be stated of the natural wind.

All things spiritual, however, have their types in things natural, which present them to the fullest extent possible, short of identification. Even to this extent, the historical symbolises the mystical Church—but seeing how inadequate the whole of history is to represent the idea which it is evolving, let us be careful to make our induction as extensive as may be. What a miserable limitation of the argument is it to confine the history of the Messiah's dispensation to a single society or two out of many! The Romish Church presents one class of historical facts—the Greek Church another class of historical facts—the Anglican Church another class of historical facts—the Presbyterian Churches another class of historical facts—and the Dissenting Churches another class of historical facts. Our tract-writers are arguing for one small section of the historical against all the other sections: nay—they are consciously doing this—and then, at the same time, they blind and hoodwink themselves with main force, by the paltriest considerations,* such as have been too frequently exploded, to detain us now.

We call the considerations paltry; because, if the result to which they lead were produced, it would conduct to the usurpation, by one Church, of authority over others. It claims, in a word, for the Anglican Church what the Church of Rome once claimed for itself. Those who have dreaded, from these tracts, the revival of papal domination, and proclaimed in tirade and leader, "Treason within the Church," have only shewn (supposing them to be members of the Church of England), the absurdest ignorance of the grounds of the whole controversy. The argument proceeds upon the basis of the Anglican Episcopal Church being the only true one; and the attack is levelled against that ultra-protestantism which leads to dissent and infidelity. But this end, however good, is sought by erroneous means and on a false principle—by the revival of certain

* "Nor need any man," say the tract-writers, "be perplexed by the question, sure to be presently and confidently asked, *Do you then unchurch all the Presbyterians, all Christians who have no bishops?—Are they to be shut out of the covenant, for all the fruits of Christian piety, which seem to have sprung up not scantily among them?*—Nay, we are not judging others, but deciding on our own conduct. We, in England, cannot communicate with Presbyterians, as neither can we with Roman Catholics; but we do not, therefore, exclude either from salvation. *Necessary to salvation, and necessary to Church communion*, are not to be used as convertible terms. Neither do we desire to pass sentence on other persons of other countries; but we are not to shrink from our deliberate views of truth and duty, because difficulties may be raised about the case of such persons; any more than we should fear to maintain the paramount necessity of Christian belief, because similar difficulties may be raised about virtuous Heathens, Jews, or Mahometans. To us, such questions are abstract, not practical: and whether we can answer them or no, it is our business to keep fast hold of the Church Apostolical, whereof we are actual members; not, merely, on civil or ecclesiastical grounds, but from real personal love and reverence—affectionate reverence to our Lord and Saviour. And let men seriously bear in mind that it is one thing to slight and disparage this holy succession, where it may be had, and another thing to acquiesce in the want of it, where it is (*if it be any where*) really unattainable."

external observances, and on the assumption of the Church being constituted of the clergy, as the sole possessors of apostolic unction.

The endeavour is vain—the mother see of the world has doubtless been divinely ordained. In regard to the other churches also, God's providence is its own best interpreter. The Variety which he has permitted in the Unity, carries its credential in the fact of its existence. Nor is the unity itself, together with the whole beauty of the divine arrangement, less perceptible to the philosophic mind. At no time has the Sacred Rose been scattered, although it has still enlarged and multiplied its leaves even as it has budded and blossomed. Nor is its growth yet completed. When it is, doubtless the Variety of the Many will be swallowed up in the Unity of the All. But this completion of the circle is not to be effected by human means. In all things these Orielite clergy seek to arrogate the privileges of the Divinity—in this particular indeed, reviving the worst errors of Romanism; we dwell on this the more, because it is a point on which we shall be understood by the tract-writers, and one of which they themselves have shown perception.*

Our complaint with these Oxford divines is, that they have confounded the political and religious aspects of the question. Their motive for doing this is confessed. "The prospect of the loss of state protection made it necessary to look out for other reasons for adherence to the church, besides that of obedience to the civil magistrate." We have cause to thank God that the agitations of these times have produced even such a result; and the more so that the Church has been thus led to depend on her apostolical privileges. Fatally, however, would these be misinterpreted, if she should be carried back to an origin in time, for authority that is ever present—or to a particular body of men for an influence that is universally diffused. "Are ye" (might the laity not demand of the clergy) "Are ye the temples of the Holy Ghost? Even so are we!"

That Christianity, however, recognises no distinction between

* It is with some gratification that we are enabled to extract the following paragraph. "It is surely parallel with the order of Divine Providence that there should be a variety—a sort of graduated scale in His method of dispensing his favor in Christ. So far from its being a strange thing that Protestant sects are not in Christ, in the same fulness that we are, it is more accordant to the scheme of the world that they should lie between us and heathenism. It would be strange if there were but two states, one absolutely of favour, and one of disfavour. Take the world at large, one form of Paganism is better than another. The North American Indians are Theists; and as such, more privileged than Polytheists. Mahometanism is a better religion than Hindooism—Judaism is better than Mahometanism. One may believe that long established dissent affords to such as are born and bred in it, a sort of pretext, and is attended with a portion of blessing, (where there is no means of knowing better,) which does not attach to those who *cause* divisions, found sects, or wantonly wander from the Church to the Meeting House;—that what is called an orthodox sect, has a share of divine favour which is utterly withheld from heresy. I am not speaking of the next world, where we shall all find ourselves as individuals, and where there will be but two states, but of existing bodies or societies. On the other hand why should the corruptions of Rome lead us to deny her divine privileges, when even the idolatry of Judah did not forfeit or annul her temple sacrifices and level her to Israel." No. 47.—p. 3-4.

clergy and laity, we are not prepared to assert—but we nevertheless contend that it recognises the distinction as transitional and not essential. Christians are not what they ought to be; and until they become so, the better must rule the worse, the wise think for the foolish, and the learned act for the ignorant. The state, however, thus prepared will emanate in a sacred republic; in which, the aristocratic and democratic shall be resolved into their original unity. Under such a theocracy, a priesthood, though unnecessary, may be voluntarily permitted; and the more so as, from the spread of intelligence, their authority will be incapable of abuse, and unindigent of assertion. Moreover, as all differences of opinion will then merge in the general admission of common principles, churches will no longer be separated by national limits, and all may then hold a common bishop—a papacy that may be intrusted with the greatest powers, since it will be impossible to misemploy them, and their steward will indeed have no desire to exceed his office. But we are speaking of an era of government, in which humanity shall be at its highest point of perfection, morally and mentally, and only individuals of the greatest virtue and genius shall be office-bearers for the rest.

To antedate this period altogether, (by the bye, an ideal one,) is not prudent; to substitute the order of providence by any invention of human ingenuity is presumptuous. Will we be wiser than God? Nay, will we be more foolish than man need be? Notwithstanding the testimony of history, will we seek again to promote the *apparent* for the *real* Unity? If so, by what means short of violence can it be promoted? Nay, but we will be patient; and trust to the Father the ordering of the times and seasons, of which knoweth no man, not even the Son of Man.

And see what a loss of dignity the priesthood undergo by this substitution, of the *apparent* for the *real*! We are told, that “the apostles and their successors have, in every age, committed portions of their power and authority to others, who thus become their *delegates*, and in a measure, their representatives, and are called Priests and Deacons. The result is an episcopal system, because of the practice of *delegation*.”* What! Delegation? Not long ago, under the Reform Act, an attempt was made by some of the constituencies to convert members of parliament into delegates. Was it generally, or in individual instances, willingly, submitted to? Not it! A member of parliament was a representative indeed, but no delegate. Nevertheless, the motive of the dispute is more interesting and instructive than the dispute itself. Why seek to restrain the liberty of the representative? Because he and his constituency are not yet of *one* mind! Why refuse to concede the demand? Because it is not fit that the better instructed should yield to the less! And why, both the demand and the refusal? Because there are degrees of intelligence and cultivation, resulting in differences of perception, whereof the *minus* generally belongs to constituencies, and the *plus* to representatives, so that the parties litigant stand at different poles, and a whole equator

* No. 7, p. 1.

between them. Now, conceive, that both parties are equally illuminated in their rights and duties; and the question of delegation or representation would not arise. There would be such an agreement in opinion, and such a unity of mind and purpose, that one party would freely and fully confide in the spontaneous views and measures of the other. Even such is the Christian's liberty! The apostles imposed no mere delegation on their alleged successors, nor gave them any specific commission; but simply sanctioned them by permitting their association during their own life, who, thus sanctioned, continued to teach after the death of the first teachers, both trusting in the ONE SPIRIT, by whom alike the first and second, and all subsequent teachers have been, are, and shall be sent, to the end of time. To talk of "the representatives of the first representatives" is nonsense. It were as if one member of parliament represented his predecessor instead of his constituency! Whom, then does the Christian teacher represent? Whom, but the Christ? And what less is represented by the humblest, if sincere, Christian, that ever lived? That man is sent to be an apostle, in whom lies the capacity and the desire to teach, and for whom providence has prepared a field of labour.

Even under the law, all apostleship was not confided to the hereditary priesthood. Necessary to the Hebrew economy was a school of prophets, in addition. Nor were all prophets instructed in the same school—yet Amos has a place in the Scripture as well as Isaiah. So careful has Divine Providence been, in all its dispensations, to preclude the pious from trusting in mere historical sanctions, mere institutional arrangements. Nor has the Christian scheme been left destitute of defenders—nor the Church without its wardens and warners—among the laity of every age and clime. For the wise men and prophets of old, we have had our philosophers and poets. Had not Erasmus prepared the way for Luther? Was it not also entrusted to a Bacon and a Locke to carry out the science of induction concurrently with the principles of the reformation; and without which Protestantism had long, ere now, been a dead letter? And that science, being carried to a prejudicial extreme, have not a Kant, a Fichte, and a Coleridge, been raised up to counteract its exclusive influence by the opposition of an elevated philosophy; and this, too, in concurrence with a clerical attempt to restore ancient Unity—an attempt which must fail, unless it substantiate itself in the truths evolved by the new and improved transcendentalism that now pervades, in one shape or other, the walks of literature? In this philosophy, the Oxford divines will find that support which history cannot give them; and also the interpretation of the blind aim that is now to them as a dream that perplexes them and their opponents, because understood not by either.

In literature we dare not substitute Learning for Inspiration, neither must we in the Church. But the scheme of the Oriellites goes to shut out inspiration altogether, granting it to the first apostles only, and conveying the effects of it, by some means of magical transmission, to the evil and the good, by the simple laying on of hands. It is a monstrous hypothesis—a limitation of the Divine influence, for which there is no authority either in Scripture or reason.

Institutions can be none other than partial, incomplete, and temporary—but the basis of all is the same—one, perfect and permanent. We are of St. John's mind on these subjects. In the Beginning was the Word, in whom was Life, and the Life was the Light of Men. Yet, albeit this veritable Light is even that which lighteth every man that cometh into the world, we hold with the Evangelist, that in many men it shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. But to those who have and perceive this Light, power is given, to become the sons of God—nay, to such a "Scripture that cannot be broken" has even ascribed a higher title, "calling them *gods*, unto whom the WORD of GOD came." By such sons of God—nay, even by such *gods*—at sundry times, and in divers manners and places—GOD spake from the earliest periods until the last days, when he spake unto us by THE SON, whom he hath appointed heir of all things; and in, and by whom also, he constituted the ages. By men like these, as both sacred and profane writ agree in declaring, the institutions of Religion and Government, of Church and State, were founded.

It was not by means of a written book, nor by any process of natural science (of which the earliest books contain no traces,) that the Word of God came to these founders of temples and cities, but by immediate inspiration of the Spirit of God; namely, by the revelation of that light which is in all men but which in few shines in light, though it may in every man; and the perception of which, makes a rightful legislator of him who perceives it. For its first revelation is the conscience, or self-intelligence, as the law co-eval with being, whence that power has always and everywhere been recognised as the voice of God—the Divine principle in the heart of man: and is even that Spirit in and to the will, the renewal of which is the regeneration of man. That voice or principle, developed according to the measure of human and individual capacity, becomes the reason, the great fontal power of ideas, which are the correlatives of laws, whether moral or natural; moral laws being only the manners, modes, or forms of spiritual developement, and natural laws but the application of such to the material universe, as the rules for judging of phenomena in the integrity of their manifestation.

Thus accomplished with legislative power, and invested with authority over the body and the external world, man proceeds to govern rude nature in his flesh and in the world. From universal principles and ideas, which, as Coleridge remarks, "are not so properly said to be confirmed by reason as to be reason itself;" all rules and prescripts of action, whether private or public, directly and visibly flow. "Every principle," says the same authority, "is actualized by an idea; and every idea is living, productive, partaketh of infinity; and (as Bacon has sublimely observed) containeth an endless power of semination. Hence it is, that science which consists wholly in ideas and principles is power."

Again; "The first man, on whom the light of an Idea dawned, did in that same moment receive the spirit and credentials of a law-giver; and as long as man shall exist, so long will the possession of

that antecedent knowledge (the maker and master of all profitable experience) which exists only in the power of an Idea, be the one lawful qualification of all dominion in the world of the senses." Again: "The Old Testament teaches the elements of political science in the same sense in which Euclid teaches the elements of the science of geometry, only with one difference arising from the diversity of the subject. With one difference only, but that one how momentous! All other sciences are confined to abstractions, unless when the term science is used in an improper and flattering sense. Thus we may speak without boast of natural history; but we have not yet attained to a science of nature. The Bible alone contains a science of realities; and therefore each of its elements is at the same time a living germ, in which the present involves the future; and in the finite the infinite exists potentially. That hidden mystery in every the minutest form of existence, which, contemplated under the relations of time presents itself to the understanding retrospectively, as an infinite ascent of causes, and prospectively as an interminable progression of effects;—that which, contemplated in space, is beholden intuitively as a law of action and reaction, continuous and extending beyond all bound: this same mystery freed from the phenomena of time and space, and seen in the depth of real being, reveals itself to pure reason as the actual immanence or in-being* of all in each. Are we struck with admiration at beholding the cope of heaven imaged in a dew drop? The least of the *animalcula* to which that drop would be an ocean, contains in itself an infinite problem, of which God omnipresent is the only solution. The slave of custom is roused by the rare and the accidental alone; but the axioms of the unthinking are to the philosopher the deepest problems, as being the nearest to the mysterious root, and partaking at once of its darkness and its pregnancy."

But enough of citation, both concerning the legislative power divinely invested in man, and the record of its exercise in the earliest ages, among a chosen people. Enough of both has been given to suggest to the philosophical mind, how that every form of institution is an image of such ideas and principles; and, that man, without such, could have had no science of government: indeed, neither science nor government at all. Symbols of such, we therefore recognise in all institutions of society—in all the establishments of church and state—and are careful to preserve them intact and sacred, even while suggesting the ideal standards in whose radiance and majesty they look pale and mean. Nevertheless, never shall we less esteem of them, than as the emblems of majesty and power; and of these the sacerdotal and the aristocratic, as enshrining the holiest and the best, shall receive from us marked reverence and studious veneration.

What then? Shall we, therefore, substitute these images for the ideas? God forbid! We repeat, God, who trusted not the Jewish

In-being is the word chosen by Bishop Sherlock to express this sense. See his tract on the Athanasian Creed, 1827.

priesthood, but set over them the watch and ward of his specially sent prophets, both in school and out of school—both taught and untaught—even that all-wise God, in his infinite mercy, forbid such idolatry! Should not the priesthood of every age study the example of Aaron? A political priest, though distinguished by an immediate divine call, what were his failings—his errors? How worse than his, the follies and vices of his successors? In them the principle of historical succession was thoroughly carried out, and in the hereditary form. But in the christian system that was changed for a spiritual filiation demonstrated in a spiritual call.

We have seen that Hooker demanded for the special sending the evidence of sensuous miracles, which we were bold enough to supersede by higher wonders. The Oxford tract-writers are bolder still—they get rid of the miraculous altogether. “As miracles,” say they, “have long ago come to an end, there must be some *other* way for a man to prove his right to be a minister of religion.”* And what does the reader think is this other way? “A regular call and ordination by those who have succeeded to the apostles.”!! And thus to the bishops, these divines give every thing—the call as well as the ordination! God has so parted with his rights to these successors of the apostles, that he has left to himself nothing—not even the privilege which he claimed and exercised by miraculous interposition in the apostolic age, that of calling the candidate whom the apostles should ordain. To their successors, therefore, according to this assumption, God has rendered greater power than ever the apostles had—and all, forsooth, because the age of miracles is past! What other proof have we of this fact than that the lower types have been suspended in the higher reality? And what is this proof but an evidence that we live in an age when greater wonders than those of old are daily done? Who shall then say that the age of miracles is past? Moreover, where is the record in corroboration of the dogma of these Oxford divines, that to the successors of the apostles has been granted a power of calling, not possessed by the apostles themselves? Surely nothing less than a miracle must be vouched by them in favour of this grant—the last and greatest miracle—which, being accomplished, the divine function of performing miracles might well cease for aye; as in that case all the privileges of Deity would have been therewith made over to the Anglican priesthood in fee-simple for ever.

Why, this is more than the Romish priesthood ever claimed—but then to be sure, the Church of Rome acknowledges still the possibility of miracles, and the perpetual presence of the Spirit in the Church;—both of which hypotheses are precluded by this argument of the Orielite Divines! Verily, a pious critic, eaten up with zeal for the Lord of Hosts, might here exclaim, “Ye blaspheme, seeing that ye first make yourselves equal with God; and then proceed to dethrone him, even in his very heavens, which in their seven-fold perfection, are none other than the Church of the Holy One!”

Our tract-writers, however, are aware that this is dangerous ground:

—an usurpation of the privileges of God naturally has the effect of invalidating their own. An objection is brought, they tell us, that as the apostolic authority is grounded in Scripture upon the possession of miraculous powers, it necessarily ceased when those powers were withheld. Can the tract writers, we demand, possibly be satisfied with the manner in which they have met this objection? They respond, that “there is no essential difference between the apostolic age and our own, as to the *relation* in which God’s ministers and his people stand to each other.” “I do not say,” writes one of them, “that the ministers of His word in these days can feel as sure as the apostles could, that in the commandments which they give, they have the SPIRIT of GOD: very far from it. But I do say, that neither can the people feel sure as in those days of miraculous gifts, that *they* have the SPIRIT of GOD with *them*, and thus the *relation* between the two parties remains unaltered.”*

Reader! can you believe your eyes? This and none other is the answer to the fatal objection above cited—an answer which divests both priest and congregation of God’s Spirit—an answer which acknowledges in express terms, that the Church which these divines seek to establish, is one that shall have the Form of Godliness, but not the Power thereof! Astonishing blindness, but doubtless judicial.

True enough it is that, as they say, the extraordinary gifts of the Spirit were not confined to the appointed Teachers of the Church, but were shed abroad upon the congregation at large, upon the young and old alike, upon the servants, upon the hand-maidens—and true enough it is that if denied to the taught, they must be denied to the teachers too. O pregnant conclusion! And do these divines really believe that the Form without the Power of Godliness is all that is needed for or will be granted to these last days? We wonder not at Irvingism and fanaticism of all kinds spreading, while such are the opinions promulgated by Oxford Doctors of Divinity. The wildest enthusiasm were scarcely a counterpoise to such heartless, soulless, spiritless dogmatism—which, if encouraged will provoke the other as its inevitable opposite.

That both extremes may be seasonably averted, we take advantage of our peculiar position to effect a philosophical mediation. That which was in the beginning is now and ever shall be: the Word of God endureth for ever. The light that once lighted every man that came into the world, is now the light that still lighteth and shall light every man that cometh and shall come into the world. Every truth is eternal—and this is a truth revealed by the Eternal!—a permanent miracle identified with the intelligence of the human being—witnessing in, and to the conscience of every Christian, that he is Christ’s representative, whether he be priest or layman, and, as such, an apostle, whenever the voice of God in his conscience shall call upon him to go forth and preach in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost! It is amusing to read in one page of the tracts before us,† that the apostles “were like Christ in their works, because Christ was a witness of the Father, and they were witnesses of Christ.” And in the next page,‡ that the same apostles “did not leave the world without appointing

* No. 24. p. 9—10.

† No. 10, p. 1.

‡ No. 10, p. 2.

persons to take their place; and these persons represent them, and may be considered with reference to us, as if they were the apostles." Such apostles as we contemplate, whether of ancient or modern times, represent Christ and Christ only, directly and immediately, his life being in them as the light of their life, shining, however, not in darkness, but in glory. Such an apostle will not deny to himself or others the presence of God's Spirit, but will humbly and piously acknowledge its perpetual influence, as the source of every moral act, the fountain of *a priori* reasoning, the giver of every good and genial gift, the parent in the soul of man of all wisdom and knowledge, the interpreter of dark sayings in the volume of the Book, and the veritable Word of God which maketh them to whom it comes sons of God, nay, gods—"at all times and in all places."

How much more consonant with reason, then, is such an interpreter of the Bible, than that proposed by the Protestant divines.—Their outcry, however, for the necessity of an interpreter is even louder than the Church of Rome; and their depreciation of the Holy Scriptures, more unequivocal than any yet ventured upon by infidels themselves. Were not, indeed, our Magazine, from its philosophical character, especially addressed *ad clerum*, we should scarcely dare hazard the insertion of passages in proof. As it is, we may be privileged to a step that could scarcely be permitted to a publication designed for the less instructed reader.

Our summary must be short. The Godhead of the Holy Ghost is nowhere literally stated in Scripture, yet is taught by the Church. Baptism, though often mentioned in the epistles, and its spiritual benefits, yet its peculiarity as the *one plenary* remission of sin is not insisted upon with frequency and earnestness—chiefly, in one or two passages of one epistle, and there obscurely—(in Hebrews vi. and x.) The doctrine of absolution is made to rest on but one or two texts (in Matt. xvi. and John xx.) with little or no practical exemplification of it in the epistles, where it was to be expected.—The Apostles are not continually urging their converts to rid themselves of sin after baptism, as best they can by penance, confession, absolution, satisfaction. Christ's ministers are no-where called priests, or at most, in one or two obscure passages, (as in Rom. xv.) The Lord's supper is not expressly said to be a sacrifice. The Lord's table is called an altar but once or twice (Matt. v. and Heb. xiii.) even granting these passages to refer to it. The consecration of the elements is expressly mentioned only in one passage (1. Cor. x.) in addition to our Lord's original institution of them. Only once or twice express mention is made at all of the Lord's supper, all through the New Testament, and where there is, chiefly in the same epistle. Very little is said about ordination—about the appointment of succession of ministers—about the visible Church (1 Tim. iii. 15.)—only one or two passages on the duty of fasting. In fine, as to all these dogmas, every one must allow that there is next to nothing on the surface of scripture, and very little even under the surface of a satisfactory character. Scripture, in all these respects, being deficient, the authority of the Church comes in as supplementary.

To exalt this supplementary authority is it necessary to depreciate so

much the original record? It seems that the delinquency of the Bible is augmented by the fact, that it also contains texts actually inconsistent with the system supported by the said supplementary authority, "For example, what can be stronger against the sanctity of particular places, nay of any institutions, persons, or rites, than our Lord's declaration, that God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him, must worship Him in spirit and in truth? or against the Eucharistic sacrifice, than St. Paul's contrast in Heb. x. between the Jewish sacrifices and the one Christian atonement? or can baptism really have the gifts which are attributed to it in the Catholic or Church system, considering how St. Paul says, that all rites are done away, and that faith is all in all?" Of course in all these cases the Bible is wrong—and particular Church authority right! We shall see—See?—why is not the case given up when its advocates resort to the *argumentum ad hominem*, appealing to the passions and prejudices of Churchmen, not their reason. If we are to believe the Bible, religion is simply mental and moral, not ceremonial and ritual—nay, "it is plain that all external religion is not only not *imperative* under the Gospel, but *forbidden*." We confess that we apprehend no terrors—even in such a conclusion—but we know it to be over stated. What is forbidden is not *external* religion—but a religion *exclusively* external and not at all internal, such a religion as the Oxford Divines (?) advocate. We must also give up not the Sabbath only, it seems, but the Lord's Day also, there being nothing on the surface of Scripture to prove, that the *sacredness* conferred in the beginning on the *seventh* day now by transference attaches to the first. This is also over stated.

Our space will not permit us to pursue the subject before us in the elaborate detail in which the lectures on which we are animadverting present it. Never, perhaps, was the argument more powerfully sifted than in this pamphlet—(Tract No. 85)—shewing, in fine, that the authority and creed of the Church and canon of Scripture stand or fall together. Nothing could justify, indeed, the extreme arguments here taken, but the position that unless the two first are defended, the last must fall. "Sectaries," says the writer, "commonly give up the Church's doctrines, and go by the Church's Bible; but if the doctrines cannot be proved true, neither can the Bible; they stand or fall together. If we begin we must soon make an end." Again. "The prayer-book rests upon the Bible, and the Bible rests on testimony; the Church, on doctrines which are to be gathered from Scripture, and the books of Scripture which make up the Bible are to be gathered from history; and further, those doctrines might have been more clearly stated in the Bible, and the books of the Bible more clearly witnessed by antiquity." Again: "The canon of Scripture rests on no other foundation than the Catholic doctrines. Those who dispute the latter should, if they were consistent,—will, when they learn to be consistent,—dispute the former; in both cases, we believe, mainly, because the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries unanimously believed; and we have at this moment to defend our belief in the Catholic doctrines, merely, because they come first, are the first objects of attack; and if we were not defending our belief in them, we should, at this very time, be defending our belief in the canon."

With this object in view, and under this impression, the writer argues

with great logical exactness, that there are no difficulties in the creed of the Church which are not to be found equally in the canon of Scripture. Thus he tells us, that, if we are compelled to allow that the fathers are credulous and childishly superstitious, for recording certain narratives, we must next surrender the gospel accounts of demoniac-possession—together with the Pythoness of the Acts—also, the Pauline assertion, as to the sacrifice to devils, and fellowship with devils; and all references to the mysterious interference of evil spirits in human affairs. Should we indulge in a laugh at the legends of the middle ages—or assume for a moment that any one of them is intrinsically incredible, and therefore the necessity of examining into evidence is superseded—we must also scoff at the account of the serpent speaking to Eve, or its being inhabited by an evil spirit; of the devils being sent into the swine; of Balaam's ass speaking; of the Holy Ghost appearing in a bodily shape, and that apparently the shape of an irrational animal, a dove, as fanciful and extravagant. Nay, the phrase, "Lamb of God," is ludicrous and grotesque in the tract writer's estimation. There is something repugnant, he asserts, to our present habits of mind in calling again and again our Saviour by the name of a brute animal. Unless we were used to it, he continues, "I conceive it would hurt and offend us much, to read of "glory and honour" being ascribed to Him that sitteth upon the Throne and to the Lamb, as being a sort of idolatry, or at least an unadvised way of speaking. It seems to do too much honour to an inferior creature, and to dishonour Christ. You will see this, by trying to substitute any other animal however mild and gentle." A little after, he adds, that "the ancients formed an acrostic upon our Lord's Greek title, as the SON OF GOD, the SAVIOUR of men, and in consequence called him from the first letters, *ΙΧΘΥς*, or fish." Hear how a late English writer speaks of it. "This contemptible and disgusting quibble originated in certain verses of one of the pseudo-sibyls. . . . I know of no figure which so revoltingly degrades the person of the SON OF GOD."* Such is the nature of the comment made in the further East on the sacred image of the Lamb. The two objectors may settle it with each other."

In like manner, the tract-writer proceeds to argue on the strangeness of the brute creation being symbolically used in connexion with God's spiritual and heavenly kingdom. The four beasts of the Apocalypse—the lion, calf, man, and eagle, the cherubim of the Jewish law—the representation of angels under brute images, are quite as odd and out-of-the-way to him, as the cleansing of sin by the water of baptism, the eating of Christ's body in consecrated bread, the use of oil for spiritual purposes, or in an English coronation; and such like doctrines of the Church not to be primarily derived from the letter of the word, or on the surface of the text. Do we dispute the use of any outward sign, or that water applied to the body really is God's instrument in cleansing the soul from sin?—then away go, at once, the credibility of the angel giving the pool at Bethesda a miraculous power—of Naaman bathing seven times in the Jordan—of the tree which Moses cast into the waters to sweeten them—of Elisha's throwing meal into the pot of poisonous herbs—and of our Saviour's breathing, making clay, and the like. "Unless we were used

* Osburn on the Early Fathers, p. 85.

to the sacraments we should be objecting, not only to the notion of their conveying virtue, but to their observance altogether, viewed as mere badges and memorials. They would be called Eastern, suited to a people of warm imagination, suited to the religion of other times, but too symbolical, poetical, or (as some might presume to say) theatrical for us; that there was something far more plain, solid, sensible, practical, and edifying, in a sermon or an open profession or a prayer."

But what if we question that the hands of bishop or priest "*impart*" a power, a grace, a privilege—or object to the Catholic doctrine of the Eucharist—or "deny that the Blessed Virgin, whom all but heretics, have ever called the Mother of God, was most holy in soul and body, from her ineffable proximity to God?" O then we must decidedly object to the accounts of virtue going out of our Lord, and that, in the case of the woman with the issue of blood, as it were by a natural law, without a distinct application on his part—of all who touched the hem of his garment being made whole; and further of handkerchiefs and aprons being impregnated with healing virtue by touching St. Paul's body—and of St. Peter's shadow being earnestly sought out; or consider the whole as mythi.

And what if we should dispute the credibility of some of the martyrologies, or call some of the doctrinal interpretations of some of the fathers obscure and fanciful? Why, then we must likewise stumble greatly at the accounts of our Saviour's bidding St. Peter catch a fish in order to find money in it, to pay tribute with—of the blood and water that issued from our Saviour's side, particularly taken with the remarkable comment upon it in St. Jude's epistle—of the occurrence mentioned by St. John xii. 28, 29,—of the deluge, the ark and its inhabitants—of Jonah and the whale—and of Elisha and the axe-head, 2 Kings vi. 1—7.

"I conceive," continues the writer, "that, under the same circumstances, men will begin to be offended at the passage in the Revelations which speaks of the "*number of the beast.*" Indeed, it is probable that they will reject the Book of Revelations altogether, not sympathising in the severe tone of doctrine which runs through it. Again, there is something very surprising in the importance attached to the Name of God and Christ in Scripture. The name of Jesus is said to work cures and frighten away devils. I anticipate that this doctrine will become a stone of stumbling to those who set themselves to enquire into the trustworthiness of the separate parts of Scripture. For instance, the narrative of St. Peter's cure of the impotent man in the early chapters of the Acts:—First, 'Silver and gold,' he says, 'have I none; but such as I have, give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk.' Then, "And His name, through faith in His name, hath made this man strong." Then the question, 'By what power, or by what name, have ye done this?' Then the answer, 'By the Name of JESUS CHRIST of Nazareth . . . even by it doth this man now stand here before you, whole. . . . There is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Then the threat, that the apostles should not 'speak at all, nor teach in the Name of JESUS.' Lastly, their prayer that God would grant 'that signs and wonders might be done by the Name of his holy Child, Jesus.' In connexion with which must be considered St. Paul's declaration, that 'at the Name of JESUS every knee should bow!' Again,—I conceive that the circumstances of the visitation of the

* Acts, iii. iv. Phil. ii. 10.

Blessed Virgin to Elizabeth would startle us considerably, if we lost our faith in Scripture. Again,—can we doubt but that the account of CHRIST's *ascending* into heaven will not be received by the science of this age, when it is carefully considered what is implied in it? Where is heaven? Beyond all the stars? If so, it would take years for any natural body to get there. We say, that with God all things are possible. But this age, wise in its own eyes, has already decided the contrary, in maintaining, as it does, that he who virtually annihilated the distance between earth and heaven on his Son's ascension, cannot annihilate it in the celebration of the Holy Communion, so as to make us present with Him, though he be on God's right hand in heaven."

We have thought fit to quote the foregoing passage *in extenso*; as we would not take the responsibility of a single statement in it. So much for the equality of difficulties on the part of the canon and the creed.

As the records of revelation are to be defended according to these divines, in the defence of clerical dogmas, we will not now engage in the reconciliation of the apparent contradictions in Holy Writ itself; rather we are concerned in the seeming anomalies that exist between Holy Writ and more Holy Church. We shall arrange these in parallel columns—pre-mising that the statements and assumptions on both sides are the property of the tract writers, not ours—whatever logical use we may make of them afterwards.

Doctrine of the Bible.

There is no system in the New Testament. The word Trinity is not in Scripture. The verses of the Athanasian Creed are not distinctly set down in Scripture; nor particular portions of the doctrine,—such as, that Christ is equal to the Father, that the Holy Ghost is God, or that the Holy Ghost proceedeth from the Father and the Son.

When we turn to Scripture, we see much, indeed, of certain *gifts*; we read much of what Christ has done for us, by atoning for our sins, and much of what he does in us; that is, much about holiness, faith, peace, love, joy, hope, and obedience; but of those intermediate portions of the revelation coming between Him and us, of which the Church speaks, we read very little. Passages, indeed, are pointed out to us as if containing notices of them; but they are, in our judgment, singularly deficient and unsatisfactory; and that, either because the meaning assigned to them is not obvious and natural, but (as we think) strained, unexpected, recondite, and, at best, possible, or because they are conceived in such plain, unpretending words, that we cannot imagine the writers meant to say any great thing in introducing

Doctrine of the Church.

There is a system in the Church. The word Trinity is in the Prayer-book; so is the Athanasian creed, and the entire doctrine on the subject.

We are told in the Prayer-book of a certain large and influential portion of doctrine, as constituting one great part of the Christian revelation; that is, of sacraments, of ministers, of rites, of observances; we are told that these are the appointed *means* through which Christ's gifts are conveyed to us.

them. On the other hand, a silence is observed in *particular* places, where one might expect the doctrines in question to be mentioned. Moreover, the general tone of the New Testament is, to our apprehension, a full disproof of them; that is, it is moral, rational, elevated, impassioned; but there is nothing of what may be called a sacramental, ecclesiastical, mysterious tone in it.

The words "*break bread*" are quite a familiar expression. Again, "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast, not with old leaven, neither with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." In which passage, instead of any literal feast occurring to the sacred writer, a mental feast is the only one he proceeds to mention; and the unleavened bread of the Passover, instead of suggesting to his mind the sacred elements in the Eucharist, is to him but typical of something moral, "*sincerity and truth.*"

It is not provable from Scripture that the Lord's Supper is generally necessary to salvation. The sixth chapter of St. John does not necessarily refer to the subject. Many excellent men alive deny such reference, and many dead have denied it.

The words in which the celebration of the holy Eucharist is spoken of by St. Luke and St. Paul (*breaking bread*) are very simple: they are applicable to a common meal as much as to the Sacrament; and they only do not exclude, they in no respect introduce the full and awful meaning which the Church has ever put upon them.

St. John says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Why (it is asked) is nothing said here concerning absolution, or the Lord's Supper, as the means of forgiveness? Certainly, then, the *tone* of the New Testament is unsacramental; and the impression it leaves on the mind is not that of a priesthood and its attendant system.

The tone of Scripture is not more unfavourable to the doctrine of a priesthood than it is to the idea of

The tone of the doctrines of the Church is sacramental, ecclesiastical, and mysterious, rather than merely moral, rational, elevated, and impassioned.

By breaking of bread, the Church understands a solemn mysterious rite.

The Church system, in these words, "*keeping the feast,*" recognises a reference to the Lord's Supper as being the great feast of Christ's sacrifice.

The Church holds that the Lord's Supper is generally necessary to salvation.

These simple words, *blessing, breaking, eating, giving,* have a very high meaning put on them in the Prayer-book, and by the Church from the first.

The Prayer-book contains a form of absolution, and in its tone is throughout sacramental, favourable to a priesthood, and to an established, endowed, dignified church.

Christianity, such as we are brought up to regard it, i. e. of an established, endowed, dignified church.

The apostles contemplate not sin in the baptized, but seem to hold, that Christians fall not into gross sin; or, if they do, they forfeit their Christianity. Hence, little is said in the New Testament of the *danger* of sin after baptism, or of the penitential exercises by which it is to be met.

The three first gospels contain no declaration of our Lord's divinity, and there are passages which tend, at first sight, the other way. The impression left on an ordinary mind would be, that our Saviour was a superhuman being, intimately possessed of God's confidence, but still a creature.

There have been unbelievers who have written to prove that Christ's religion was more simple than St. Paul's; that St. Paul's Epistles are "a second system" coming upon the Gospels, and changing their doctrine. Some have considered the doctrine of our Lord's divinity an addition upon the simplicity of the Gospels. Yes, this has been the belief, not only of such heretics as the Socinians, but of infidels such as the historian Gibbon, who looked at things with less of prejudice than heretics, as having no point to maintain. I think it will be found quite as easy to maintain that the divinity of Christ was an after-thought, brought in by the Greek Platonists and other philosophers, upon the simple and primitive creed of the Galilean fishermen, as infidels say, as that the sacramental system came in from the same source.

The New Testament nowhere declares itself to be inspired. We have no means of knowing that the whole Bible is the word of God, or that we have got the whole of the books that are the word of God.

But enough of these parallel citations; since all the differences are declared to be apparent only, and not real: but in what sense are we to concede this? Surely there are substantial diversities between the records of revelation and the historical institution, and must in the nature of the thing be such. What can be more clear than that the New Testament in all its parts presents the ideal of the Church equally existing in the individual and a corporation? Nothing can more strictly mark this than the sinless state of human perfection which is required of every

The Church contemplates sin in the baptized, and has provided penitential means for its avoidance and pardon.

The Prayer-book expressly recognizes our Lord's divinity, and asserts his *superhumanity* and his uncreated being.

The Church holds the identity of the religion of Christ and of St. Paul.

The Church declares the New Testament to be inspired, and admits the commemorations for the faithful departed, which are omitted from the canon.

Christian by St. John and above alluded to. For such an one, no special sacrifice would be required, whose life would be all one sacrifice to truth and goodness—no special sacrament needed, whose every meal would be a sacrament—no shrine or altar or sacred building wanted for his devotion, to whom every place would be altogether holy, and no spot of earth unblest by him who made it. Such is the character presented to us in the Gospel—a being carrying about in his person and habits of mind the most hallowed influences, and consecrating the very air in which he moves with the sanctity of his presence. But, alas! such is not man! The Christian is his highest style, but who has yet deserved it? Christianity from the first was and could only be a corruption of that which gave it birth. Christianity is not Christ-ism. Christianity is a system made by Christians, and not by Christ. It follows and embodies the usages of Christians, not the example of Christ. From the Church of Antioch to the present day it has been so, and could not be otherwise. Pure Christism contemplates Man as restored to his original purity, as incapable of sin, as a veritable child of God—but Christianity accommodates itself to fallen humanity, pities its errors, and condescends to its infirmities. When it became joined to the world, and was taken into partnership with the state—this was more particularly the case—a more decided compromise was effected between the ideal and the possible: and at different periods and in different places it has assumed different phases according to the circumstances and condition of the age and country. But no such compromise—no such accommodation is contemplated by the Gospels; on the contrary, their very spirit is directly opposed to it in every shape and in every degree. It is of no use deceiving ourselves: for this is the case. It is not that the Gospel precepts are only apparently more pure than the practices of the Church in all times; but they are so in very deed and truth. Nor is this conclusion avoided by any necessity for supposing an antecedent institution as at once their author and interpreter. It is granted readily that there must have been a previous establishment virtually or actually and acting always in both capacities. What then? The documents would aim at the same end for which the institution existed; but they would work by different means. The purpose of the Institution would be to lead its members to the pursuit of the highest excellence practically; and the aim of the documents would be to hold up the standard of excellence as the object to be gained. The first would proceed by training an imperfect, uninstructed individual, and providing for him means whereby he might be perfected to every good word and work; this training and preparation—these means would all be adapted to his imperfection and ignorance. The second would be limited to announcing the idea of the utmost excellence, and strictly defining its image; permitting no mutation nor mutilation, but setting aloft the example to be studied, far above the mists of earthly passion and folly, in the pure ether of wisdom and goodness and power, not to be breathed by the profane, not to be approached by the unclean. A law is always more strict in its terms than the observance of it can be; and the perfection of holiness required by Christism was never attained by mortal man. Christianity is just so much as has been realised in time and space, and no more. Christism is to be found in the New Testament—Christianity in the Church, and Antichrist in both the Church and the World; and by so much as one differs from the other, by so much the

religion and morality of the New Testament differ from the institutions and customs of the Church.

Proof enough is given in the Tracts before us that if the Bible needs the interpretation of Church authority, the Church authority needs interpretation too. The works of the Fathers are full of difficulties, and the traditions of the Church are unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, to adopt the language of the tract-writer, "it never can be meant that we should be undecided all our days: we were made for action, and for right action; for thought, and for true thought. Let us live while we live, let us be alive and doing; let us act on what we have, since we have not what we wish. Let us believe what we do not see and know. Let us forestall knowledge by faith. Let us maintain before we have proved." Yes—we repeat with the tract-writer, let us do all this, and not be unwilling to go by faith. But why should we believe in the Church, or rather in the clergy of the Church? No, no; this is not the thing; but verily, we should believe rather in God! We should believe rather in the Christ! Between Deity and us we cannot suffer the clergy to stand as mediators by right of an hypothetical apostolic succession, *which can never be proved*, and for which, even as an assumption, there is confessedly no satisfactory evidence in the charter and the records belonging to the association of which they are members. Besides, the Church pre-existed this clergy, and of old times sought to God immediately and directly; and this state in which the Church is now with a clergy and laity is a second state; and may there not be a third to which the second is transitional? We have already said so; and hereby we are brought, as in a circle, to this very important point again.

The differences between the New Testament Christism and the Church Christianity, which we have declared are not apparent only but really result from the imperfection of the members of the Church, who have therefore need of mediates and helps, such as are provided in rites and ceremonies and public prayers, and the ministration of the better instructed. While the members of the Church continue in that state, these things must continue. But they were not from the beginning. The familiar and customary were then the holy—now it is the rare and solemn that is so. In a perfect Church estate, however, the holy will become the familiar,—every day will be a Sabbath. The perfect Christian will do no act that is not worthy of his name and calling—and that which is now extraordinary and awful will be common and easy. In the primitive Church, there was no meal that was not a sacrament—in the ultimate Church there shall be no sacrament that is not a meal. A holy man can do nothing that is unholy—and the vessels that are marked "holiness unto the Lord" shall be used as the every-day utensils of meanest employment; for there shall no longer be any distinction between sacred and profane, between clergy and laity—for all shall be equally worthy and able.

Now it is clear that the Church system, such as we have it, is but preparatory to this, and awaits its apotheosis in it. Providence is evidently operating this, and the tract-writers are as evidently striving to avert the consequence. They desire to keep apart from the laity, and to be alone the clerical—at a day, too, when almost every man has become as clerkly as themselves. The general diffusion of education must

break down the barriers of a distinction only proper to a state of transition. But how vain is the attempt? Can any stand that Oxford Divines may make in behalf of their apostolical succession, convince the men of these times? Can they restore the faith that was of old, but now is not? Faith was never yet made by the priest but the people. Nay, the character of the priest himself has been made by the people. 'Like people like priest,' it has been said, and also that in all superstitions the priest has only sanctioned what the people have invented. Aaron is a type of every one of his class:—and then only, when the general body of the worshippers shall have been perfected, will the priest himself be really what he now only professes. But when that time comes, he will arrogate no superiority—for the meanest votary, shall be the equal of the highest dignitary in all that makes man, man—in virtue and truth and wisdom.

Would the Oxford Divines preserve the relative station of the order to which they belong, they must resort to other means than they have adopted. It is not by recurring to old customs and slavishly restoring the rubric that they can succeed. God has declared that the unity of the Church is not to be produced in any such worn-out way, or by means of such beggarly elements. Priestcraft is not possible now—what folly therefore, to try it? It is not possible, because the adage "*Populus vult decipi, et decipiat*," is no longer applicable. No superstitious rite is likely to be forced on the priest by the people. Aaron thus is left without excuse, but equally without power to do harm. Is he superstitious? It is a private folly, not a popular madness. For a priest who ought to know better, to take up a superstition to deceive himself withal, and none else, is a sublimely ridiculous conception, or or an exceedingly villanous invention. A coarse-minded, though very upright, Iconoclast might say that the Oxford Divines are either knaves or fools. He might add, that they are men of learning does not preclude them from being the latter—but as some of them shew considerable logical acumen, and all evidently proceed upon a common system, it is rather to be believed that they are a confederacy of crafty men, who have conceived a strange design for their own advantage, but, miscalculating their means, have been full soon overtaken in their own craftiness. A generation of vipers they are, seeking to escape from the wrath to come, by flying to the past, which will drive them back again to the present, with tremendous recoil and rebound, by which they must greatly suffer. We say, a coarse Iconoclast might say this. We, however, know that their folly arises from a peculiar course of study, unenlightened by philosophy; their violent proceedings also are nothing more than the necessary reaction of a violent ultra-protestantism as much to be deprecated on the one hand, as their extreme and exclusive antiquarianism on the other. It has never been doubted by any one capable of appreciating the theosophical bearings of the subject that the position of Chillingworth (namely, that the mere text of the Bible is the sole and exclusive ground of faith, and practice) is quite untenable against the Romanists. It, said Coleridge, "entirely destroys the conditions of a church, of an authority

residing in a religious community, and all that holy sense of brotherhood which is so sublime and consolatory to a meditative Christian. Had I been a papist (continued the modern Plato, I should not have wished for a more vanquishable opponent in controversy. I cannot but believe Chillingworth to have been in some sense a Socinian. Lord Falkland, his friend, said so in substance. I do not deny his skill in dialectics; he was more than a match for Knott to be sure." The authors of the Tracts before us have strongly shewn, that not only the Church of England, but the congregations of Dissent are equally without authority from the Scriptures *alone* for their various practices and disciplines:—

"Since the great bulk of professing Christians in this country," say the Orielites, "whatever their particular denomination may be, do consider, agreeably with the English Church, that there *are* doctrines revealed (though they differ in what), and that they are *in Scripture*, they must undergo and resign themselves to an inconvenience which certainly does attach to our creed, and, as they often suppose, to it alone,—that of having to infer from Scripture, to prove circuitously, to argue at disadvantage, to leave difficulties, and to seem to others weak or fanciful reasoners. They must leave off attacking our proofs of our doctrines as insufficient, not being stronger in their own proofs themselves. No matter whether they are Lutherans or Calvinists, Wesleyans or Independents, they have to wind their way through obstacles, in and out,—avoiding some things, and catching at others, like men making their way in a wood, or over broken ground. If they believe in consubstantiation with Luther, or the absolute predestination of individuals, with Calvin, they have very few texts to produce which, in argument, will appear even specious. Or how, if Wesleyans, do they prove that the gospel sanctions an order of ministers, yet allows man to choose them? Where do they find a precedent in Scripture for a self-chosen ministry? or if no mere succession, and no human appointment are intended by them, where has the gospel promised them infallible evidence from God, whom He will have as his ministers, one by one? And still more plainly have their religionists strong texts against them, whatever be their sect or persuasion. If they be Lutherans, they have to encounter St. James's declaration, that 'by works a man is justified, and not by faith only:† if Calvinists, God's solemn declaration, that 'as He liveth, He willet not the death of a sinner, but rather that he should live:† if Wesleyans, St. Paul's precept to 'obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves:† if Independents, the same apostle's declaration concerning the Church being 'the pillar and ground of the truth:† if Zuinglians, they have to explain how baptism is not really and in fact connected with regeneration, considering it is always connected with it in Scripture: if Friends, why they allow women to speak in their assemblies, contrary to St. Paul's plain prohibition: if Erastians, why they distort our SAVIOUR's plain declaration, that His kingdom is not of this world: if maintainers of the every-day secular Christianity, what they make of the woe denounced against riches, and the praise bestowed on celibacy. Hence, none of these sects and persuasions have any right to ask the question of which they are so fond, 'Where in the Bible are the Church doctrines to be found? Where in Scripture, for instance, is apostolical succession, or the priestly office, or the power of absolution?' This is with them a favourite mode of dealing with us; and I, in return, ask them, Where are we told that the Bible contains all that is necessary to salvation? Where are we told that the New Testament is inspired? Where are we told that justification is by faith only? Where are we told that every individual who is elected is saved? Where are we told that we may leave the Church, if we think its ministers do not preach the gospel? or, Where are we told that we may make ministers for ourselves."

* James ii. 24.

† Heb. xiii. 7.

Having thus invalidated the rule of faith adopted by sectarists and low-churchmen, our Oxford Divines might here have left their case triumphantly, establishing in this matter the Anglican Church on an equality with other churches. But they were solicitous of ascendancy, and have therefore strained the point, for the purpose of showing its superior claims. Enough, however, is done to demonstrate the need of an interpreter beyond the Bible for its contents: The following passage puts this on grounds of the *true* Catholic kind:

"We are told that the doctrine of the mystical efficacy of the Sacraments, comes from the Platonic philosophers, the Ritual from the Pagans, and the Church polity from the Jews: so they do; that is, in a sense in which much more, also, comes from the same sources. Traces also of the doctrines of the Trinity, Incarnation and Atonement, may be found among heathens, Jews, and philosophers; for God scattered through the world, before His Son came, vestiges and gleams of His true religion, and collected all the separated rays together, when he set him on his holy hill, to rule the day; and the Church, as the moon, to govern the night. In the sense in which the doctrine of the Trinity is Platonic, doubtless the doctrine of mysteries, generally, is Platonic also. But this by the way. What I have here to notice is, that the same supposed objection can be, and has been made, against the books of scripture too; viz: that they borrow from external sources. Infidels have accused Moses of borrowing his law from the Egyptians or other pagans; and elaborate comparisons have been instituted, on the part of believers also, by way of proving it; though, even if proved, and so far proved, it would show nothing more than this—that *God*, who gave His law to Israel absolutely and openly, had secretly given some portions of it to the heathen. Again: an infidel historian accuses St. John of borrowing the doctrine of the Eternal Logos or Word from the Alexandrian Platonists. Again: a theory has been advocated—by whom I will not say—to the effect that the doctrine of apostate angels, Satan and his hosts, was a Babylonist tenet, introduced into the Old Testament after the Jews' return from the Captivity: that no allusion is made to Satan, as the head of the malignant angels, and as having set up a kingdom for himself against God, in any book written before the Captivity; from which circumstance it may easily be made to follow, that those books of the Old Testament which were written after the captivity are not plenarily inspired, and not to be trusted as canonical. Now, I own, I am not at all solicitous to deny that this doctrine of an apostate angel and his hosts was gained from Babylon; it might still be divine, nevertheless. God, who made the prophet's ass speak, and thereby instructed the people, might instruct His church by means of heathen Babylon. Again: is not instruction intended to be conveyed to us by the remarkable words of the governor of the feast, upon the miracle of the water changed to wine? "*Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine, and when men have well drunk, then that which is worse; but thou hast kept the good wine until now.*" (John ii. 10.) Yet at first sight they have not a very serious meaning. It does not therefore seem to me a difficulty, nay, or even unlikely, that the prophets of Israel should, in the course of God's providence, have gained new truths from the heathens, among whom they lay corrupted. The Church of God in every age has been, as it were, on visitation through the earth,—surveying, judging, sifting, selecting, and refining all matters of thought and practice, detecting what was precious amid what is ruined and refuse, and putting her seal upon it. There is no reason, then, why Daniel and Zechariah should not have been taught by the *instrumentality* of the Chaldeans. However, this is stated, and as if to the disparagement of the Jewish Dispensation by some persons, and under the notion that its system was not only enlarged but altered at the era of the Captivity—and I certainly think as plausibly as pagan customs were brought to illustrate, and thereby to invalidate, the ordinances of the Catholic Church; though the proper explanation in the two cases is not exactly the same.

"The objection I have mentioned is applied in the quarter to which I allude, to the Books of Chronicles. These, it has already been observed, have before now been ascribed by sceptics to (what is called) priestly influence: here then is a second exceptionable influence, a second superstition! In the second book of Samuel it is said, the anger of the Lord was kindled against Israel; and he moved David against them to say—Go, number Israel and Judah." (2 Sam. xxiv. 1.) On the other hand, in Chronicles it is said, '*Satan stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel.*' (1 Chron. xxi. 1.) On this a writer, not of the English Church, who is in too high a station to be named says, '*The author of the Book of Chronicles. . . . availing himself of the learning which he had acquired in the East, and influenced by a suitable tenderness for the harmony of the Divine attributes, refers the act of temptation to the malignity of the evil principle.*' You see in this way a blow is also struck against the more ancient parts of the Old Testament, as well as the more modern. The books written before the captivity are represented, as the whole discussion would shew, as containing a ruder, simpler, more inartificial theology; those after the captivity, a more learned and refined. God's inspiration is excluded in both cases. . . . It seems then that the objections which can be made to the evidence for the Church doctrines are such as also lie against the Canon of Scripture."*

This Catholic view of revelation, together with the practical application derived from it, "that almost all systems have *enough* of truth, as, when we have no choice besides, and cannot discriminate, makes it better to take all than to reject all—that God will not deceive us if we trust in him," meets with our entire approbation. "Though the received system of religion," the writer continues, "in which we were born were as unsafe as the sea when St. Peter began to walk on it, yet *be not afraid*. He who could make St. Peter walk the waves could make even a corrupt or defective creed truth to us, even were ours such; much more can he teach us by the witness of the Church Catholic. It is far more probable that her witness should be true, whether about the canon or the creed, than that God should have left us without any witness at all."

Admirable sentiments like these are scattered throughout these tracts; and they will have the effect of universalizing and philanthropizing the minds of their admirers. Would that these pious sentiments had but been enlightened by the presence of the true Witness among Christians—the testimony of that One Philosophy which has never changed—the same permanent Spirit, whatever might be the scientific form, physical or metaphysical, in which, at various times, it has been partially developed. It is, has always been, and will ever be, in the world and in the Church,—the Wisdom or the Love of it, that worketh all things—that Understanding which is holy, one only, manifold, subtil, lively, clear, undefiled, plain, not subject to hurt, loving the thing that is good, quick, which cannot be letted, ready to do good, kind to man, stedfast, sure, free from care, having all power, overseeing all things, and seeing through all understanding, pure and most subtil spirits—that Brightness of the everlasting Light which being but One, can do all things; and remaining in herself, she maketh all things new; and in all ages entering into holy souls, she maketh them friends of God and prophets.† This testimony, however, they have surrendered in favour of a lower

* No. 95. p. 82. 84,

† Wisdom of Solomon vii. 22—27.

one, merely scientific and historic, confessedly holding that it is less sin in the Church to "quench the Spirit" than to destroy the Unity. Were the first not extinguished, the second could not be violated. To consolidate the form, is not to reproduce the power of Godliness; but promote the power, and the form will come in order of sequence, or rather will coevally be manifested. The dogmas that the Orielites advocate preclude inspiration—preclude genius in the Church—(for inspiration in religion is analogous to genius in the arts)—in favour of mere learning. Favourable, as we are, to the synthesis of learning and inspiration, we confess that we prefer the latter alone to the former alone. A rule that will not hold good in profane literature, will hardly maintain itself in sacred morals. An eternal originality characterises all genuine production, whether speculative or practical, whether divine or moral, or only intellectual. Nay, the exercise of the poor five senses begins afresh with every man—we neither see, hear, taste, smell or feel, on the authority, or by imitation of others—and, in like manner, the apostolical in us is an original gift of God—a faculty underived from human ordination, but immediately granted by God to every man whom his wisdom pleases to renew in the spirit of his will.

The grand error of the Oxford divines, we repeat, in conclusion, is, that they confound the Spiritual Church of the Christ with the Political Church of Christians, and that blending both in an historical view, they conduct that view partially, confining God's providence to the history of one church, the Anglican, and disregarding the Roman, the Grecian, the Presbyterian, and the sectarian brotherhoods. O that man would but look on the various families of his kind, as God looketh on them—God, their common Father! Any Catholicism short of this, is short altogether of what it calls itself; for nothing but the whole is the whole; a position so true, that it allows neither the aggregate, nor all the parts to be mistaken for it, preserving an eternal priority, and for ever precluding the equality with itself of what it comprehends. No exclusive Church can be Catholic.

As members of the National Church of England, we are right willing advocates of all her privileges, as a visible Church, whose communion we love; but we desire to see them placed on their true basis. A national church is not an international church, nor would an international church be necessarily Catholic, though, perhaps, the highest possible approximation to such on the face of the earth. The true Catholic Church is neither Anglican nor Roman, nor international, but the Jerusalem that is above. Neither is it a syncretic Unity, though that were something, but a prophetic One—an antecedent Whole—of which all unity is only symbolic.

A National Church is simply an institution for promoting and advancing the moral cultivation of the people; and until that is attained is a partial substitute for the general cultivation that it is charged to produce. The vicarious few mediate for the many with their consciences. It proceeds upon the supposition that the many have not yet accomplished Christian perfection—nay, are not yet Christians, and therefore condescends to certain rites and ceremonies that may win them to the fold; and whether Protestant or Romanist, consents in some degree or other

to paganise Christianity in order to christianise Pagans. These being really christianised, the institution, no longer needed as a means, may be retained as an ornament. Priests have been the clerks of the people—but when the people become themselves clerkly, as in this age they are becoming, they resort not to the clergy for help in calligraphy or cryptography. Nevertheless, though excellent writers themselves, they will ever be ready to acknowledge superior genius or virtue, and will doubtless place it in office and trust for its own and the public benefit.

“Neither Christianity” (says Henry Nelson Coleridge in his editorial preface to his uncle’s treatise on Church and State), “nor *a fortiori* any particular scheme of theology supposed to be deduced from it, forms any essential part of the being of a National Church; however conducive it may be to its well-being. A National Church may exist and has existed without, because before, the institution of the Christian Church; as the Levitical church in the Hebrews, and the Druidical in the Keltic, constitutions may prove. But two distinct functions do not necessarily imply or require two different functionaries; on the contrary, the perfection of each may require the union of both in the same person. And in the instance now in question, as great and grievous errors have arisen from confounding the functions of the National Church with those of the church of Christ, so fearfully great and grievous will be the evils from the success of an attempt to separate them.”

Here we conclude for the present. We shall take an early opportunity of declaring at large the proper constitution of a Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church rightly so called, as the visible exponent of the invisible church of the ascended Christ—the veritable virgin—mother and sister—bride of the anointed Son of God.

R. U.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

Editor. And so you became a Gobie?

The Gobie. Yes—in punishment of my transgressions, in the days of my editorship. Alas! I gave the Go-by to many worthy contributors.

Editor. Alas! indeed—poor ghost! Our friend, the Modern Cryptologist on the Fine Arts, received much wrong, I fear, from you.

The Gobie. Ah! fatal truth! It was I who wrote “unintelligible nonsense,” on the MS.

Editor. There have been many who know not what to make of his opinions. But here is the remainder of the paper; it is entitled “The Modern Cryptologist on the Third Religious Dispensation of the Fine Arts.” The sentiments expressed bear a remarkable analogy to those of “Young Germany” at the present moment. We shall have much to say on this class of writers ere long; and our readers will find that we are qualified by our knowledge of the subject, to produce some particulars with which the English public is not at all at present acquainted. But let us now listen to the Modern Cryptologist.

THE MODERN CRYPTOLOGIST ON THE THIRD RELIGIOUS DISPENSATION OF THE FINE ARTS.

IN the preceding remarks, we have pointed out two great dispensations or movements in the history of the arts down to the present time, and a critical

preparation for a third and more perfect dispensation to come. These two movements bear a strict analogy to the two phases of Revelation, the Judaic and the Christian; the first exhibiting more of the character of materialism, and the latter more of the character of spiritualism, and both together manifesting the two extremes of one and the same being, historically exhibited in apparent antagonism or opposition. Hence the arts, as contradistinguished from the sciences, date their origin historically from the first or material dispensation; because they are merely modellings of the *materiel* of nature, but the sciences owe their existence to the second or spiritual dispensation, as being a higher flight of the rational faculties to penetrate the secrets of the eternal Creator.

But as these twin manifestations of mind have been, in a paramount sense, not only separately developed, but developed in apparent antipathy; it necessarily follows that each, as a partial and separate appearance, is imperfect. The first is defective for want of spirituality, or the highest order of imaginative being; it is "of the earth, earthy, and speaketh of the earth," it is full of plain natural truth, and striking to the senses. The religious poetry of the Greeks is more sensuous and intelligible than ours; their sculptured gods have a similar character. Their dramatic mode of conveying moral instruction is more natural than our Evangelical mode; and the Synagogue of the Jews, which corresponds in character with the theatre of the Greeks, is in perfect keeping with the dispensation to which it belongs. There is more nature and intelligibility, but less sublimity and mystery, than in the dispensation which follows. We have thrown a glare of spiritual sunshine upon all the creations of sacred art. But, as every artist knows, the sunny mist is a species of darkness:—

"Dark with excessive light thy skirts appear."

In the sublime, though mysterious foreshadowings of religion, the inquisitive eye may always discover the types of approaching eras, and no type can better illustrate the idea which we entertain of the third great dispensation of the arts, than what is theologically termed, the union of the Law and the Gospel. The apparent separation of these two universal elements of social being, the material and the spiritual, is a symbolical indication of some great fundamental defect in our present system; we require no process of reasoning to convince us of this deficiency—we all feel it. But when we see the dramatic consistency of the plan of Providence thus evidenced, by a fact which forms so remarkable a feature of the Jewish and Christian Revelation, we are more inclined to give our assent to the plausibility of the idea that the great changes to which we allude in the history of the arts, must be consentaneous with that equally important change which intermarries the material with the spiritual world, and removes the antipathy so long existing between them.

We are not alluding, even in idea, to the return of the Jews to their own country: we have higher conceptions of the union of the material and the spiritual than this. We take the high philosophical or universal view of the subject, and regard the Law as the political and material, the Gospel as the spiritual element of being; these two have long been in antipathy. The body is in disgrace, and this is a great and universal fact which has no connexion with religious belief, but pervades society. It is a great spiritual action which flickered in the human mind before the Christian era, but received an ecclesiastical or organised embodiment in Christianity. The opposite polar extreme had been previously developed to excess. The wisest man in Israel advised Absalom, the son of David, to lie with his father's wives on the top of the house before all the people, as the wisest act of policy that he could perform. We can scarcely imagine how a man could steal the hearts of the people by such an act. A modern radical mob would disdain to follow such a leader; they would tear him to pieces: but the degree of vice must be determined by the spirit of the age, and the prevailing obtuseness of feeling upon such subjects. That which is an act of licentiousness in man, is not so in

a brute; and therefore we are not so much disposed to condemn the moral spirit of ancient times, as to maintain that their moral sensibilities were not developed like ours; and, therefore, the flesh exhibited itself with less reserve in all its grossness and brutality. The history of Venus and Priapus might afford us many similar illustrations amongst the Heathen, with which we dispense; and we conclude this paragraph by observing, that the spiritualism of Christianity was the antithesis of this—a spiritual reaction against the old materialism or sensualism. The flesh has been condemned and obliged to hide itself; and all sects and parties, even infidels themselves, have been carried away with the tide of spiritualism.

We must now point out to the reader a new and important feature in the history of society, *namely*, the reappearance of materialism in the last and present century, and its almost universal influence, even over the world of professional faith. Materialism is not confined to infidels; the religious world is all materialised; science, matter, properties of matter, chemistry, phrenology, or craniology, nerves, blood, chemical agency,—these are the gods to which scientialists now point in their *ex cathedra* instructions to the people. The small party who take the name of *Materialists* are merely exponents of the condition of the public mind. It is a material age, the body is rising, the movement is too universal to be resisted. It is a work of God, a preparation for some great social change. It is the transition state from the old spiritualism of the church, to some new condition, which will ultimately combine the spiritual and material in one, and thus sanctify the latter, whilst it naturalises the former.

Having made these preliminary observations, we are prepared to descend from universals to particulars respecting each of the fine arts, individually, in that peculiar aspect, *namely*, the sacred, to which alone we direct the attention. The sacred poetry of the ancients, peopled all nature with divinities; but still there was something that nature did, which the divinities did *not*. The latter were a species of magicians with superior power over the elements; but there was a ceaseless activity of life in the elements themselves, of which no account is given. The "*spiritus intus*," or "*mens quæ agitat molem*," the soul of the world, as conceived by the ancients, was like the soul of a steam-engine, which required Jupiters, Mercuries, and Neptunes, to regulate it. The sacred poetry of the moderns is equally defective; it discharges all the gods, or the clerks of heaven, and confers the sovereignty on one eternal and infinite Spirit *theoretically*; but when it reduces its theory to practice, it entirely abandons it. The god of Thomson, in his beautiful Hymn to the Seasons, conveys some conception of a universal Deity, "The varied God of whom the rolling year is full;" but it is a vague notion in the poet's mind, for he cannot descend with it into the antagonism of individual life. Milton is obliged to deny the infinitude of Deity in his war with the angels. Where is God visible or dimly seen in the hell of *Paradise Lost*? Our philosophical poets perceive this difficulty, and avoid all allusion to God. Our religious poets have yet to get over the difficulties. The difficulties are as follow. The Deity must be universal in his character, Omnipresent, Omniactive, and Omnipassive. There are yet two opposite polarities contending for supremacy; one of these polarities is the heir apparent, the other is the heir anointed. The one is a strong intellectual, the other a high moral character. Consequently the one proposes to rule by physical and intellectual power, the other by moral attraction. Each fails for a time, but the intellectual, at first, maintains its supremacy by its mental power and energy: unable to grasp infinity, it splits into a thousand sectarian fragments, and marches distractedly on through a world of anarchy. The moral power, at length, obtains the ascendancy, and intellect becomes the servant instead of the master of the moral principle,—"*The elder shall serve the younger*." The elect then reign, and the alien are subject; and universal harmony is restored by the acknowledgement of the legitimate heir, which is the moral in preference to the intellectual. By this "*allegory*," the poet is introduced into a beautiful field of social progress and moral regeneration, and

each child of inspiration would thus be enabled freely and forcibly to express his own individual opinions on that all important subject; a subject which at present engrosses the attention of every thinking mind, and which has, at length, put an extinguisher upon sacred "epic," only because this species of poetry has been unable to keep pace with the progress of the human mind. It is a glorious task, but one that requires a high degree of genius and moral feeling to fairly represent the Satan and the Messiah of Scripture. What a noble figure the Satan of the Scripture is! He walks in heaven, converses, and co-operates with the Lord*. Michael, the Archangel, durst not bring a railing accusation against him. He is evidently identified, in some passages, with the messenger of the Lord; and by comparing 2 Sam. xxiv. 1. with 1 Chron. xxi. 1., we find that the sacred historian identifies him with the Lord himself. There is a mystery about the character, but no absolute malignity. There is in him a relative, but not an absolute evil; there is a lawful sovereignty acknowledged, even by an Archangel, and the evil which he effects is the antecedent portion of a Drama, of which a grand moral consummation is the consequence; and Satan himself is transformed into an Angel of Light, and creation becomes a universal harmonicon.

If we have succeeded in expressing our meaning upon this subject, we are satisfied; we leave the *ripieno* or filling up to the reader himself, because we have no desire to impose any particular dogma upon him, but merely to present one bird's-eye view of progression to his mind. The third dispensation of the other departments of sacred art, is in perfect harmony with that of poetry—viz.: a restoration of the Material or Sensuous in a new and sacred character. Thus for instance, a rich and unbounded field of thought yet lies before the creative genius of Sculpture, and Painting, and Poetry, in the personifications of the divine attributes, a science abused by the Pagans to the profane purposes of idolatry; but capable in an age, by no means disposed to idolatrous worship, of elevating the conceptions and enriching the language by new terms and figures of speech, to which our now accurate knowledge of universal laws would give vivid effect. It was this science which first gave birth to the fine arts; and this alone is able to give the finishing touches to these human creations. The immediate effect of the revival of Materialism in modern times was the desertion of the divine and superhuman, and the adoption of the common or vulgar in the arts. This was the dissolution of the old system—its revival is impossible. This change has been of incalculable benefit: it has revived a taste for the natural which the spiritual system had destroyed; and given a variety of thought to modern artists, which happily contrasts with the limited range of imagination peculiar to the old masters. All low and common things are now executed better than ever. We have more beautiful cabinet pictures—more exquisite miniatures—more perfect delineations of low life—more natural grouping of figures—more natural landscapes;—but there is a manifest falling off in the sublime and the grand—because there has been a descent from a spiritual to a material condition. There is an inexpressible sanctity about a collection of pictures of the ancient and best masters, which no modern exhibition possesses. The "Virgin and Child"—the "Personification of Chastity and Innocence"—the "Ecce Homo"—the "San Sebastiano" pierced with arrows—the "St. John in the wilderness"—"St. Francis," and many other favourite subjects upon which every ancient master was constantly employed, working up the original idea with persevering industry and reverential feeling, are higher subjects of contemplation than the Duke of Wellington on horseback—her Majesty on ponyback—a portrait of the Duchess of Sutherland or the Countess of Blessington, or any other subject of modern art. The one is the personification of a human character under the influence of a transcendental moral feeling; the other is merely a sketch

* There is evidently a distinction between *God* and the *Lord*. The former is the universal Deity; the latter is the human divine form that represents the Godhead.

of an individual, in which the artist has borrowed little or nothing from his creative genius, and to which he can lend nothing of that finish which the divine Raffaele has given to his few but exquisite productions. Up to the highest order of imaginative creation, the arts cannot rise at present, for want of a religious feeling. That of the old masters is too austere and revolting to humanity: it has been abandoned, and the Protestant School has never yet been able to discover a higher standard: hence the total failure of sacred painting as an art in Protestant countries. Moreover, as we formerly observed, catholicism has concealed the body: its most sacred characters are clothed; and, in order to show his pictorial skill, the artist has frequently used the awkward and unnatural liberty of representing executioners, soldiers, and other officials, naked—having no other system by which the human body can be delineated as God has made it. There is something exceedingly offensive to good taste in this want of truth: falsehood never can be permanently established in the arts any more than in a church, a state, or a science. Humanity rebels at last.—Humanity has rebelled: and painters are now conscious of the almost insuperable difficulty of producing a fine sacred painting true to nature, and yet exhibiting that assemblage of limb and muscle so delicious to the eye of the *dilettante*. With the exception of Adam and Eve, history will scarcely furnish a single subject. Heathen mythology belongs to another dispensation, and is not in keeping with the present condition of the human mind. What can the poor painter do? He must find a suitable pretext for nakedness.—A naked Duke of Wellington, or a naked Victoria, would be an insult to the parties and an offence to public taste. A naked figure on a sofa or bed is equally indelicate; but a naked Adam and Eve is not so, because, it is truth; and moreover, the pretext is admissible, and the artist is acquitted of all unchaste or indelicate motives. Now nothing short of a religion can supply this great defect in art; a mere personification of human attributes would not suffice; the human mind looks higher than itself—and where can it go but to attributes divine? We want such a science—a theological science for the arts; for the fall has brought clothing upon humanity; and human feelings will not suffer fallen man to be represented without it. But a beau ideal or unfallen man—a representative of a divine or a regenerated attribute, would accord with the feelings of all men both elect and reprobate. Such a science, moreover, would be a highly moral science, through which finer moral sentiments could be conveyed, than can ever come from the ungodlike surface of woollen coats and kerseymere trowsers, or even the rustling silks and lustrous velvets of our female aristocracy. We do not pretend to teach this science; but we say, the arts are longing for its birth—and a birth it will have.

With respect to the theatre, which is at present very corrupt, we have no hesitation in saying that the sacred drama will, ere long, be restored and become highly influential in refining and purifying the moral taste of the people. "*Theatre*," literally, means a place for "*seeing*" instruction, in opposition to an "*auditorium*" or school for hearing. Practically it includes both—but the eye is peculiarly addressed in a theatre; and being the most active of all the senses, we consider that it is peculiarly fitted for receiving sacred impressions. It is a curious fact in human history, however, that the eye has been desecrated in the second dispensation. This was a reaction arising from the catholic abuse of it—but reactions cannot last for ever, and the eye will maintain and recover its rights. Why should not the eye be sanctified as well as the ear? If it be not sanctified, it will riot in excess of licentiousness that will react with fearful vengeance upon those who now banish it from holy ground. The church is an "*auditorium*" only. Now the ear is an intellectual organ—the eye is a moral organ—we hear precept by the ear, but see example by the eye—we *see* good manners—we *see* cleanliness of person—we *see* agreeable looks—kind expressions of countenance—and we *might* see rich and highly instructive manifestations of the works of God in transparencies and illuminated designs, which would act as a species of "*Shekinah*" on the contemplative mind. The old Jewish Temple, was a species of theatrical model.

The Shekina, or divine representation, in one division, separated from the holy place by a veil or curtain, probably constituted a temporary symbol of something useful in the moral training of mankind. We know not but, as an illustration of our theatrical views, it subserves a useful purpose; and we mean no despite to its higher signification, when we employ it as a model of a great moral and religious institution, for training the human mind to a comprehensive and sublime conception of the universal temple of God—Creation—and its laws. Whether the clergy be afraid of the superior attraction of such exhibitions, we know not—but of their high moral and religious tendency we have no doubt.

Having dismissed the Cryptologist—"Pray," said the Gobie, "What does the author of the Loyal Address mean by Syncretism?"

"The writer, Alerist," we replied, "shall himself inform you. He has obliged us with the following explanation, to which both dead and living, Gobies and men, will do well to attend."

WHAT IS SYNCRETISM?

THE eternal and invincible progress of truth fills the minds of its disciples with a joy and exultation that can only be understood by being experienced.

The grand principle of Catholicity, or Syncretism, whose cause we plead—the eldest and augustest element of all theology and legislation—sciences so resplendent in eras of antiquity—has ever been revealing itself in successive avatars and manifestations to great and prophetic spirits.

The magnificent dogma of catholicity which glittered through the theologic revelations of antiquity—the principle in which Deity evolved himself in a resplendent series of developments and filiations, all bound together by filial and fraternal ties of imperishable sympathy—the principle of the One and All, the One in All, and All in One—so admirably explained by the inspired writers, and the initiated sages of Gentilism, again dawns on society. It has once more formed itself a nucleus, which, like the foci of Cartesian astronomy, however insignificant it now appears, shall attract its kindred elements by a law of geometrical progression, till it shall become the most gorgeous of the moral constellations in the firmament of these last ages.

Syncretism has revived in Germany and France, and, by God's blessing, it shall revive in Britain. We are but the first sparklings of its inextinguishable flame, the mere symbols of a rising power, which, like the voice of the last trumpet, shall shake the strongholds of faction into ruin. Like Selden, our noble brother, we exclaim—"Throw up a straw, and it will tell you where sits the wind."

The signs of this rejuvenescence of syncretism may be faint and minute as the span-broad cloudlet of the prophet, but, insignificant as they are, they show the tendency of the times; they teach us that union shall yet triumph over division, harmony over discord, and coalition over party spirit. This little heaven shall stir the whole mass of society into a new and auspicious fermentation. The spirit that now walks the earth in humility, sorrow, and slavery, shall burst its fetters and soar to heaven, and hide its head among the stars. "*Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.*"

It is impossible, however, that such syncretists, who outsoar all parties and embrace them all, and who only mix with them to scatter their various follies and corruptions, should be immediately understood by the common herd of men. Great minds are only intelligible to great minds; the power of mental vision must be expanded, before it can compass the elements of true magnanimity.

Zeal for the promotion of this universal truth always increases in the same ratio as the truth possessed. It is no wonder, therefore, that Catholic and Syncretic men, who cherish universal truth, should be more zealous, eager, and enthusiastic, to circulate it, than if they cherished any partial truth. Their motto is, *Fortiter in re, suaviter in modo*; and their zeal for the advancement of universal truth is not the less because they employ the genial, graceful, and poetical means of facilitating its influence. It is, therefore, absolutely false to assert, that Catholic Syncretists, or the lovers of universal truth, are less energetic for propagating it, than sectaries and partisans are for propagating partial truth; which is too nearly synonymous with error.

Such was the principle of catholicity—so continually enforced in those Scriptures which recommend us to the preservation of the uniting spirit in the bond of peace—such was the principle of catholicity which the Greeks, in very early times, expressed by the word *syncretism*. Plutarch, in his "Essay de Fraterno Amore," derives the verb *συγκρητιζω* from the Island of Crete, "The tribes of which, (says he), endeavoured to protect themselves by coalition against internal feuds and attacks from without."

Another etymology has been proposed by Dr. Rees, in his *Cyclopædia*. "The name syncretists (says he) is formed from *συγκρινω*, I compare, or reconcile, and is used to denote, in general, persons who, from a variety of discordant opinions, either in religion or philosophy, form a kind of comprehensive and pacific system, with a view of uniting the several parties who maintain such opinions. The moderate men, as they are called, of every persuasion, may be comprehended under this denomination."

"At a later period (says the *Encyclopædia Americana*) the word received another shade of meaning, and was derived from the Greek *συν* and *κερυννυμι* (to mix). In the 15th century, when the study of ancient literature was revived in Italy, and Plato came into repute, in addition to Aristotle, some eclectic scholars, as John Picus Mirandola, Bessarion, and others, who honoured Plato much, but were unwilling to give up Aristotle entirely, were called syncretists."

But the name "syncretists" was far more generally applied to the great ecclesiastical pacificators of the 16th and 17th centuries. Under this name were comprehended Reuchlin, Erasmus, Vives, Cassander, and Vicellius, and other eminent worthies of the same period. See Rango's "Historia Syncretismi a Mundo Conditio," Calovius's "Historia Syncretismi" and other books quoted by Mosheim and Walchius in his "Bibliotheca Selecta."

The name of syncretists became still more popular in Germany about the beginning of the 17th century, when George Calixtus, Professor of Theology at Helmstadt, having acquired liberal opinions far in advance of his age, attempted a union of various religious parties. "He was a man (says Mosheim) of distinguished abilities and merits, and had few equals in his century, either in point of learning or genius; and he acted in consistence with the oath to which the professors of divinity at Helmstadt bind themselves on their admission, to use their best and most zealous endeavours to heal the divisions, and terminate the contests that prevail among Christians."

The principles on which Calixtus's uniting and pacific plan was founded were, that the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, by which he meant those elementary principles from which all its truths flow, were preserved pure and entire in all three communions, Roman, Lutheran, and Reformed, and were contained in that ancient form of doctrine, usually known by the name of the Apostle's Creed.

The grand coalitionary and eclectic system of Calixtus and the foreign syncretists, was adopted in Great Britain by the ablest divines of the 17th century, who were, for the most part, syncretists of the highest order, and endeavoured to maintain the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. "This noble and truly evangelical method of proceeding (says Mosheim), procured its authors the denomination of Latitudinarians. The chief leaders of these Latitudinarians were Hales and Chillingworth, Wake, More, Cudworth, Gale, Whichcote, Tillotson, names that are still pronounced in England with that veneration which is due to distinguished wisdom, and rational piety." See an admirable defence of the Latitudinarian divines in a book entitled "The Principles and Practice of certain moderate Divines of the Church of England (greatly misunderstood) truly Represented and Defended. London, 1670." This book was written by Bishop Fowler.

Such is a brief sketch of the history of the *syncretic*, or *eclectic policy* in church and state. That policy has been, time immemorial, supported by the most eminent writers of the Jewish, the Papal, and the Protestant Churches.

In the Jewish Church, we find syncretism supported by Philo, Josephus, Maimonides, Aben Ezra, Riccius, Rittangel, and the more enlightened Jews of our own country, whose conversion to Christianity would be much facilitated by a full grant of all the religious and civil privileges of natural-born subjects.

Among the Roman Catholics, we find syncretism supported by Bossuet, Fenelon, Du Pin, Cane, Ganganelli, Geddes, Haywarden, Sir Thomas More, Erasmus, Huet, Cassander, Burigni, Montesquieu, Voltaire, Courayer, Berresford, Murray, Doyle, Charles Butler, and O. Croly.

Among the Protestants, we find syncretism supported by Grotius, Casaubon, Junius, Wake, Le Clerc, Liebnitz, Pareus, Dureus, Amyrald, Puffendorf, Bacon, Selden, Locke, Huntington, Baxter, Burnel, Baron de Storch, Mason, Nightingale, Schlegel, Tieck, Novalis, Stark, Guizot, Tancred, Noel, and all the writers cited in that excellent little work of Evans, entitled, "The Golden Centenary; or, One Hundred Testimonies in behalf of Candour, Peace, and Unanimity. By Divines of the Church of England, of the Kirk of Scotland, and among Protestant Dissenters."

It is, therefore, with no small satisfaction, that we see our friends gallantly reviving the great and majestic cause of syncretism, advocated as it is by the authority of the wisest and the best of men. The cause so dear to Erasmus and Bossuet, Wake and Porteus, and, in our own day, Smith and Noel, and clergymen of still higher rank.

This true and genuine syncretism, eclecticism, or latitudinarianism, which takes the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in all sects and parties, is not a whit the less glorious or honourable, because it has been sometimes aped and mimicked by a spurious and mongrel kind of syncretism, eclecticism, or latitudinarianism, which, under the name of indifferentism, has attempted to harmonise things essentially discordant, to confound truth and error, good and evil, virtue and vice. It is the fate of every grand and glorious doctrine thus to be mimicked, parodied, and caricatured by a sophistical counterfeit, which accompanies the original.

Thus have we endeavoured to give a faithful sketch of the history of the Catholic principle, and the Syncretists, Unionists, or Coalitionists, who have acted on it. Such is the resplendent theory and design of those illustrious pacificators who pursue the golden paths of philanthropy and patriotism. These are the men who would once more proclaim the mystic words, "*Fiat Lux*," amidst this sable chaos of schisms and factions. These are the men who would compose a new Irenicum for the wounds inflicted by the mutual recriminations that exacerbate and exulcerate the hearts of men. They are doomed, by the inevitable necessity of apocalyptic prophecies, to a certain and assured triumph, though their intermediate experience may be arduous, hazardous, and painful.

Such are the men who, building on the Divine revelation, carry its majestic and all-illuminating doctrines forward in their search for universal truth. "This universal truth (says Milton) came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape and glorious to look upon. But when he ascended, and his apostles were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked set of deceivers, who—as the story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris—took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces, and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering limb by limb still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's second coming—he shall bring together every joint and member, and shall mould them into an immortal *chef-d'œuvre* of loveliness and perfection."

Thus it has ever fared with catholic and syncretic spirits who have soared to the upper firmament of all-embracing verity. They have ever been the grandest and noblest of mankind. Syncretists are necessarily great men; and no man was ever truly great but by his syncretism. Catholicity is the very key to that permanent and undeparting fame to which we now selfishly aspire. It is not wonderful, therefore, that when we would cite the names of syncretists, we are obliged to announce the greatest men that have ever lived. Little and vulgar souls can by no possibility become syncretic; they never rise beyond their sect or party. It is only those to whom God himself gives wisdom and largeness of heart, that ascend into the syncretic theory and temper. Such men, and only such, exhibit an august and consistent progress. Their course is like that of the shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day. They are born and educated for immortal dignity, which they cannot lose. They look calmly down on the stormy convulsions of temporising partisans, and, by the radiance of their initiated philosophy, disperse the grosser vapours of prejudice and passion. They resemble the steady star that shines with inextinguishable and useful lustre to guide adventurous mariners on the ever-murmuring ocean, rather than the wild and corruscating meteors that

glare for an instant with portentous scintillations, and then sink into the blackness of darkness for ever.

If we could possibly be misunderstood by any intelligent mind, we should still console ourselves with the conviction, that we shall be duly appreciated and supported among our syncretic brethren of the Freemasonic lodges. The initiated fraternity, who best understand the nature of the Catholic and Syncretic coalition we advocate, always cleave to each other with a sworn and inviolable sympathy. They know how to defend each other and make their common cause finally triumphant. They know that this syncretic principle of universal truth, charity, and conciliation, is the only one on which the Christian philosopher, philanthropist, or patriot, can ever act securely and consistently. They know that the dignity and elevation of this principle is supreme, because the spirit of union must necessarily be higher than the spirit of party; and they know that the amplitude and boundlessness of this principle is unrivalled, because it is capable of including whatever is good in all sects and parties, ancient and modern.

The maintenance of this principle does the Freemasonic body the more credit, because most of their contemporaries have fallen away from the lofty canon of Christian union, into the seducing sophistries of faction. The lodge of initiation at present affords one of the strongest rallying points for those syncretists and coalitionists who seek to reconcile ecclesiastical and political sects, be they Papists or Protestants, high Churchmen, low Churchmen, Dissenters, Tories, Whigs, or Radicals.

We shall conclude the present essay by showing the bearing of catholicity, or syncretism, on the rights of *liberty* and the rights of *peace*. It has not been so generally understood as it will be, that the liberality and enlargement after which all aspire, are necessarily and inseparably connected with the spirit of syncretism, coalition, and eclecticism. And yet nothing is clearer or more demonstrable, if we bring intellectual analysis to bear on the question.

What is liberty but "the power of thinking and doing all that is consistent with individual and general welfare?" Now, it is plain that this power must flourish most in those syncretic, or coalitionary, states, in which all members try to agree as far as they can, and each member may agree to differ in matters of particular conviction, without being opposed or fettered by the hostility of his brethren. Thus liberty goes hand in hand with that syncretism and coalition which is "the wisdom which enlarges the heart, which embraces *generals*, and looks down on all *parties* and *partialities*, *sects*, *schisms*, and *factions*, with a wholesome censorship and a philosophic tranquillity."

It is equally clear, on the other hand, that true liberty and liberality must always be sacrificed in proportion as sects and parties extend. Liberty must correspond with coalition, not with opposition; with harmony, not with discord; with love, not with hatred. Hence liberty must ever be reduced, as sects and parties are augmented, for it is the precise nature of sects and parties, to hinder their members from taking those general transcendental and coalitionary views which would annihilate schisms. Thus every developement of liberty in one sect, is opposed by a developement of hostility in its antagonist, according to the prime law of Newton's *Principia*, "that action and reaction are equal." The fatal consequence is, that the members of all sects and parties, instead of having liberty to think and act as freemen, are bound, soul and body, to the despotic tyranny of their faction, and dare not utter a word of private conviction, lest they should be excommunicated.

The bearing of syncretism and coalition on the *rights of peace*, is still more evident, as Grotius has proved, at large. Who knows not that the spirit of concord tends to produce general pacification, and that the same spirit of discord which embroils sects and parties, is too often developed into civil and foreign wars? 'Tis the vitality of poison, the sophistry of hell, which, having first inflamed brother against brother at home, goes abroad to baptise murder and rapine by more euphonic names. Yes, with Grotius and Selden, the glorious advocates of universal peace, we take up our protest against this arch delusion of politicians, if, indeed, we may venture to honour with a title so august, the crackbrained pleaders for war and bloodshed, that last worse curse than can befall the human race.

We have now concluded these brief pleadings for syncretism which have been wrung from us by the tremendous obligations of conscience, the profound and unquenchable conviction of their all-important bearing on the critical destinies of our country. If we have learned any thing of political duty in the *viginti annorum*

lucubrationes recommended by Lord Coke, it is even this. It shall not be said that there was not a single lawyer, or a single periodical, to advocate the cause of coalition, when, for want of it, the glories of the British empire are becoming the mere *ludibria venti*, the idle sport of insensate parties. Our friends have done what they could to strengthen our hands; and the testimony of their own hearts will reward them: but let them expect no other recompense. The days of political and literary patronage, once accorded to genius and patriotism, have passed away, and none are noble enough to restore them.

ALERIST.

The following letter shews that all the previous editors of the *Monthly Magazine* had not merited the condemnation that fell on poor Gobie. Our immediate predecessor, by his fair and candid criticism on Mr. Grisenthwaite's *Book on Food*, has fairly earned the following appeal.

Springfield Terrace, Grove Hill, Camberwell,
January 25, 1839.

MR. EDITOR,

Sir,—For the very favourable opinion expressed in your publication respecting my little Essay on Food I beg to thank the writer of that article; and had he detected any mistake in my assumptions, or any fallacy in my reasoning, I should still have thanked him; for, assuredly, I have no wish to propagate error.—But, Sir, the chief design of this letter is to vindicate my Essay from the loose, and not very courteous criticism contained in the *Monthly Review* of last November. No species of composition is more useful than well-written and candid criticism. The reviewer is a character that stands between the press and the public to affix the true value upon literary labours; and when he discharges his duty faithfully, his office is honourable, and his services important. But when ignorance assumes the chair of the Censor, or dishonest perversion guides his judgment; and, much more, when ribaldry and spurious wit disgrace his decrees, then his office becomes contemptible and his services pernicious. Let us see in what character they appear in the *Monthly Review* for the last November. The writer in that publication—to whose hands my Essay on Food had been committed for judgment—opens his critique with no very brilliant specimen of logical acumen. He plays off Abernethy *versus* Henry, and Henry *versus* Abernethy, to establish the general truth, that whenever men differ upon points of speculation, certainty of conclusion is out of the reach of any—a very brief mode of putting a period to all research.

If this be an error in reasoning, so, I think, the reviewer has, injudiciously, placed these great names in opposition to each other, and his own words shall condemn him. "Abernethy," he says, "recommended purgative medicines for *disordered bowels*," and Henry "maintains, that nature has provided means of *preventing, and obviating* constipation in all cases *except active disease*." Surely these opinions are not irreconcilable, but quite compatible! To *cure* disease and to *prevent* it, are not the same thing; or what becomes of the aphorism, that "*prevention is better than cure*." But this discrepancy is trifling compared with the contradictions, and something worse, into which the writer has fallen in his critique on my Essay on Food.

I could hardly believe that I was reading a review written in the nineteenth century when I met with the following sentence; the first bestowed on my publication. "Mr. Grisenthwaite's ingenious, but, as we fear, defective, and unsatisfactory Essay, is intended by scientific demonstrations to lead to the same practical conclusions; amounting to this, that temperance and exercise are the only things to be prescribed for the prevention of disease and the preservation of health." Upon this extraordinary passage I would, first, observe, that the author of the paper in question either never read my Essay at all, or did not understand a word of it—wilful perversion, I cannot imagine—if he thinks that it was written with any *view* to recommend either "temperance or exercise." The temperance and exercise recommended in it are mere corollaries drawn from other conclusions, and are only offered—as stated on the title page—as *general* rules fairly deducible from them. That this mistake was hardly accidental will appear by referring to page 343 of the review itself, where

the writer says, "The general statement of Mr. G.'s pretensions we give in his own words. In this Essay the received doctrine of modern physiologists respecting *the waste of the body* is exploded—the cause of animal heat is explained upon *new principles*—the source whence nitrogen is derived by herbivorous animals is established—general rules for the preservation of health are laid down—and the wisdom of the Divine economy in all is vindicated." This statement is correct: but it is quite impossible for *both* of them to be so; whilst to give two different representations of the design of a work within the compass of as many pages, evinces either great carelessness or great absence of mind; either of which unfits a man to discharge the duties of a judge.

But, secondly, why did the author of the review "*fear*" that the Essay on Food was "defective and unsatisfactory?" Surely there could be no room for "*fear*" when "*scientific demonstrations*" were to be examined! How would such an expression appear if applied to the Elements of Euclid or the Principia of Newton? Would any one "*fear*" that their "*scientific demonstrations*" were "defective and unsatisfactory?" An ignorant person, who could not read either, might have his "*fears*;" but he who could understand them would *know* whether they were "defective and unsatisfactory." And it was the business of the reviewer—if competent—to have addressed himself to the demonstrations themselves, as any unsoundness in a demonstration is most easily detected. But, instead of this, he says, on a subsequent page, "We do not intend to examine Mr. Grisenthwaite's doctrinal system;" and, afterwards, adds, "We pretend not nicely to weigh its author's oft repeated convictions, *backed as they are by many arguments.*" In other words, the reviewer "*fears* my Essay is defective and unsatisfactory," though he never examined—nor intended to examine—the "*doctrinal system*" itself, nor weighed "*the many arguments*" contained in it!! This would justify a harsher reproof than I am willing to inflict—"La vérité par elle-même blesse assez sans y ajouter des termes forts."

If the above statement—drawn from the confessions of the reviewer himself—shock the candid reader, what will he think when he hears the same writer say, that "*eleven-twelfths or more* of the production consists of the results of chemical analysis, facts in natural philosophy, natural history, comparative anatomy, mathematics, and intricate arithmetical calculations?" Not one of which does the reviewer venture to impugn; not one of which does he examine! No! he says, he did not intend it! What then *did* he intend, if "*eleven-twelfths or more*" of my publication were to be overlooked in the review of it? It appears that the *less* than *one-twelfth* has furnished him matter for *nine* pages. But though scarcely a single digit of my Essay has escaped the obscuration of this review, I hope it will emerge from the umbra of that opaque body, which has thrust itself in between the light of "*scientific demonstration*" and the public mind, however it may have for a moment—in the words of Arnobius—involved it, in "*cæcis obscuritatibus.*"

But, Sir, I will not deal with the "*demonstrations*" of the writer in the *Monthly Review* as he has done with mine, though his are, certainly, *not* "*scientific.*" Let us hear his reasons—"plentiful as blackberries," and as choice!—why he declined to examine my "*doctrinal system.*" The first is because, as he says, "We could neither render the subject clear, instructive, nor amusing." Very well: nobody will dispute the right of the reviewer to measure his own ability by his own standard, though surely he thought the Essay to be either "*instructive or amusing,*" or he would not have wasted *nine* pages in the criticism upon it—unless he holds his pages as cheap as I do. But let us go on to his next reason; knowing, he says, in the second place, "that it would still be but entering into a scientific controversy." What! decline an examination of a professedly *new* doctrine because it would lead to controversy! Why, the very business of a reviewer is "*controversy.*" He is the champion of the public, ever armed, and ever ready to attack error. If I have assumed false data, he should have exposed my assumptions. If I have reasoned inconclusively, he should have "*controverted*" it. To neglect these was to neglect every thing his readers have a right to expect from him. But, in the third place, he says, "We are aware of our incompetency to do the subject any thing like justice." Why, certainly, the writer of the review must have forgotten his first reason before he unburdened himself of his third; for if the subject were of such importance as to embarrass him with difficulties in "*doing any thing like justice to it,*" it must be either "*instructive or amusing;*" for we never talk of "*doing justice*" to a subject which is void of all interest. This is another of his discrepancies; and they look like any thing but *faculæ* upon the bright page of a review.

A strange, and to me almost inexplicable mistake, has crept into page 344 of the review, where I am made to say what I certainly never did say—that “the only use of food is merely to keep up a due degree of temperature in the animal system,” as *contradistinguished* from the opinion of physiologists, who “refer the origin of animal heat to the act of respiration.” What I *do* say is the *same* as that which physiologists say, that “the origin of animal heat is in the act of respiration.” But I say more than they say; for I affirm that this is “almost the sole use of food;” and no writer that I have yet seen has advanced such an opinion. All the authorities I have quoted, Gregory, Rees, Thompson, Richerand, Magendie, &c., to whom a multitude of others might have been added, declare that food is designed “*ad corporis jacturam reparandum* ;” “to supply new matter in place of what has been carried off. If my “doctrinal system” be wrong let it be exploded, and the sooner the better, for there are already many readers of it. And when this part of my Essay is disposed of, let them proceed to the *new theory of animal heat* propounded in it, and explode that too, if it rest not upon the foundation of truth. Why did not this reviewer step forth to defend the consecrated doctrine of Crawford? Perhaps he was aware “of his incompetency to do any thing like justice to the subject.”

But let us hear what he says, by way of objection, to my conclusion respecting the waste of the body. If he be a person “of grenadier height, and corresponding breadth of shoulders,” as he says he is, his arguments might have been cast in a much smaller mould—“*Quid valeant humeri, aut ardua cervix?*” But now for his arguments, to prove that animals *do* waste. “As to the perfect analogy supposed to subsist between a mechanical and animated body”—query by whom so supposed? certainly not by me—“does the former not require frequent *additions* to repair waste? do the wheels never require *oiling*?” Well, I must confess that this objection, obvious as it is, certainly escaped me; though I am not quite sure that I ever before understood that “*oiling*” a piece of machinery was intended to make “*additions*” to it, or to “*repair waste*.” I was simple enough to expect that a new pinion, a new shaft, a new wheel, or, at least, a new cog, would now and then—every other day, at farthest—have been necessary. But “*oil*,” I perceive, though not exactly the same thing as *iron*, is capable, by “*assimilation*,” of repairing any waste to which machinery is liable: still a butt of it would not go far, if shafts and pillars of iron waste any thing like as fast as the human fabric; for almost *three pounds* of food are required daily to keep in working condition an animal machine which weighs *one hundred and forty pounds only*! This point, however, I abandon as hopeless. But, flushed with victory, the Reviewer comes from “*oiling*” the machine to the paring of his “*nails*,” and the loppings of his “*hair*.” And he so fortifies his conclusions by the inductive philosophy, that there is no resisting him. Mark! how absolute he is: “We object,” he says, “from *our own experience*, and that of *many observations*, that the nails grow as well as the hair.” These are his very words. Such a piece of *experimental* knowledge deserves to be written on vellum, and to be deposited amongst the *rarissima*, the uniques, of the British Museum. Who could have thought that “the nails grow as well as the hair?” But, if any one deny it, here we have the authority of a writer in the *Monthly Review*, who affirms, that he knows it “of *his own experience*, and that of *many observations*.” Beaten again! I shall never shave myself without trembling, nor suffer the forceps to separate a hair from my head, without thinking what havoc I am making in my system. Here is waste indeed!—*corporis jactura*—quite sufficient to explain the necessity of four meals a day, “*ad eam reparandam*.” I am almost afraid that this critical Sampson has all his wit in his locks, and that he had just been shorn before he sat down to the review of my Essay.

But to pass by these insuperable objections brought against my “doctrinal system,” let me endeavour to set myself right with the Reviewer upon a point—“a very important point,” he says—respecting which I have “not spoken out directly or plainly.” The point in question is, my own “corporeal size.” It appears that the Reviewer is not “a Michael Cassio, a great arithmetician,” any more than he is acquainted with philosophy, or dialectics; or he might, without a very troublesome equation, have deduced the size of my body from the information contained in the Essay. Of Cruikshank I say, page 84, that “perhaps he was a subject of *twenty stone*. Were I to be coated round with some *eleven stone* more of muscle and fat—dreadful incumbrance!—my hand, probably, would not increase one third of its present surface,” that is, bear the same relation to my body which Cruikshank affirmed of his own. Is this problem too difficult for him? Any one of the errand-

boys of his office would have given him the solution. The almost vulgar piece of wit, that broke out in the passage under consideration, if vernacular among the readers of the *Monthly Review*, wants the stamp of sterling purity, to give it currency out of that province. Something like it might, perhaps, be found at a certain place a little below London-bridge. But, sir, to clasp together the two ends of this string of critical pearls, which runs the length of nine pages, devoted to my little Essay, the Reviewer, in his last sentence, says, "We shall not attempt to weaken the effect of this very pretty theory." No! let it go, right or wrong; "eleven twelfths, or more," of it, we have never touched. Less than one twelfth has served to furnish a good half sheet of letter-press." Is this criticism? the criticism of the nineteenth century? I fancy that a few more such exposures would render the publication of the *Monthly Review* superfluous.

In conclusion, I beg to remind this writer, that Reviewers are not now what they once were, papal autocrats of literature. If they wound dishonourably, or attack unskillfully, there are plenty of literary fields open in which they may be met, and be brought to a fair encounter, whatever their "breadth of shoulder, or grenadier height." And let me also caution him, never to accuse another of being "opinionative," when that other offers "demonstration." He who offers demonstration, puts himself upon a fair trial, and his judge—if competent—can settle to a fraction his claims to credit.—I am, Sir, your most obedient,

WILLIAM GRISENTHWAITE.

To the foregoing letter we willingly grant immediate insertion. If we mistake not, the world owes a large debt to the author of the Essay on Food,* a debt which they could most justly, as well as most easily pay by attending to the grounds of his observations. As soon as the nation or any individuals in it shall do so, they will not only best discharge their debt to Mr. Grisenthwaite, but the riddance of all other national and individual debts will become easy.

The old theory respecting food, one now pretty nearly exploded, was to the effect that during the twenty-four hours a certain waste in the animal system took place, and the elaborations from the food were for the purpose of renovating the expenditure so made. It was supposed that a piece of machinery formed with the exactest art, and regulated by the choicest contrivance was yet so imperfect that though weighing only 140lbs. there should yet be a necessity for the daily elaboration of 11½ ounces of Carbon, besides the regular supply of Oxygen and Hydrogen to keep it in repair. It is not credible that such a waste should ensue. What should we think of any human production, in which it was necessary to make allowances so extraordinary for consumption? A supposition such as this is indeed incredible. None but a very thoughtless mind could possibly admit a theory which militates so strongly against the contriver's wisdom. Besides where should the waste be detected in its escape? Not in the perspiration. Nothing is detected there but the slightest imaginable quantity of ascetic acid. The wear cannot take place at the joints, for they are supplied with oil, that enables them to move without any friction. Indeed did we not know to what an amazing extent mankind are misled by appearances, we should be at a loss to conjecture where an opinion could originate so singularly opposed as this to all sound ideas of wisdom and propriety. For it would thus be reducible to a mathematical certainty that the whole animal frame would be renewed, and re-renewed perpetually in the course of a few months; an assertion contrary to all opinion and surpassing all belief.

Mr. Grisenthwaite after much valuable experience and observation, is able to propound another theory, which, with some correction, may probably be better able to stand the rational test. He states, upon the authority of Lavoisier, Davy, Priestley and others, that the average quantity of Carbon

* We repeat the title, "Essay on Food, by W. Grisenthwaite," 1838. pp. 120.

consumed daily by any individual is about 11½ ounces: this, however, he thinks is an over statement. It is founded upon the supposition that man breathes 20 times in a minute, and that in the course of 24 hours not less than 40,000 cubic inches of Carbon are consumed. Mr. Grisenthwaite declares that he himself does not breathe more than 14 times a minute when awake, and as it is well known that the breathing is more slow during sleep than in the waking state, it is extremely probable that 14 times is above the average. However, without disputing about these details, he proceeds to show that the quantity of food necessary for the elaboration of 11½ ounces of Carbon is about 1½ lbs. of dried animal fibre, which is equal to nearly 4½ lbs. in the ordinary state, or of dry wheaten flour about 25 ounces.

He then, by a beautiful series of facts, shows that the value of this Carbon in the animal economy is to serve as the basis of heat, and the human body is demonstrated to be a living furnace in which the Carbon serves as the fuel for the expression of heat.

It is a singular idea, and perhaps, from its connexion with proverbial language, somewhat ludicrous, that we breathe and move, and eat, and speak by steam, and yet without any misrepresentation, reserving merely a proper interpretation to the words, this may fairly be stated. Food is shown to be not a provision for waste of any kind, but fuel for the heat elaboration. Its purpose is to enable the Life-spirit to preserve the proper temperature, and by that means sustain all the organisation in the discharge of its appointed functions. It will be seen at once that this view of the subject, which is beautifully established by the author, is well fitted to open to us a new field of inquiry as to the effect that Food must have upon the animal system, and thereby as a condition of mental life.

Sir Isaac Newton, in his philosophical works, speaks of a certain all-pervading Spirit dwelling in every substance, and from its incessant activity giving symmetry to the body in which it resides.

The Mesmerians call it Electro-Magnetism; and indeed it is pretty generally spoken of now-a-days by most scientific men, though under various names. Mr. Cunningham, in his Essays on Magnetism and Electricity, declares that the animal temperature is wholly regulated by this two-fold force; which being on the one hand the Magnetic or cooling principle, and on the other the Electric or heating, is evidently calculated to furnish, according to the conditions supplied, either augmented heat or cold.

The food taken being computed in round numbers by Mr. C. at one half Oxygen, and one half combustible substances, Carbon and Hydrogen—the former having affinity for magnetism, and tending therefore to coolness—the latter supplying the condition through which the Electro-magnetic Spirit is capable of eliciting heat, it ought to follow, that if the Spirit is fairly balanced in its electric and magnetic properties, that heat and cold are generated “in equilibrio,” if food of these respective affinities be supplied in equal quantities. Long have the scientific world looked vainly for this harmonious balance, and it is gratifying to find that moral light is now coming to its assistance. The two united must discover it.

In conclusion Mr. Grisenthwaite observes—

“One fact I have already mentioned, which no one can neglect with impunity; to proportion our food to the consumption of it; and not because fortune has prepared a banquet for us, and custom has taught us to sit down at stated times to partake of it, to indulge beyond the demands of nature. A violation of this canon she almost always punishes.” . . . “What the stomach does not digest—and it cannot long digest more than is expended—will visit the bowels with constipation, and load the blood with redundant matters, which can only find their exit by eruptive disease, or congestion, inducing an inflammatory diathesis. I would strongly advise every one, who wishes to enjoy life, to ascertain the *minimum* of food upon which he can subsist. Should he err a little on that side, nature will kindly admonish him of it; if he err in the other extreme, she will punish him.”

"To those, for whom fortune has not prepared a luxurious table, I say, Be thankful to a wise and gracious Providence, that has furnished the meanest fare with as much carbon as the rarest delicacies. And let all be moderated in their pride, when they sit down to refresh nature, by the thought, that they are then only putting coals upon the fire, to keep the machinery of life in action. In this view, what a humiliating picture does the most sumptuous entertainment present!"

We have also on our table other communications on Food—particularly some from certain Vegetable Eaters, who we find are fast increasing in number. We candidly confess that we are of the Children of Jacob—lovers of savory meats. This subject, however, forcibly reminds us of a new Edition of Shelley's poetical works, exquisitely edited by Mrs. Shelley, and beautifully published by Mr. Moxon. We have received the first volume. The second will give us opportunity in our next number to enlarge somewhat on the subject. Our readers already know that our hand has elsewhere intermeddled with the theme, and it would appear not without result.

Other Poems also press for reviewal 'The Antidiluvians, or the World Destroyed; a Narrative Poem in Ten Books, by James M'Henry, M.D.' This work professes not epical construction—and perfectly succeeds in realising the author's design—that of a tolerably clever narrative told in blank verse. But there is no attempt at deep thinking—or fine writing, though there are pretensions to poetic diction which are sufficiently well supported. "The Deluge, a Drama, in Twelve Scenes, by John Edmund Reade," the author of an excellent poem on Italy, soars a higher flight. More elegant and graceful than Byron's "Heaven and Earth," it possesses a moral consistency to which the more famous poet's production has no claim. We desire to return our thanks to George Stephens, Esq. for more than his present of his "Voice of the Pulpit." This little volume can not be too extensively circulated.

We likewise wish to commend as very generally useful, "The Complete Cabinet-Maker, by J. Stokes." The explanatory and illustrative engravings are of especial utility to the workman and apprentice.

The remainder of our space must be devoted to two extraordinary poems, by W. B. Scott, called "Hades, or the Transit;" and "The Progress of Mind." We cannot but look upon it as peculiarly a sign of the intellect of the time, that there should be so many idiosyncratic productions published. Poetry seems now to be written, not for the many—but the few. The following extract will shew the author to be a poet, with great facility in versifying.

"The angel of death through the dry earth slid,
Like a mole, to the dervish Yan,
Who lay beneath the turf six feet
In the house of the dead; and he smote the lid
With his hammer that shakes the dead Musleman,
And whispered thus through board and sheet:
'Arise! that thy closed eye and ear
May see the things that are, and hear
The melody that can re-create,
And bind again the link of fate.'
The dervise turned in his grave, and rose
On his knees at the sound of the three dread blows.
He was a living man again."

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Other works lie over for reviewal, and shall receive attention in our next number.

THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

ON Tuesday, Feb. 5th, Parliament was opened by the Queen in person. Nothing was said in Her Majesty's speech relative to the much agitated Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Government intending the question to be an open one. In regard to the *Chartists*, her Majesty was taught to say, "I have observed with pain the persevering efforts which have been made in some parts of the country to excite my subjects to disobedience and resistance to the law, and to recommend dangerous and illegal practices." Parliament has, in these persons, a rival—a "National Convention," which is visited by workmen-delegates from all parts of the empire. There is in such phenomena something for reflection; nor shall we omit to give them our serious consideration. What, compared with these important facts, is the retirement of Lord Glenelg, or the publication of Lord Durham's Report on Canada? Both, however, of these affairs are significant enough in their own little way.

On the first night of the Session, Mr. Villiers gave notice that on the 18th instant he would move that evidence be heard at the Bar on the subject of the existing Corn Laws—and Lord John Russell, that he would oppose the motion. When, however, Sir Robert Peel desired to know the course designed to be adopted by the Ministry relative to the question, his Lordship declined to prejudge its merits.

On the 14th of February, a deputation from the Royal Buckingham Association, headed by the Duke of Buckingham, and attended by 8 or 10 members of Parliament, waited on Lord Melbourne, to ascertain his Lordship's state of mind on this all-engrossing topic. This, however (either by such or other means), is not to be ascertained. It is an open question!

On the evening of Feb. 19th, in the House of Lords, the motion of Lord Brougham that evidence should be heard at the Bar touching the injurious effects of the Corn Laws on the trade and commerce of the country, was discussed, and then, without a division, negatived. Among the speakers were the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Buckingham, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Melbourne. This debate was of high character, and no doubt will be productive of strong results.

We must humbly beg leave to object to what Lord Brougham elected to call "the Catholic ground" that he had assumed on the subject. Said his Lordship, "I take up the Catholic ground, that the interests of *each* class are the interests of *all*." We presume to state that the converse of the proposition is more like the Catholic statement: i. e. that the interests of *all* classes are the interests of *each*. Had we space

or time in this *short* month of February, we could show that this was the tap-root of whatever error may have disfigured his Lordship's arguments on this important question. His Lordship quoted the saying of Sir Josiah Child—that "Land and trade were so linked together that it could never be ill with trade but that land should also suffer." True. But it does not therefore follow that, if you surrender all that is demanded by trade, land must necessarily be benefited. On the contrary, the two powers are, by the law of society, antagonistic, and a balance must be struck between them, in reference to an antecedent principle pre-involving their mutual relations. This principle regards both classes, prothetically, so to speak; and their reciprocal well-being depends on the working it out with equity and according to strict rule, so far as the element in which it works will permit. Of this truth, Sir Josiah Child was aware, and hence was careful to add to the former saying, this one also—"It never can be ill with land, but trade must suffer."

The year 1773-4, Lord Brougham tells us, was an extraordinary one for the manufacturing counties. Hear the eloquent terms in which he speaks of the time:—"The mines of this country, abounding with wealth, poured out their rich treasures, and were worked up into innumerable tools of the most exquisite description; rocks were blasted; forests were cleared; and all the rich materials of the mine were worked up into elegant and useful implements; and by the power of steam the potency of human agency was enlarged, and the face of the country exhibited one skilful workshop, abounding with industrious and skilful artisans, and with the worthiest, and I wish I could say, the wealthiest of manufacturers. During all those years, notwithstanding ten years of one war and ten years of another war—notwithstanding the genius of Washington and the success of Napoleon—in defiance of all the fleets that America could crowd upon the water, and in despite of all the competition to which our arts and commerce had been exposed—not all these things could check the efforts of these wonderful men.

Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissæus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

Seeing the consequences of these things, observing that during these selfsame years the price of agricultural produce was exactly doubled, would there be the slightest reason—the smallest vestige of a pretence—to doubt that Josiah Child was right when he said, 'It never shall be ill with manufacturers, but the land too must feel it.'

To prove this was of course Lord Brougham's point; to prove the opposite truth was equally of course that of the party opposed to him. "The English farmer," said the Duke of Buckingham, "could not compete with the foreign grower who had greater advantages and fewer difficulties." Earl Stanhope "most fully admitted that there was a great increase of foreign manufactories; he was aware that that increase had taken place in many districts, and that in some that had not been mentioned by the noble and learned lord. Such manufacturers had sprung up; but did the noble and learned lord suppose that if, by any legislative measures, the price of corn were lowered in this

country by one shilling a quarter, it would enable the British manufacturer to compete with the foreigner on the continent?" To undersell foreigners in their own markets, the scale of prices and of wages here must be reduced to the level of the continent. Even then we could not succeed in underselling the foreign market; for would the governments of those countries, to gratify the spirit of inordinate gain which distinguishes the manufacturers of this country, allow such importation to take place when it must utterly crush and extinguish their own manufacturers? Suppose that the English manufacturer could obtain a sort of patent and exclusive privilege, not only in this island and its colonies, but throughout the whole habitable globe, if other nations had the insanity to allow it; and if, which was equally impossible, the subjects of other powers had the baseness to submit to it—still to attain the object it would be requisite to reduce most considerably, not by one shilling, nor by five shillings, but by an enormous amount, the wages of labour in this country. If we reduce considerably the price of provisions, we at once drive out of employment a considerable number of agricultural labourers, and expose them to all the horrors of famine, or consign them to the tender mercies of the New Poor Law. The repeal of the Corn Laws would also revolutionise Ireland, and lead to the Repeal of the Union. In fine, Earl Stanhope concluded with doubling the right of the House of Commons to entertain a subject affecting the rate of wages, seeing that the labouring classes were not represented in that House.

The Duke of Richmond argued that, if the British manufacturers were damaged in the foreign market, and by the improvement which foreigners had introduced into their manufactures, they had themselves to blame in having permitted the exportation of British machinery. By the repeal of the Corn Laws the home market would suffer. Moreover, it had invariably been the case that the rate of wages was always reduced lower than the price of corn. In a few years, also, a great portion of the land would go out of cultivation.

The Duke of Wellington stated that when the Corn Laws were passed in 1804, their object was to afford protection to the agricultural interest of this country. An alteration might affect a large portion of the country; indeed all classes of Her Majesty's subjects. He firmly believed that the laws could not be altered without incurring great risk—without exposing the agricultural interest to great deprivations, and those connected with it to utter ruin; the fact being that agriculture could not exist without protection.

In reply, Lord Brougham denied that the price of labour is governed by the price of wheat; the price of labour is not regulated by the price of provisions, but by the demand and supply of labour itself. It was true enough that the price of provisions did affect labour in a round-about way, by increasing the population; but it was a great delusion to suppose that reduction in the price of labour did not benefit the workman as much as the master. He conceded that the more direct benefit was to the master, but it was ultimately greater to the workman.

Such is a philosophical analysis of the debate; the result of it was, that the existence of antagonist forces was demonstrated in the opposite

propositions adverted to ; but the point of reconciliation was never so much as indicated.

In the House of Commons, on Tuesday, 19th Feb., the motion of Mr. Villiers came on. The only thing at all remarkable in the speech of the opener was a quotation from Solomon—"He that withholdeth the corn, the people shall curse him." Nor is it until we come to the speech of Lord Stanley, that we find anything again worthy of notice. "It was said," he remarked, "that the Corn Laws were the cause of manufacturing distress ; yet was it not proved that the number of manufacturers had increased ? Consequently there must have been an increase in the amount of articles manufactured ! He dared to say that the manufacturers did not make such large profits as formerly. But could that be expected when the nation lapsed into a state of peace, after a war of unusual duration ? Take the case of the growth of a child ! Was it to be said, because it grew three inches when it was six or seven years old, that therefore it was to grow in the same proportion at the age of nineteen, when it only grew one ? And was it to be contended, that, because manufacturers in their infancy had been more prosperous than in their manhood, that the Corn Laws had been the *cause* of the change ?" This is a most happy illustration, and has almost the face of direct analogical evidence, so germane is it to the question.

To the speech of Sir Robert Peel we have not room to do justice ; so eloquent, so just, so comprehensive, yet so logically compact ! "This," said he, "is a tenants' question as much as a landlords', and when the house came to the consideration of the main subject, they would find it was a labourers' question ! The anticipated good could only arise from a reduction of wages ; meantime, the labourer could not be benefited by a general alteration of the Corn Laws." Mr. Villiers had confessed that factories had been established, but with a grave face he added that no profit had been derived from them. Did gentlemen recollect, that when the farmer complained in 1833, that he was pursuing his avocations without profit, what ridicule they had cast upon him ? In fine, Sir Robert Peel is of opinion, that, do what we may with the Corn Laws, while there is peace, we cannot make ourselves an exclusive cotton manufactory for the whole civilised world ; nor should we repine at the progressive prosperity of other nations. To a feeling so cosmopolitical we cannot do other than respond. The motion was lost by a large majority. Ayes 172. Noes 361. Majority 189.